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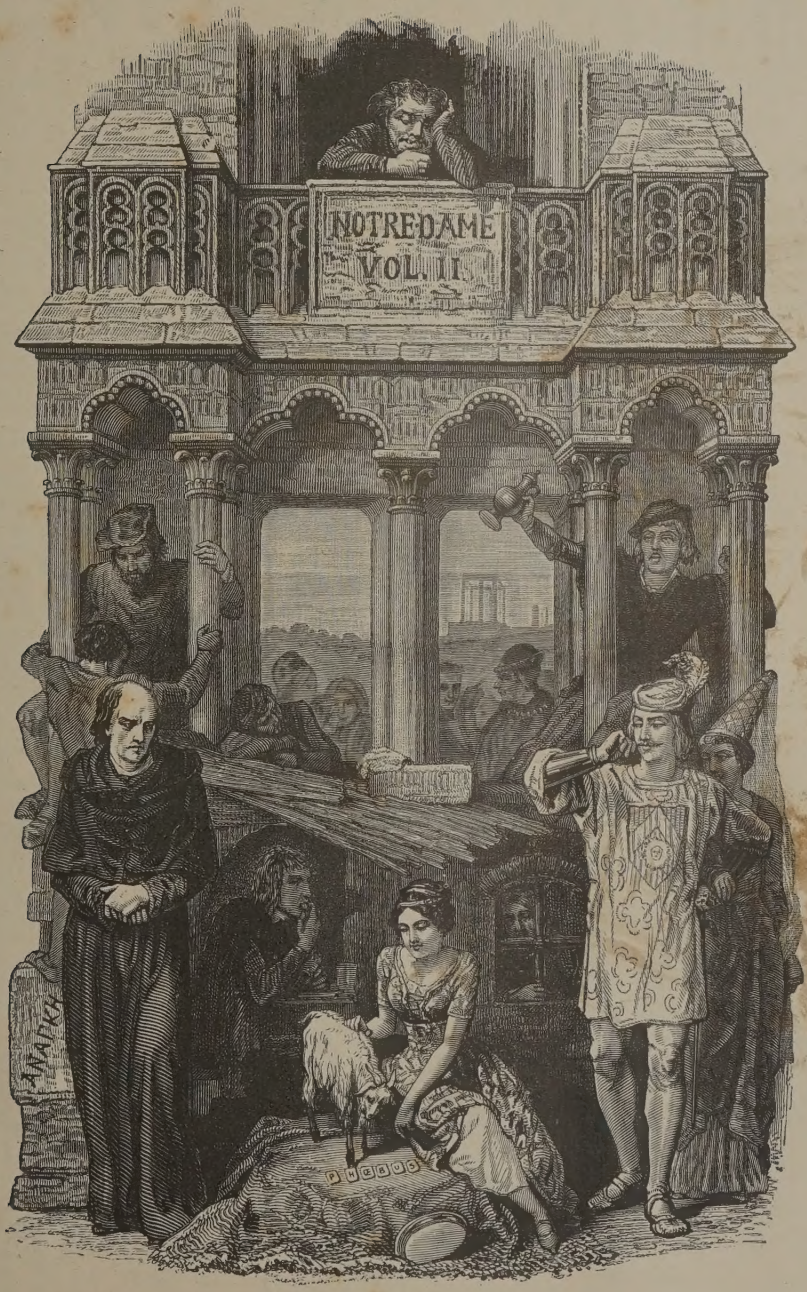
NOTRE-DAME
VOL. II

NOTRE-DAME

BY

VICTOR HUGO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY VICTOR HUGO, BAYARD, BRION, JOHANNOT, AND OTHER EMINENT FRENCH ARTISTS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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DOM CLAUDE AT THE WINDOW.

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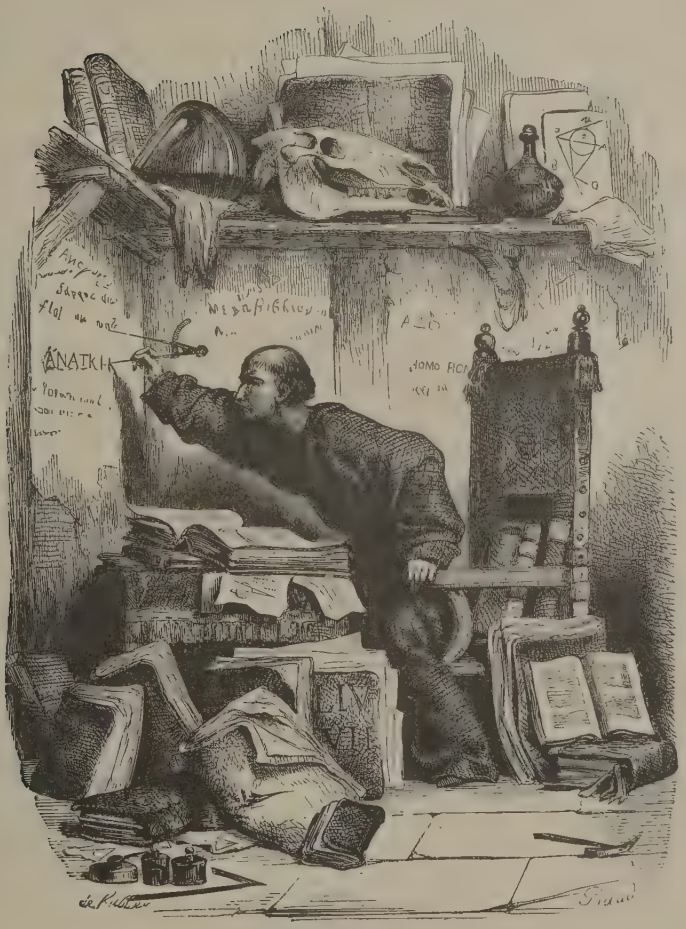

ΑΝΑΓΚΗ

NOTRE-DAME

BOOK VII

CHAPTER I

THE DANGER OF CONFIDING ONE'S SECRET TO A GOAT

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed.

It was now the early part of the month of March. The sun, which Dubartas, that classic ancestor of periphrasis, had not yet named "the grand duke of the candles," was not, therefore, the less cheerful and radiant. It was one of those days of the early spring which are so mild and beautiful that all Paris turns out into the squares and promenades, to enjoy them as if they were holidays. On those days of clearness, warmth, and serenity, there is one hour in particular, at which you should go and admire the portal of Notre-Dame. It is that moment when the sun, already declining toward his setting, darts his rays almost directly upon the front of the cathedral. Becoming more and more horizontal, they gradually retire from the pavement of the Place, and mount up the

perpendicular face of the structure, making its thousand sculptures in high relief stand out with sharply defined shadows, while the great central rose window flames like the eye of a Cyclops lit up by the reverberations of the forge.

Such was the hour.

Opposite to the front of the lofty cathedral, reddened by the setting sun, upon the stone balcony constructed over the porch of a rich-looking Gothic house, at the angle formed by the Place with the Rue du Parvis, some handsome girls were laughing and talking together with all manner of grace and sportiveness. By the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed coif, all scrolled with pearls, down to their heels, by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms, by the richness of their under petticoats, yet more costly than the upper skirt (admirable refinement!) by the gauze, the silk, and the velvet, with which the whole was loaded, and above all, by the whiteness of their hands, it was easy to divine that they were noble and wealthy heiresses. They were, in fact, Damoiselle Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, and her companions, Diane de Christeuil, Amelotte de Montmichel, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, and the little De Champchevrier, all girls of family, assembled at that moment at the mansion of the lady widow De Gondelaurier, on account of Monseigneur de Beaujeu and madame his wife, who were to come to Paris in April, to choose maids of honor, to accompany the Dauphiness Marguerite, on the occasion of her reception in Picardy, from the hands of the Flemings. Now, all the gentry for thirty leagues round, were seeking this honor for their daughters, and a good many of them had already brought or sent them to Paris. The young ladies in question had been entrusted by their parents to the discreet and reverend keeping of Madame Aloïse de Gondelaurier, widow of a late master of the king's cross-bowmen, now living in retirement with her only daughter, at her house in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, at Paris.

The balcony at which these young ladies were amusing themselves, opened into an apartment richly hung with fawn-colored Flanders leather printed with golden foliage. The beams that ran across the ceiling, diverting the eye with a thousand fantastic carvings, painted and gilt. Splendid enamels were glittering here and there upon the lids of cabinets curiously carved; and a boar's head in china crowned a magnificent side-board, the two steps of which announced that the mistress of the house was the wife or widow of a knight banneret. At the upper end of the room, beside a lofty chimney-piece, covered with emblazonry from top to bottom, was seated, in a rich fauteuil of red

FLEUR-DE-LYS AND HER FRIENDS.

velvet, the lady of Gondelaurier, whose fifty-five years of age were no less distinctly written on her dress than on her face.

Beside her a young man was standing, of very imposing mien, though partaking somewhat of vanity and bravado, one of those fine fellows whom all women agree to admire, although their physiognomy is precisely that which makes grave and discerning men shake their heads. This young cavalier wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of archers of the household of the King, which uniform too closely resembled the costume of Jupiter, which the reader has already had an opportunity of admiring in the first chapter of this history, for us to weary him with a second description of it.

The young ladies were seated, part in the room, part in the balcony; the former on cushions of Utrecht velvet with gold corners; the latter on oak stools carved in flowers and figures. Each of them held in her lap part of a large piece of tapestry, on which they were all at work, while one long end of it lay on the matting which covered the floor.

They were talking among themselves, in that whispering voice, and with those half-stifled laughs, so common in an assembly of young girls where there is a young man among them. The young man himself, whose presence had the effect of bringing into play all this feminine vanity, appeared, on his part, to care very little about it; and, while the lovely girls were vying with each other in endeavoring to attract his attention, he was specially occupied in polishing, with his doeskin glove, the buckle of his sword-belt.

From time to time, the old lady addressed him in a low voice, and he answered as well as he was able, with a sort of awkward and constrained politeness. From the smiles and significant gestures of Madame Aloïse as well as the glances which she threw toward her daughter Fleur-de-Lys as she spoke low to the captain, it was evident that the subject of their conversation was some previous betrothing, some marriage doubtless about to take place between the young man and Fleur-de-Lys. And from the cold embarrassed air of the officer, it was easy to see that, so far at least as he was concerned, love had no longer any part in the matter. His whole demeanor conveyed an idea of constraint and ennui, which a modern subaltern on garrison duty would admirably render by the exclamation, What a horrid bore!

The good lady, infatuated, like any other silly mother, with her daughter's charms, did not perceive the officer's want of enthusiasm, but exerted herself strenuously to point out in a whisper the infinite grace with which Fleur-de-Lys used her needle or wound her silk.

"Do look now, cousin," said she, pulling him by the sleeve toward her, and speaking in his ear. "Look at her! see, now she stoops."

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man, and fell back into his cold abstracted silence.

Shortly after he had to lean again, on Dame Aloïse saying to him:

"Did you ever see a more charming lightsome face than that of your betrothed? Can anything be more fair or more lovely? Are not those hands perfect? and that neck, does it not assume every graceful curve of the swan's? How I envy you at times! and how happy you are, in being a man, wicked rogue that you are! Is not my Fleur-de-Lys adorably beautiful? and are you not passionately in love with her?"

"Assuredly," answered he, thinking all the time of something else.

"Speak to her, then," said Madame Aloïse, abruptly pushing him by the shoulder; "say something to her; you're grown quite timid."

We can assure our readers that timidity was neither a virtue nor a defect of the captain's. He endeavored, however, to do as he was bid.

"Fair cousin," said he, approaching Fleur-de-Lys, "what is the subject of this tapestry you are so busy with?"

"Fair cousin," answered Fleur-de-Lys, in a pettish tone, "I have already told you three times; it is the grotto of Neptunus."

It was evident that Fleur-de-Lys saw more clearly than her mother through the cold, absent manner of the captain. He felt the necessity of entering into conversation.

"And for what is all this fine Neptune-work intended?" asked he.

"For the abbey of Saint-Antoine des Champs," said Fleur-de-Lys, without raising her eyes.

The captain took up a corner of the tapestry.

"And pray, fair cousin, who is that big man-at-arms fellow there disguised as a fish, and blowing his trumpet till his cheeks are bursting?"

"This is Trito," answered she.

There was still a degree of pettishness in the tone of the few words uttered by Fleur-de-Lys. The young man understood that it was indispensable he should whisper in her ear some pretty nothing, some gallant compliment or other, no matter what. He accordingly leaned over, but his imagination could furnish nothing more tender or familiar

than this: "Why does your mother always wear that petticoat with her arms worked upon it, like our great-grandmothers of Charles the VII.'s time? Pray tell her, fair cousin, that it's not the fashion of the present day, and that, all emblazoned in that way, her dress makes her

look like a walking mantel-piece. 'Pon honor, no one sits under their banner in that way now, I assure you."

Fleur-de-Lys raised her fine eyes toward his reproachfully: "Is that all you have to assure me of?" said she in a low tone.

Meanwhile the good Dame Aloïse, delighted to see them thus lean-

ing over and whispering with each other, exclaimed, playing all the while with the clasps of her prayer-book:

"Touching picture of love!"

The captain, more and more at a loss, passed to the subject of the tapestry again. "It is really a beautiful piece of work!" he cried.

At this juncture, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, another beautiful white-skinned blonde, dressed up to the neck in blue damask, ventured to put in a word, addressed to Fleur-de-Lys, but in the hope that the handsome captain would answer her: "My dear Gondelaurier, did you ever see the tapestry at the Hôtel de la Roche-Guyon?"

"Is that the hôtel where the garden is belonging to the Lingère of the Louvre?" asked Diane de Christeuil, laughing; for, having fine teeth, she laughed on all occasions.

"And where that big old tower is, part of the ancient wall of Paris?" added Amelotte de Montmichel, a pretty curly-headed, fresh-looking brunette, who had a habit of sighing, just as the other laughed, without knowing why.

"My dear Colombe," said Dame Aloïse, "are you speaking of the hôtel which belonged to Monsieur de Bacqueville in the reign of Charles the VIth? There is indeed magnificent tapestry there, of the high warp."

"Charles the VIth! King Charles the VIth!" muttered the young captain, curling his moustaches. "Mon Dieu! what a memory the good lady has for everything old!"

Madame de Gondelaurier continued: "Superb tapestry indeed! So superior that it is considered unrivaled!"

At that moment, Bérangère de Champchevrier, an airy little creature of seven years of age, who was looking into the square through the trifoliated ornaments of the balcony, cried out:

"Oh! do look, dear godmamma Fleur-de Lys, at that pretty dancing-girl who is dancing in the street, and playing the tambourine in the midst of those common people!"

The sonorous vibration of a tambourine was, in fact, heard by the party.

"Some gypsy girl from Bohemia," said Fleur-de-Lys, turning her head carelessly toward the square.

"Let us see! let us see!" cried her lively companions; and they all ran to the front of the balcony, while Fleur-de-Lys, musing over the coldness of her affianced lover, followed them slowly; and the latter, relieved by this incident, which cut short an embarrassed

conversation, returned to the farther end of the room with the satisfied air of a soldier relieved from duty. And yet no unpleasing service was that of the lovely Fleur-de-Lys; and such it had appeared to him formerly; but the captain had by degrees become *blasé*, and the prospect of an approaching marriage grew more and more repulsive to him every day. Besides, he was of a fickle disposition; and, if one may say so, of rather vulgar tastes. Although of very noble birth, he had contracted, under his officer's accoutrements, more than one habit of the common soldier. He delighted in the tavern and its accompaniments, and was never at his ease but amidst gross language, military gallantries, easy beauties, and as easy successes. He had notwithstanding received from his family some education and some politeness of manner; but he had too early been a rover, had too early kept garrison, and each day the polish of the gentleman became more and more worn away under the friction of the man-at-arms' baldric. Though still continuing to visit her occasionally, through some small remnant of common respect, he felt doubly constrained with Fleur-de-Lys; first, because by dint of dividing his love among so many different objects he had very little left for her; and next, because, surrounded by a number of fine women of stiff, decorous, and formal manners, he was constantly in fear lest his lips, accustomed to the language of oaths, should inadvertently break through their bounds and let slip some unfortunate tavern-slang or other. The effect may be imagined!

And yet, with all this were mingled great pretensions to elegance, taste in dress, and noble bearing. Let these things be reconciled as they may; our office is simply that of the historian.

He had been for some minutes thinking of something or of nothing, leaning in silence against the carved mantel-piece, when Fleur-de-Lys turning suddenly round, addressed him, for after all, the poor girl only pouted in self-defense:

"Fair cousin, did you not tell us of a little gypsy girl you saved from a parcel of thieves about a month ago, as you were going the counter-watch at night?"

"I believe I did, fair cousin," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined she, "perhaps it is that very gypsy girl who is now dancing in the Parvis. Come and see if you recognize her, fair cousin Phœbus."

A secret desire of reconciliation was perceptible in the gentle invitation she gave him to draw near her, and in the care she took to call him by his name. Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers (for it is he whom

the reader has had before him from the beginning of this chapter) with tardy steps approached the balcony.

"Look," said Fleur-de-Lys, tenderly, placing her hand on his arm, "look at that little girl, dancing there in the ring!—Is that your gypsy girl?"

Phœbus looked, and said:

"Yes; I know her by her goat."

"Ah! So there is! A pretty little goat!" said Amelotte, clasping her hands with delight.

"Are its horns really gold?" asked little Bérangère.

Without moving from her fauteuil, Dame Aloïse inquired:

"Is it one of those gypsy girls that arrived last year by the Porte Gibard?"

"My dear mother," said Fleur-de-Lys gently, "that gate is now called Porte d'Enfer."

Mademoiselle de Gondelaurier knew how much the captain's notions were shocked by her mother's antiquated modes of speech. Indeed he was already on the titter, and began to mutter between his teeth: "Porte Gibard! Porte Gibard! That's to make way for King Charles VI."

"Godmamma," exclaimed Bérangère, whose eyes, incessantly in motion, were suddenly raised toward the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, "who is that black man up there?"

All the girls raised their eyes. A man in fact was leaning with his elbows upon the topmost balustrade of the northern tower, which looked toward the Grève. It was the figure of a priest; and they could clearly discern both his costume and his face, which was resting on his two hands. Otherwise he was as motionless as a statue; his steady gaze seemed riveted to the Place.

There was in it something of the immobility of the kite when it has just discovered a nest of sparrows and is looking down upon it.

"It is monsieur the archdeacon of Josas," said Fleur-de-Lys.

"You've good eyes if you know him at this distance," observed La Gaillefontaine.

"How he looks at the little dancing-girl," remarked Diane de Christeuil.

"Let the gypsy girl beware," said Fleur-de-Lys; "for he loves not Egypt."

"It's a great pity that man looks at her so," added Amelotte de Montmichel; "for she dances delightfully."

"Fair cousin Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, suddenly, "since you

know this little gypsy girl, beckon to her to come up. It will be an amusement for us."

"Oh, yes!" cried all her companions, clapping their hands.

"It's really not worth while," answered Phœbus, "she has forgotten

me, I dare say; and I don't so much as know her name. However, since you wish it, ladies, I will see." And leaning over the balustrade of the balcony, he began to call out—"Little girl!"

The dancing-girl was not at that moment playing her tambourine; and, turning her head toward the point from whence she heard herself

called, her brilliant eyes rested on Phœbus, and she stopped short suddenly.

"Little girl," repeated the captain, and he beckoned to her to come in.

The young girl looked at him again; then blushed as if a flame had risen to her cheeks; and, taking her tambourine under her arm, she made her way through the midst of the gaping spectators, toward the door of the house where Phœbus was, with slow and tottering steps, and with the troubled air of a bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

A moment after, the tapestry hanging at the entrance was raised, and the gypsy girl made her appearance on the threshold of the room, blushing, confused, and out of breath, her large eyes cast down, and not daring to advance a step further.

Bérangère clapped her hands.

Meanwhile, the dancing-girl remained motionless at the entrance of the apartment. Her appearance had produced on this group of young women a singular effect. It is certain that a vague and undefined desire of pleasing the handsome officer at once animated the whole party; that the splendid uniform was the object at which all their coquetry was aimed; and that, from the time of his being present, there had arisen among them a certain tacit, covert rivalry, scarcely acknowledged to themselves, but which did not the less constantly display itself in all their gestures and remarks. Nevertheless, as they all possessed nearly the same degree of beauty, they contended with equal arms, and each might reasonably hope for victory. The arrival of the gypsy girl suddenly destroyed this equilibrium. Her beauty was of so rare a cast that, the moment she entered the apartment, she seemed to shed around it a sort of light peculiar to herself. Within this enclosed chamber, surrounded by its dusky hangings and wainscotings, she was incomparably more beautiful and radiant than in the public square. She was as the torch suddenly brought from the mid-day light into the shade. The noble damsels were dazzled by it in spite of themselves. Each felt that her beauty had in some degree suffered; and, in consequence, their line of battle (if we may be allowed the expression) was changed immediately, without a single word being uttered by any of them. But they understood each other perfectly. The instincts of women comprehend and correspond with each other more quickly than the understandings of men. An enemy had arrived in the midst of them; all felt it, all rallied. One drop of wine is sufficient to tinge a whole glass of water; and to diffuse a certain degree of ill-temper

throughout a company of pretty women, it is only necessary for one still prettier to make her appearance—especially when there is but one man in the way.

Thus the gypsy girl's reception proved mightily freezing. They eyed her from head to foot; then looked at each other; and that was enough; all was understood. Meanwhile the young girl, waiting for them to speak to her, was so much affected that she dared not raise her eyelids.

The captain was the first to break silence.

"On my honor," said he, with his tone of brainless assurance, "here's a charming creature! What do you think of her, fair cousin?"

This observation, which a more delicate admirer would at least have made in an undertone, did not tend to dissipate the feminine jealousies which were on the alert in the presence of the gypsy girl.

Fleur-de-Lys answered the captain with a simpering affectation of contempt—"Ah, not amiss."

The others whispered together.

At length, Madame Aloïse, who was not the less jealous for being so on her daughter's account, addressed the dancing-girl:

"Come hither, little girl," said she.

"Come hither, little girl!" repeated, with comic dignity, little Bérangère, who would have stood about as high as her hip.

The gypsy girl advanced toward the noble lady.

"My pretty girl," said Phœbus, significantly, likewise advancing a few paces toward her, "I don't know whether I have the supreme felicity of being remembered by you."

She interrupted him by saying, with a look and smile of infinite sweetness:

"Oh! yes."

"She has a good memory," observed Fleur-de-Lys.

"So," resumed Phœbus, "you contrived to make your escape in a hurry the other evening. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh! no," said the gypsy girl.

There was, in the accent with which this "Oh! no," following immediately the "Oh! yes," was pronounced, an indescribable something which stung poor Fleur-de-Lys.

"You left me in your stead, my fair one," continued the captain, whose tongue became unloosed while speaking to the girl out of the street, "a rare grim-faced fellow, hump-backed and one-eyed, the ringer of the bishop's bells, I believe. They tell me he's an arch-

deacon's bastard and a devil by birth. He has a pretty name too; they call him Quatre-Temps, Pâques-Fleuries, Mardi-Gras,* I don't know what!—a bell-ringing, holiday name, in short. And so he thought fit to carry you off, as if you were made for such fellows as beadles! That is going a little too far. What the deuce could that screech-owl want with you? eh!"

"I don't know," answered she.

"Only imagine his insolence! a bell-ringer to carry off a girl like a viscount! a clown poaching the game of gentlemen! a rare piece of assurance, truly! But he paid pretty dear for it. Master Pierrat Torterue is as rough a groom as ever curried a rascal; and your ringer's hide—if that will please you—got a thorough dressing at his hands, I warrant you."

"Poor man!" said the gypsy girl, the scene of the pillory brought back to her remembrance by these words.

The captain burst out laughing. "*Corne-de-bœuf!* your pity's about as well placed as a feather in a pig's tail. May I have a belly like a pope, if . . . . ."

He stopped suddenly short. "Pardon me, ladies—I fear I was about to let slip some nonsense or other."

"Fie, monsieur!" said La Gaillefontaine.

"He speaks to this creature in her own language," added Fleur-de-Lys in an undertone, her vexation increasing every moment. This vexation was not diminished by seeing the captain, delighted with the gypsy girl, and above all with himself, turn round on his heel and repeat with naïve and soldier-like gallantry:

"A lovely girl, upon my soul!"

"Very barbarously dressed!" said Diane de Christeuil, laughing to show her fine teeth.

This remark was like a flash of light for the others. It gave to view the gypsy's assailable point; having nothing to find fault with in her person, they all fell upon her dress.

"It's very true," said La Montmichel. "Pray, little girl, where did you learn to run about the streets in that way, without either neckerchief or tucker?"

"What a dreadful short petticoat!" added La Gaillefontaine.

"You'll get yourself taken up, child, by the sergeants of the douzaine, for your gilt belt," continued Fleur-de-Lys harshly.

"Little girl, little girl," resumed Christeuil, with an unmerciful

* Ember-week, Palm-Sunday, Shrove-Tuesday.

smile, "if you had the decency to wear sleeves on your arms, they would not get so sun-burned."

It was a sight worthy a more intelligent spectator than Phœbus, to watch how those pretty girls, with their envenomed and angry tongues, turned, glided, and wound, as it were, around the street dancer; they were at once cruel and courteous; they searched and pried maliciously into every part of her poor wild dress of spangles and tinsel. Then followed the laugh, the ironical jest, humiliations without end. Sarcasms, haughty condescensions, and evil looks were poured upon the gypsy girl. One might have fancied them some of those young Roman ladies that used to amuse themselves with thrusting golden pins into the bosom of some beautiful slave; or have likened them to elegant greyhounds, turning, wheeling, with distended nostrils and eager eyes, around some poor hind of the forest, whom nothing but their master's eye prevents them from devouring.

And what, in fact, was a poor dancing-girl of the public square to those high-born maidens? They did not seem so much as to recognize her presence; but spoke of her, before her, and to herself, aloud, as of something loathesome and abject, but at the same time pretty enough.

The gypsy girl was not insensible to these petty stings. From time to time, a glow of shame or a flash of anger inflamed her eyes and cheeks, a disdainful exclamation seemed to hover on her lips, she made contemptuously the little grimace with which the reader is already familiar, but remained motionless, her eyes fixed, with a sweet, resigned, and melancholy expression upon Phœbus. In this look, too, were mingled delight and tenderness. It seemed as if she restrained herself for fear of being driven away.

As for Phœbus himself, he laughed, and took the gypsy girl's part, with a mixture of pity and impertinence.

"Let them talk, little one," repeated he, jingling his gold spurs; "doubtless your dress is a little wild and extravagant; but in a charming girl like you, what does that signify?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the blonde Gaillefontaine, drawing up her swan-like neck with a bitter smile, "I see that messieurs the king's archers take fire easily at bright gypsy eyes."

"And why not?" said Phœbus.

At this rejoinder, uttered carelessly by the captain, like a stone thrown at random, the fall of which one does not so much as turn to watch, Colombe began to laugh, as did Amelotte, Diane, and Fleur-de-Lys; while a tear rose at the same time to the eyes of the latter.

The gypsy girl, who had cast her eyes on the ground as Colombe and Gaillefontaine spoke, raised them all beaming with joy and pride, and fixed them again on Phœbus. She looked very lovely at that moment.

The old lady, who observed this scene, felt herself piqued without well understanding why.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she suddenly, "what's that about my legs? Ah! the nasty animal!"

It was the goat, which had just arrived in search of its mistress, and which, in hurrying toward her, had got itself entangled by the horns in the pile of stuff which the noble lady's ample habiliments heaped around her whenever she was seated.

This made a diversion. The gypsy girl, without saying a word, disentangled the little creature's horns.

"Oh! here's the pretty little goat with the golden feet," cried Bérangère, jumping with joy.

The gypsy girl squatted on her knees, and pressed her cheek against the fondling head of the goat, as if to beg its pardon for having left it behind.

Meanwhile, Diane bent over and whispered in Colombe's ear:

"Ah! Mon Dieu! how is it I did not think of it before? It's the gypsy girl with the goat. They say she's a sorceress, and that her goat performs very miraculous tricks."

"Well," said Colombe, "let the goat amuse us now in its turn, and perform us a miracle."

Diane and Colombe eagerly addressed the gypsy girl: "Little girl, do let your goat perform a miracle."

"I don't know what you mean," said the dancing-girl.

"Why, a miracle, a conjuring trick, a feat of witchcraft."

"I do not understand," she replied. And she turned to caressing the pretty animal again, repeating, "Djali! Djali!"

At that moment Fleur-de-Lys remarked a little embroidered leathern bag hanging about the goat's neck. "What's that?" asked she of the gypsy girl.

The girl raised her large eyes toward her, and answered gravely, "That's my secret."

"I should like to know your secret," thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, the noble dame had risen angrily. "Come, come, gypsy girl; if neither you nor your goat have anything to dance to us, what do you do here?"

The gypsy girl, without answering, directed her steps slowly

toward the door. But the nearer she approached it, the slower was her pace. An irresistible magnet seemed to arrest her steps. Suddenly, she turned her eyes moistened with tears toward Phœbus, and stood still.

"Vrai Dieu!" cried the captain, "you shall not go away thus. Come back and dance us something or other. By-the-by, sweet love, what's your name?"

"Esmeralda," said the dancing-girl, without taking her eyes off him.

At this strange name the girls burst forth into an extravagant laugh.

"A formidable name indeed, for a young lady," said Diane.

"You see, plain enough," remarked Amelotte, "that she's an enchantress."

"My dear," cried Dame Aloïse, seriously, "your parents never found that name for you in the baptismal font."

Meanwhile, Bérangère, without any one's observing it, had, a few minutes before, enticed the goat into a corner of the room with a piece of sweet cake. In an instant they had become good friends; and the curious child had untied the little bag which hung at the goat's neck, had opened it, and spread its contents on the matting; it was an alphabet, each letter of which was inscribed separately on a small tablet of wood. No sooner were these toys displayed on the matting, than the child saw, with surprise, the goat (one of whose miracles, doubtless, it was) draw toward her, with her golden paw, certain letters, and arrange them, by pushing them about gently, in a particular order. In a minute, they formed a word which the goat seemed practiced in composing, so little was she at a loss in forming it; and Bérangère suddenly cried out, clasping her hands with admiration:

"Godmamma, Fleur-de-Lys — do see what the goat has been doing!"

Fleur-de-Lys ran to look, and started at the sight. The letters arranged on the floor formed, in the Gothic characters of the time, the word

PHOEBUS.

"Did the goat write that?" asked she, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, godmamma," answered Bérangère. It was impossible to doubt it, for the child could not spell.

"Here's the secret!" thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, at the child's exclamation they had all hurried forward to look; the lady mother, the young ladies, the gypsy, and the officer.

The gypsy girl saw the blunder the goat had committed. She turned red, then pale, and began to tremble like a guilty thing before the captain, who looked at her with a smile of satisfaction and astonishment.

"Phœbus!" whispered the girls, in amazement, "that's the captain's name!"

"You have a wonderful memory!" said Fleur-de-Lys to the petrified gypsy girl. Then bursting into sobs: "Oh!" stammered she sorrowfully, hiding her face between her two fair hands, "she is a sorceress!"

FLEUR-DE-LYS AND ESMERALDA.

while she heard a voice yet more bitter whisper from her inmost heart, "she is a rival!"

She fainted away.

"My child! my child!" cried the terrified mother. "Begone, you diabolical gypsy."

Esmeralda gathered together in a trice the unlucky letters, made a sign to Djali, and quitted the room at one door as Fleur-de-Lys was being carried out at the other.

Captain Phœbus, left alone, hesitated a moment between the two doors; then followed the gypsy girl.

CHAPTER II

SHOWING THAT A PRIEST AND A PHILOSOPHER ARE DIFFERENT THINGS

THE priest whom the young ladies had observed on the top of the northern tower, leaning over toward the square, and so attentive to the gypsy girl's dancing, was, in fact, the Archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Our readers have not forgotten the mysterious cell which the archdeacon had appropriated to himself in this tower. By-the-way, we do not know whether it is not the same, the interior of which may be seen to this day through a small square window, opening toward the east, at about the height of a man from the floor, upon the platform from which the towers spring; a mere dog-hole now, naked, empty, and falling to decay; the ill-plastered walls of which are even at this time decorated here and there with a parcel of sorry yellow engravings representing cathedral fronts. We presume that this hole is jointly inhabited by bats and spiders, and that, consequently, a double war of extermination is carried on there against the flies.

Every day, an hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower and shut himself up in this cell, where he sometimes passed whole nights. On this day, just as he had reached the low door of his little nook, and was putting into the lock the small key, with its intricate wards, which he always carried about him, in the little satchel suspended at his side, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ears. This sound proceeded from the Place du Parvis. The cell, as we have already said, had but one window, looking upon the back of the church. Claude Frollo had hastily withdrawn the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower, in that gloomy, thoughtful attitude in which the young ladies had first seen him.

There he was, grave, motionless, absorbed in one look, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet; with her thousand spires and her circular horizon of softly-swelling hills; with her river winding under her bridges, and her people flowing to and fro through her streets; with the cloud of her smoke; with her hilly chain of roofs pressing round Notre-

Dame with redoubled folds; yet in all that city the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pavement, the Place du Parvis; in all that crowd, but one figure, that of the gypsy girl.

It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that look, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, and yet full of trouble and tumult. And, from the profound still-

ness of his whole body, only just agitated at intervals by an involuntary shiver, like a tree shaken by the wind, his stiffened elbows more marble than the balustrade on which they leaned, and the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frollo was alive but his eyes.

The gypsy girl was dancing, twirling her tambourine on the point of her finger, and throwing it aloft in the air as she danced the Provençal sarabands; agile, light, joyous, and unconscious of the formidable gaze which lighted directly on her head.

The crowd swarmed around her; occasionally a man, tricked out in a red and yellow casaque, went round to make the people keep the ring; then returned to seat himself in a chair, a few steps off the dancer, and took the head of the goat upon his knees. This man appeared to be the companion of the gypsy girl. Claude Frollo, from the elevated spot on which he stood, could not distinguish his features.

No sooner had the archdeacon perceived this unknown, than his attention seemed to be divided between him and the dancer, and his countenance became more and more sombre. Suddenly he drew himself up, and a trembling ran through his whole frame. "Who's that man?" muttered he to himself; "I've always seen her alone before."

He then disappeared under the winding vault of the spiral staircase, and once more descended. Passing before the door of the bell-room, which was partly open, he saw something which struck him; it was Quasimodo, who, leaning toward an opening in those great slate eaves which resemble enormous projecting blinds, was likewise looking earnestly into the square. He was engaged in such profound contemplation that he did not observe his adoptive father passing by. His wild eye had in it a singular expression; it was a look at once tender and fascinated. "That's strange!" murmured Claude; "is it at the gypsy girl that he is looking so?" He continued to descend. In a few minutes the moody archdeacon entered the square by the door at the bottom of the tower.

"What's become of the gypsy girl?" said he, mingling with the group of spectators which the sound of the tambourine had collected together.

"I don't know," answered one of those nearest him; "she's just disappeared. I think she's gone to dance some fandango or other in the house opposite, whither they called her."

In the place of the gypsy girl, on that same carpet, the arabesques of which, but the moment before, seemed to vanish beneath the no less fantastic figures of her dance, the archdeacon saw no one but the red

and yellow man, who, in order to gain a few testons in his turn, was parading around the circle, his elbows on his hips, his head thrown back, his face all red, his neck stretched out, with a chair between his teeth. On this chair he had fastened a cat, which a woman of the neighborhood had lent him, and which was squalling with terror.

"Notre-Dame!" cried the archdeacon, just as the mountebank, the perspiration rolling off his face, was passing before him with his pyramid of chair and cat: "what does Master Pierre Gringoire do there?"

The harsh voice of the archdeacon struck the poor devil with such commotion that he lost his equilibrium; and down fell the whole edifice,

chair and cat and all, pell-mell upon the heads of the bystanders in the midst of inextinguishable hootings.

It is probable that Master Pierre Gringoire (for he indeed it was) would have had a fine account to settle with the cat's proprietor, and all the bruised and scratched faces around him, if he had not hastily availed himself of the tumult to take refuge in the church, whither Claude Frollo beckoned him to follow.

The cathedral was already dark and solitary; the transepts were in thick darkness; and the lamps of the chapels were beginning to twinkle, so black had the vaulted roofs become. The great central window of the front alone, whose thousand tints were steeped in one horizontal stream of the sun's declining rays, glistened in the shade like a mass of diamonds, and cast against the other extremity of the nave its dazzling many-colored image.

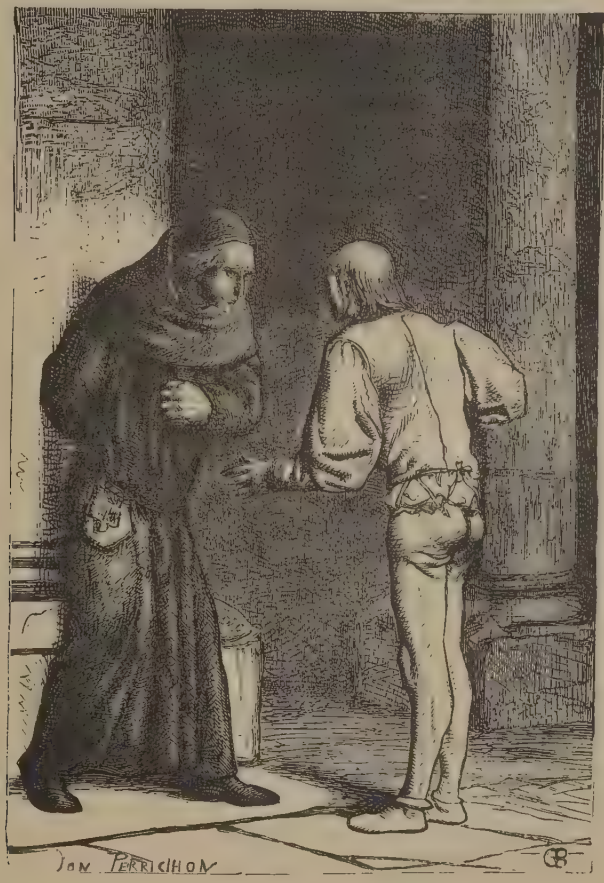
When they had proceeded a few steps, Dom Claude, leaning his back against a pillar, looked steadfastly at Gringoire. This look was not the one which Gringoire had apprehended, in his shame at being surprised by so grave and learned a personage in his merry-andrew costume. There was in the priest's glance neither scoff nor irony; it was serious, calm, and searching. The archdeacon was the first to break silence.

"Come, Master Pierre," said he, "you have many things to explain to me. And first, how is it that I have not seen you for the last two months, and that I meet with you again in the public street, in rare guise, ifaith, half red, half yellow, like a Caudebec apple!"

"Messire, a most marvellous gear is it indeed," said Gringoire, piteously, "and behold me about as comfortable in it as a cat with a calabash clapped on her head. Most hard is it, too, I acknowledge, that I should subject those gentlemen, the sergeants of the watch, to the risk of beating, under this casaque, the humerus of a Pythagorean philosopher. But what would you, my reverend master? The fault is all in my old coat, which basely forsook me in the depth of winter, under pretense that it was falling in tatters, and that it was under the necessity of reposing itself in the ragman's pack. What was to be done? Civilization has not yet arrived at such a pitch that one may go quite naked, as old Diogenes could have wished. Add to this, that the wind blew very cold, and the month of January is not the time to attempt successfully that new step in refinement. This casaque offered itself—I took it, and left off my old black doublet, which, for an hermetic philosopher like myself, was far from being hermetically closed. Behold me, then, in my buffoon's habit, like St. Genest. What would you have? It's an eclipse. Apollo, you know, tended the flocks of Admetus."

"It's a fine trade you've taken up," replied the priest.

"I confess, my master, that its better to philosophize than to poetize, to blow a flame in the furnace, or receive one from heaven, than to be carrying cats in triumph. And that's why, when you addressed me, I felt as silly as an ass before a roasting-jack. But what was to be done,



messire? one must eat every day; and the finest Alexandrine verses, to an empty stomach, are not to be compared to a piece of Brie cheese. Now, I composed for the Lady Margaret of Flanders, that famous epithalamium, you know; and the town has not paid me for it, pretending that it was not excellent, as if, for four crowns, one could write a tragedy of Sophocles. Well, you see I was near dying of hunger. Fortunately

for me, I am rather strong in the jaw; so I said to my jaw: 'Perform some feats of strength and equilibrium; find food for thyself. *Ale te ipsam.*' A parcel of vagabonds, who are become my good friends, taught me twenty different kinds of Herculean tricks; and now I feed my teeth every night with the bread they have earned in the day in the sweat of my brow. After all, *concedo*, I concede that it is but a sorry employ of my intellectual faculties, and that man is not formed to pass his life in tambourining and biting chairs. But, reverend master, it is not enough to pass one's life; one must do something to keep one's self alive."

Dom Claude listened in silence. All at once his sunken eyes assumed an expression so sagacious and penetrating, that Gringoire felt as if searched to his inmost soul by that look.

"Very well, Master Pierre; but how is it that you are now in company with that dancing-girl of Egypt?"

"Why, just," said Gringoire, "because she is my wife and I am her husband."

The priest's dark eye took fire.

"And hast thou done that, miserable man?" he cried, furiously grasping Gringoire's arm, "and hast thou been so abandoned of God as to lay thy hand upon that girl?"

"By my chance of paradise, monseigneur," answered Gringoire, trembling in every limb, "I swear to you that I have never touched her; if that be what disturbs you so."

"But what speak you, then, of husband and wife?" said the priest.

Gringoire eagerly related to him, as succinctly as possible, what the reader is already acquainted with; his adventure of the Cour des Miracles, and his broken-pitcher marriage, which marriage appeared, as yet, to have had no result whatever, the gypsy girl contriving to leave him every night, as she had done on the first, in single blessedness. "It's a bore," said he, "but that comes of my having had the misfortune to marry a maid."

"What do you mean?" inquired the archdeacon, whom this account had gradually appeased.

"It's very difficult to explain," answered the poet. "It's a superstition. My wife, as an old thief that's called among us the Duke of Egypt, has told me, is a foundling, or a lostling, which is the same thing. She wears about her neck an amulet, which they declare will some day make her find her parents again, but would lose its virtue if the girl lost hers. Whence it follows that we both of us remain quite virtuous."

"So," resumed Claude, whose brow was now clearing apace, "you believe, Master Pierre, that this creature has not been approached by any man."

"Why, Dom Claude, what would you have a man do with a superstition? She has got that in her head. I do, indeed, believe it to be rarity enough, to find such a nunnish prudery keeping its wildness amidst all those gypsy girls so easily tamed; but she has three things to protect her: the Duke of Egypt, who has taken her under his safeguard, reckoning, perhaps, that he shall sell her to some jolly abbot or other; her whole tribe, who hold her in singular veneration, like an Our Lady; and a certain pretty little poniard, which the jade always carries about her in spite of the provost's ordinances, and which darts forth in her hand when you press her waist. It's a fierce wasp, I can tell you."

The archdeacon pressed Gringoire with questions.

Esmeralda was, in Gringoire's opinion, a creature inoffensive, charming, and pretty—allowance being made for a certain little grimace which was peculiar to herself; a girl artless and impassioned, ignorant of everything, and enthusiastic about everything, fond, above all things, of dancing, of bustle, of the open air; a sort of a bee of a woman, with invisible wings to her feet, and living in a continued whirl. She owed this nature to the wandering life she had always led. Gringoire had contrived to ascertain that, while quite a child, she had gone all through Spain and Catalonia to Sicily; he thought, too, that the caravan of zingari, to which she belonged, had carried her into the kingdom of Algiers, a country situated in Achaia, which Achaia was adjoining, on one side to Lesser Albania and Greece, on the other to the sea of the Sicilies, which was the way to Constantinople. The Bohemians, said Gringoire, were vassals to the King of Algiers, in his capacity of chief of the nation of the white Moors. Certain it was, that Esmeralda had come into France while yet very young, by way of Hungary. From all those countries the girl had brought with her fragments of fantastic jargons, foreign songs and ideas, which made her almost as motley as her half Parisian, half African costume. However, the people of the quarters which she frequented loved her for her gayety, her gracefulness, her lively step, her dances, and her songs. In all the town, she believed herself to be hated by two persons only, of whom she often speaks with dread: the Sachette of the Tour-Roland, a miserable recluse, that bore a strange malice against gypsy women, and was in the habit of heaping curses upon the poor dancing-girl every time she passed before her loophole; and a priest who never met her without casting upon her looks and words that affrighted her. The mention of this latter circumstance visibly disturbed the archdeacon, but without Gringoire's much attending to his perturbation; the two months that had elapsed having been quite sufficient to make the poet forget the singular particulars of that evening when he had first met with the gypsy girl, and the apparent

presence of the archdeacon on that occasion. For the rest, the little dancer, he said, feared nothing. She did not tell fortunes, and so was secure from those prosecutions for magic that were so frequently instituted against the gypsy women. And then, Gringoire was as a brother to her, if not as a husband. After all, the philosopher very patiently endured this kind of Platonic marriage. At all events there were food and lodging for him; each morning he set out from the Truandry, most frequently in company with the gypsy girl; he helped her to make in the crossways her gathering of sous and pennies; each evening he returned with her under the same roof, let her bolt herself in her own little chamber, and slept the sleep of the just. A very agreeable existence on the whole, said he, and very favorable to reverie. And then, in his heart and conscience, the philosopher was not quite sure that he was desperately in love with the gypsy. He loved her goat almost as much. It was a charming animal, gentle, intelligent, clever, and knowing. Nothing was more common in the Middle Ages than these knowing animals; at which the people mightily wondered, and which frequently brought their instructors to the stake. However, the sorceries of the goat with the gilded hoofs were very harmless tricks indeed. Gringoire explained them to the archdeacon, whom these particulars seemed strongly to interest. In most cases it was sufficient to present the tambourine to the animal in such or such a manner, to obtain from it the action desired. It had been trained to that by its mistress, who had so singular a talent for that species of tuition, that two months had been sufficient for her to teach the goat to compose, with movable letters, the word *Phœbus*.

"Phœbus!" said the priest. "Why Phœbus?"

"I don't know," replied Gringoire; "perhaps it's a word that she thinks endowed with some magical and secret virtue. She often repeats it in an undertone when she thinks she's by herself."

"Are you sure?" rejoined Claude, with his penetrating look, "that it's only a word, and that it's not a name?"

"Name of whom?" said the poet.

"How should I know?" said the priest.

"This is what I imagine, messire; these gypsies are something of Guebres, and worship the sun—whence this Phœbus."

"That does not seem so clear to me as it does to you, Master Pierre."

"Well, it's no matter to me. Let her mutter her Phœbus to her heart's content. It's a sure thing that Djali loves me already almost as much as she does."

"Who's Djali?"

"It's the goat."

The archdeacon placed his hand under his chin, and seemed ruminating for a moment. All at once he turned round abruptly to Gringoire:

"And you swear to me that you have not touched her?"

"Touched what?" said Gringoire. "The goat?"

"No; that woman."

"My wife? I swear to you I have not."

"And yet you are often alone with her."

"Every night for a full hour."

Dom Claude knit his brows.

"Oh, oh," said he, "*Solus cum solâ non cogitabuntur orare Pater Noster.*"

"Upon my soul, I might say the *Pater*, and the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentem*, without her taking any more notice of me than a hen does of a church."

"Swear to me by thy mother's womb," repeated the archdeacon with vehemence, "that thou hast not so much as touched that creature with thy finger's end."

"I could swear it, too, by my father's head," answered the poet. "But, my reverend master, just permit me to ask you a single question."

"Speak, sir."

"What does that signify to you?"

The pale countenance of the archdeacon reddened like the cheek of a girl. He kept silence for a moment; then answered with visible embarrassment:

"Hearken, Master Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet damned, that I know of. I feel interested for you, and wish you well. Now, the slightest contact with that gypsy girl of the demon would make you a vassal of Satan. You know it's always the body that ruins the soul. Woe to you if you approach that woman! That's all I have to say."

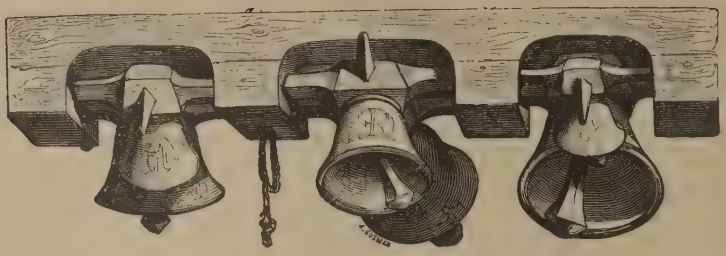
"I tried once," said Gringoire, scratching his ear; "it was the first day, but I only got myself stung."

"And had you that audacity, Master Pierre?"

The priest's brow darkened again.

"Another time," continued the poet, smiling, "before I went to bed, I looked through her keyhole, and indeed I saw the most delicious damsel in a shift that ever stepped upon a bedside with her naked foot."

"Go to the devil with you!" cried the priest, with a terrible look; and pushing the amazed Gringoire by the shoulders, he plunged with hasty strides under the darkest arcades of the cathedral.



CHAPTER III

THE BELLS

SINCE the morning of the pillory, the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Notre-Dame thought they perceived that Quasimodo's bell-ringing ardor had remarkably abated. Before that time the bells were going on all occasions; long matin chimes which lasted from Primes to Complins; peals of the great bell for high mass; rich gamuts running up and down the small bells for a wedding or a christening, and mingling in the air like a rich embroidery of all sorts of delightful sounds. The old church, all vibrating and sonorous, was in a perpetual joyous whirl of bells. Some spirit of noise and whim appeared to be sending forth a never-ending carol through those brazen lips. Now that spirit seemed to have departed. The cathedral seemed to have grown willfully sullen and silent. The holidays and interments had their simple accompaniment, bare and unadorned, just what the ritual demanded, and nothing more; of the double sound proceeding from a church, that of the organ within, and the bells without, the organ only was heard. It seemed as if there was no longer any musician in the steeples. Nevertheless, Quasimodo was still there; what had come to him, then? was it that the shame and desperation of the pillory scene still lingered about his heart, that the lashes of the torturer were ever present to his mind, and that his grief at such treatment had extinguished all feeling in him, even to his passion for the bells? Or was it rather that Marie had a rival in the heart of the ringer of Notre-Dame, and that the great bell and her fourteen sisters were neglected for something more beautiful and lovable?

It happened that in the year of Our Lord 1482, the Annunciation fell on a Tuesday, the 25th of March. On that day the air was so pure and light, that Quasimodo felt a little returning affection for his bells. He accordingly ascended the northern tower, while the beadle below

threw wide the large doors of the church, which were formed, at that time, of enormous panels of strong wood, covered with leather, bordered with iron nails gilt, and encased with sculpture "very skillfully wrought."

Arrived in the high cage of the bells, Quasimodo fixed his eye for some time, with a sorrowful shake of the head, on his six songstresses, as if he sighed to think that something strange had intruded into his heart between himself and them. But when he had set them going—when he felt the whole cluster of bells moving under his hand—when he saw, for he did not hear it, the palpitating octave ascending and descending in the sonorous scale like a bird hopping from branch to branch—when the demon of music, that demon who shakes a sparkling bundle of stretti, trills, and arpeggios, had taken possession of the poor deaf creature, then he became happy again; he forgot everything, and the dilation of his heart expanded on his countenance.

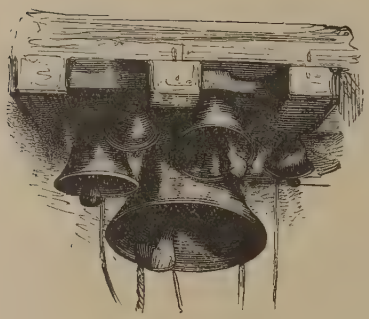
He went to and fro, clapping his hands; he ran from one rope to another, animating the six songsters by his voice and gestures, like a leader of the band spurring on scientific musicians.

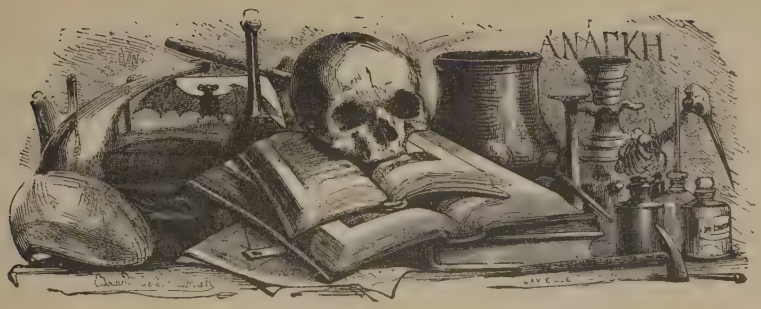
"Come, come, Gabrielle," said he, "pour forth all your sound into the square; it's a holiday. Thibauld, none of your idleness. What! you are lagging! Get on with you. Are you grown rusty, lazybones? That's it! quick! quick! don't let the clapper be seen!—Make them all as deaf as I am. Bravo! Thibauld. Guillaume! Guillaume, you are the biggest, and Pasquier's the least, and Pasquier goes best. I'll lay anything that those that can hear, hear him better than you. Well done, Gabrielle, harder! harder!—Hey! you there, The Sparrows, what are you both about? I don't see you make the least noise.—What's the meaning of those brazen beaks of yours, that seem to be gaping when they ought to be singing? Come, work away! it's the Annunciation. There's a fine sunshine, and we'll have a merry peal.—Poor Guillaume, what! are you out of breath, my old fellow?"

He was fully occupied in goading on his bells, which were all six leaping one against another as in rivalry, and shaking their shining backs, like a noisy team of Spanish mules urged forward by the apostrophizings of the driver.

All at once, happening to cast his eye between the large slate scales which cover, at a certain height, the perpendicular wall of the steeple, he saw in the square a young girl fantastically dressed, who had stopped, and was laying down a carpet on which a little goat came and placed itself, and around whom a group of spectators was gathering. This view suddenly changed the course of his ideas, and cooled his musical enthusiasm. He stopped, turned his back to the bells, and squatted behind

the slate eaves, fixing on the dancer that thoughtful, tender, and softened look which had already once astonished the archdeacon. Meanwhile, the forgotten bells all at once became utterly silent, to the great disappointment of the amateurs of ringing, who were listening to the peal in good earnest from off the Pont-au-Change, and who went away as confounded as a dog that has a bone offered him and a stone given him instead.





CHAPTER IV

'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ

IT happened, one fine morning in this same month of March, we believe it was on Saturday, the 29th, St. Eustache's day, that our young college friend, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, perceived, as he was dressing himself, that his breeches, containing his purse, emitted no metallic sound.—"Poor purse!" said he, drawing it out of his fob. "What! not the smallest parisis! How cruelly have dice, Venus, and pots of beer disemboweled thee! Behold thee empty, wrinkled, and flabby! Thou art like the neck of a fury! I would ask you now, Messer Cicero and Messer Seneca, whose dog's-eared tomes I see there scattered upon the floor, of what use it is for me to know better than a governor of the mint, or a Jew of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, that a gold crown marked with a crown is worth thirty-five unzains at twenty-five sous eight deniers parisis each; and that a crown marked with a crescent is worth thirty-six unzains at twenty-six sous six deniers tournois apiece; if I've not one miserable black liard to risk upon the double-six? Oh! Consul Cicero! this is not a calamity from which one can extricate one's self by a periphrasis—by *quemadmodum*, and *verum enim vero!*"

He dressed himself with a sad heart. A thought came into his head as he was lacing his boots, which he at first repelled; it returned, however, and he put on his waistcoat wrong side outwards, an evident sign of a violent internal struggle. At length he threw his cap vehemently on the ground, and exclaimed: "Be it so! come what may, I'll go to my brother. I shall get a sermon, I know, but I shall get a crown as well."

He then put on hastily his fur-trimmed casaque, picked up his cap, and rushed out like a madman.

He turned down the Rue de la Harpe, toward the City. Passing the Rue de la Huchette, the odor from those admirable spits, which were then incessantly going, saluted his olfactory organs, and he cast an amorous look toward that cyclopean cookery which one day extorted from the cordelier Calatagirone the pathetic exclamation: *Veramente, queste rotisserie sono cosa stupenda!* But Jehan had not wherewithal to buy a breakfast; and he passed, with a profound sigh, through the gate of the Petit-Châtelet, that enormous double trefoil of massive towers which guarded the entrance to the City.

He did not so much as give himself time to throw, as was usual, a stone in passing at the miserable statue of that Perinet Leclerc, who had given up the Paris of Charles the Sixth to the English, a crime which his effigy, the face all battered with stones and soiled with mud, expiated during three centuries, as in an everlasting pillory, at the corner of the streets de la Harpe and de Bussy.

Having crossed the Petit-Pont, and stalked down the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, Jehan de Molendino found himself in front of Notre-Dame. Then all his indecision returned, and he walked about for some moments around the statue of M. Legris, repeating to himself with anguish, "The sermon is certain enough, the crown is doubtful."

He stopped a beadle who was coming out from the cloisters — "Where's Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas?"

"I believe he's in his hiding-place in the tower," said the beadle; "and I advise you not to disturb him unless you come from some one like the Pope or the king himself."

Jehan clapped his hands.

"Bé diable! this is a prime opportunity for seeing the famous sorcery-box!"

Decided by this reflection, he advanced resolutely through the little dark doorway, and began to ascend the winding staircase of St. Gilles, which leads to the upper stories of the tower.

"I shall see!" he said, as he proceeded. "By the Holy Virgin! it must be a curious concern, that cell which my reverend brother keeps so snugly to himself! They say he lights up hell's own fires there, and cooks at them the philosopher's stone. Egad! I care as little for the philosopher's stone as for a pebble; and I'd rather find over his furnace an omelet of Easter eggs fried in lard, than the biggest philosopher's stone in the world!"

Arrived at the gallery of the little columns, he took breath a moment, swearing against the interminable staircase by we know not how many million cart-loads of devils; he then continued his ascent by the narrow door of the northern tower, now closed to the public. In a few

moments after, having passed by the cage of the bells, he came to a small landing contrived in a recess on one side, and, under the arched roof, a low pointed door; while a loophole opposite, in the circular wall of the staircase, enabled him to discern its enormous lock and strong iron bars. Persons in our day, desirous of visiting this door, might

recently know it by this inscription, in white letters, on the black wall: J'ADORE CORALIE. 1823. SIGNÉ, UGÈNE. This diplomatic *Signé* is in the text.

"Whew!" said the scholar, "here it is, doubtless." The key was in the lock. The door was close by him; he pushed it gently, and put his head in at the opening.

The reader must have seen some of those admirable sketches by Rembrandt, the Shakespeare of painting. Among so many wonderful engravings there is one in particular, an etching, representing, as is supposed, Doctor Faustus, which it is impossible to look at without astonishment. It represents a gloomy cell; in the middle is a table, loaded with hideous objects, death's heads, spheres, alembics, compasses, hieroglyphic parchments. The doctor is before this table, dressed in his wide great-coat, his head covered with a fur cap which reaches to his eye-brows. Only half of his body is seen. He has partly risen from his immense fauteuil, his bent knuckles are resting on the table, and he is gazing with curiosity and terror at a luminous circle, formed of magic letters, which are shining on the wall in the back-ground like the solar spectrum in the camera obscura. This cabalistic sun seems to tremble before the eye, and fills the dim cell with its mysterious radiance. It is at once horrible and beautiful.

Something very similar to Faust's cell presented itself to the view of Jehan, when he ventured his head within the half-open door. It was a similar gloomy dim-lighted nook. There was also a large fauteuil and a large table; compasses; alembics; skeletons of animals suspended from the ceiling; a sphere rolling on the floor; hippocephali promiscuously with boccals in which were quivering leaves of gold; death's heads lying on sheets of vellum streaked all over with figures and characters; thick manuscripts piled up, all open, without any pity for the cracking corners of the parchment; in short, all the rubbish of science; dust and cobwebs covering the whole heap; but there was no circle of luminous letters, no doctor in ecstasy, contemplating the flaming vision as the eagle gazes at the sun.

Nevertheless the cell was not solitary. A man was seated in the fauteuil, and leaning over the table. Jehan, to whom his back was turned, could only see his shoulders and the back of his head; but he had no difficulty in recognizing that bald head, on which nature had bestowed an everlasting tonsure, as if to mark, by this external sign, the irresistible clerical vocation of the archdeacon.

Jehan accordingly recognized his brother; but the door had been opened so gently that Dom Claude was not aware of his presence. The curious scholar availed himself of the opportunity to examine the cell for a few moments at his leisure. A large furnace, which he had not remarked at his first glance, was to the left of the fauteuil, under the small window. The ray of light which penetrated through this opening made its way through the circular web of a spider, who had tastefully traced her delicate rose in the point of the window, and in the center of it the insect architect remained motionless, like the nave of this lace

CLAUDE FROLLO'S LABORATORY.

wheel. On the furnace were heaped in disorder all sorts of vessels, stone bottles, glass retorts, carbon mattrasses. Jehan observed with a sigh that there was no frying-pan. "The kitchen apparatus is all cold!" thought he.

In fact, there was no fire in the furnace, and it seemed as if none had been lighted there for a long time. A glass mask, which Jehan remarked among the utensils of the alchemist, and which doubtless was used to protect the archdeacon's face when he was elaborating any formidable substance, lay in a corner, covered with dust, as if quite forgotten. By its side lay a pair of bellows, equally dusty, the upper side of which bore this motto encrusted in letters of copper—SPIRA, SPERA!

A great number of other mottoes were, according to the fashion of the hermetic philosophers, written upon the walls; some traced in ink, others engraved with a metallic point. Moreover, there were Gothic characters, Hebrew characters, Greek and Roman characters, pell-mell together; inscriptions overflowing at random, one upon the other, the more recent effacing the more ancient, and all entangled with each other, like the branches of a thicket, or pikes in a mêlée. It was, in fact, a strangely-confused mingling of all human reveries, all human science. Here and there one shone out above the rest like a banner amid lance-points, but for the most part they consisted of some brief Latin or Greek motto, after the ingenious fashion of the Middle Ages; as thus: *Undè? indè?—Homo homini monstrum! Astra, castra, nomen, numen.* Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν. *Sapere aude. Fiat ubi vult, etc.* Sometimes a word apparently devoid of all meaning, as Ἀναγκοφαγία, which perhaps concealed some bitter allusion to the regime of the cloister; and sometimes it was a simple maxim of clerical discipline, set forth in a regular hexameter: "*Cœlestem dominum, terrestrem dicito domnum.*" There were also scattered *passim* pieces of Hebrew conjuration, about which Jehan, who was not much of a Grecian, understood nothing; and the whole was crossed about in all directions with stars, figures of men or animals, and triangles intersecting each other; which contributed in no small degree to liken the daubed wall of the cell to a sheet of paper over which a monkey has been dragging about a pen full of ink.

The whole retreat, in short, presented a general aspect of neglect and ruin; and the sorry condition of the utensils led to the supposition that their master had long been diverted from his labors by pursuits of some other kind.

This master, however, leaning over a vast manuscript, adorned with singular paintings, appeared to be tormented by some idea which constantly mingled itself with his meditations; so, at least, Jehan

thought, as he heard him exclaim, with the musing intermissions of a waking dreamer, who thinks aloud:

"Yes; so Manu said and Zoroaster taught! the sun is born of fire, the moon of the sun; fire is the soul of the universe; its elementary atoms are diffused and in constant flow throughout the world, by an infinite number of channels. At the points where these currents cross each other in the heavens they produce light; at their points of intersection in the earth they produce gold.—Light, gold; the same thing; fire in its concrete state.—The difference between the visible and the palpable, the fluid and the solid, in the same substance, between vapor and ice, nothing more.—These are not chimeras—it is the general law of nature.—But how to extract from science the secret of this general law? What! this light which bathes my hand is gold! these same atoms dilated according to a certain law, it is only necessary to condense according to a certain other law! How is it to be done? Some have thought of burying a ray of the sun. Averroës, yes, it is Averroës —Averroës buried one under the first pillar to the left of the sanctuary of the Koran, in the grand mosque of Cordova; but the vault was not to be opened, to see whether the operation had succeeded, under eight thousand years."

"The devil!" said Jehan to himself, "that's a long time to wait for a crown."

"Others have thought," continued the archdeacon, musing, "that it would be better to operate upon a ray of Sirius. But it is difficult to get this ray pure, on account of the simultaneous presence of other stars, whose rays mingle with it. Flamel considers that it is more simple to operate on terrestrial fire.—Flamel! there's predestination in the name! *Flamma!* Yes, fire. That is all. The diamond is in charcoal, gold in fire. But how to extract it?—Magistri affirms that there are certain names of women which possess so sweet and mysterious a charm that it is sufficient to pronounce them during the operation.—Let us hear what Manu says about it: 'Where women are honored the divinities are complacent; where they are despised, it is useless to pray to God.—The lips of a woman are constantly pure; they are as running waters, as rays of the sun.—A woman's name should be pleasing, soft, and fanciful, should end with a long vowel, and resemble words of benediction.' Yes, indeed, the sage is right; Maria, Sophia, Esmeral . . . . Damnation! Ever that thought."

And he closed the book with violence.

He passed his hand across his forehead as if to chase some idea which haunted him; then he took from off the table a nail and a small hammer, the handle of which was ingeniously painted in cabalistic characters.

"For some time," said he, with a bitter smile, "I have failed in all my experiments; one idea possesses me, and scorches my brain like a seal of fire. I have not so much as been able to discover the secret of Cassiodorus, whose lamp burned without wick or oil. A thing simple enough, nevertheless!"

"A plague upon it!" said Jehan through his teeth.

"One single miserable thought, then," continued the priest, "suffices to render a man weak and beside himself! Oh! how Claude Pernelle would laugh at me—she who could not for a moment turn aside Nicolas Flamel from his pursuit of the great work! What! I hold in my hand the magic hammer of Zekielé! At each blow which, from the depth of his cell, the formidable rabbi struck upon this nail with this hammer, that one amongst his enemies whom he had condemned, even were he two thousand leagues off, sank a cubit's depth into the earth, which swallowed him up. The king of France himself, for having one evening inadvertently struck against the door of the thaumaturgus, sank up to the knees in his pavement of Paris. This happened three centuries ago. Well! I have the hammer and the nail, and yet these implements are no more formidable in my hands than a punching-tool in the hands of a smith. And yet it is only necessary to discover the magic word which Zekielé pronounced as he struck upon the nail."

"What nonsense!" thought Jehan.

"Come, let us try," resumed the archdeacon, eagerly. "If I succeed, I shall see the blue spark fly out of the head of the nail.—Emen-Hetan! Emen-Hetan!—That's not it.—Sigeani! Sigeani!—May this nail open the grave for whosoever bears the name of Phœbus!—A curse upon it! still, again, eternally the same idea!"

And he threw aside the hammer angrily. He then sank so low into his fauteuil and upon the table, that Jehan lost sight of him behind the high back of his chair. For some minutes he could see nothing but his convulsed hand clenched over a book. All at once, Dom Claude arose, took a pair of compasses, and engraved in silence on the wall, in capital letters this Greek word:

ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.

"My brother's a fool," said Jehan to himself; "it would have been much more simple to have written *fatum*—everybody's not obliged to know Greek."

The archdeacon reseated himself in his fauteuil, and leaned his head on his two hands, like a sick person whose temples are heavy and burning.

The scholar viewed his brother with surprise. He, for his part, knew not; he whose heart was as light as air; he who observed no law in the world but the good old law of nature; he who allowed his passions to flow according to their natural tendency, and in whom the lake of strong emotions was always dry, by so many fresh drains did he let it off daily, he knew not with what fury that sea of the human passions ferments and boils when it is refused all egress; how it gathers strength, swells, and overflows; how it wears away the heart, how it breaks forth in inward sobs and stifled convulsions, until it has rent away its dikes and even burst its bed. The austere and icy exterior of Claude Frollo, that cold surface of rugged and inaccessible virtue, had always deceived Jehan. The merry scholar never dreamed of the boiling, furious, and deep lava beneath the snowy brow of Etna.

We do not know whether any sudden perception of this kind crossed the mind of Jehan; but, giddy-brained as he was, he understood that he had seen what he should not have seen, that he had surprised the soul of his elder brother in one of its most secret frames—and that he must not let Claude discover it. Perceiving that the archdeacon had fallen again into his previous immobility, he withdrew his head very softly, and made a slight noise of steps behind the door, as of some one arriving and giving notice of their approach.

"Come in," cried the archdeacon from the interior of his cell. "I was expecting you; I left the key in the door purposely; come in, Master Jacques."

The scholar entered boldly. The archdeacon, whom such a visit embarrassed extremely in such a place, shook in his fauteuil. "What! is it you, Jehan?"

"Still a J," said the scholar, with his ruddy, saucy, and joyous face.

The countenance of Dom Claude had recovered its severe expression.

"What are you doing here?"

"Brother," answered the scholar, endeavoring to attain a decent, serious, and modest demeanor, twirling his cap in his hands with an air of innocence, "I came to ask——"

"What?"

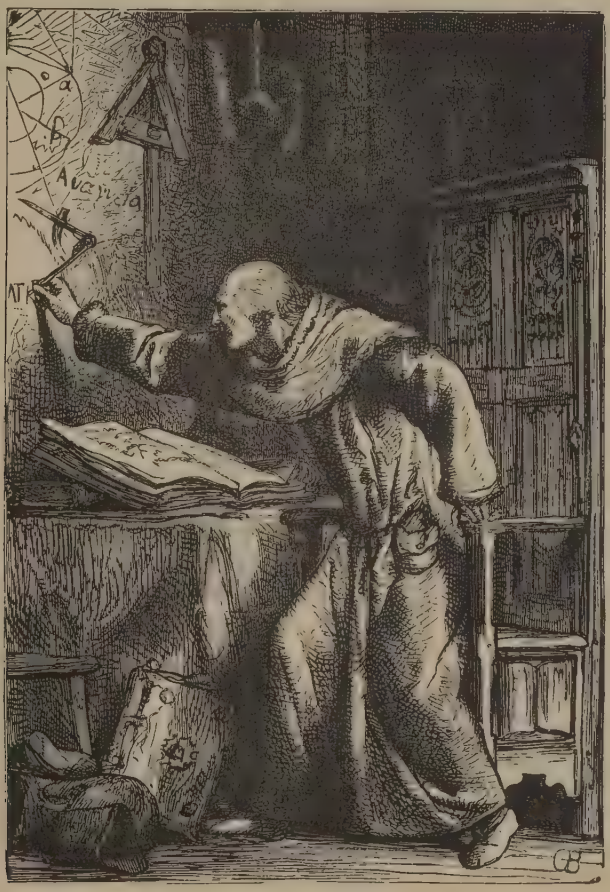
"A moral lesson, of which I have great need." Jehan dared not add aloud, "And a little money, of which I have still greater need." This last member of the sentence remained unuttered.

"Sir," said the archdeacon coldly, "I am very much displeased with you."

"Alas!" sighed the scholar.

Dom Claude described a quarter of a circle with his fauteuil, and looked at Jehan earnestly: "I am very glad to see you."

This was a formidable exordium. Jehan prepared for a rough encounter.



"Jehan, I hear every day sad complaints of you. What was that scuffle about, in which you beat and bruised with a stick a certain little viscount, Albert de Ramonchamp?"

"Oh!" said Jehan; "a grand affair that! all about a good-for-nothing page that amused himself with splashing the scholars by galloping his horse through the mud."

"And what's this affair of Mahiet Fargel's, whose gown you have torn? *Tunicam dechiraverunt*, says the charge."

"Pshaw! a sorry Montaigu *cappette!* Isn't that it?"

"The accusation says *tunicam*—not *cappettam*. Do you understand Latin?"

Jehan made no answer.

"Yes," continued the priest, shaking his head; "see what study and letters are come to now! The Latin tongue is scarcely understood; the Syriac unknown; the Greek so odious, that it is not considered ignorance in the most learned to skip a Greek word without reading it, and to say: *Græcum est, non legitur.*"

The scholar raised his eyes boldly. "Brother, shall I tell you in good French the meaning of that Greek word on the wall?"

"What word?"

"*ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.*"

A slight blush spread itself over the mottled cheeks of the archdeacon, like a puff of smoke announcing externally the secret commotions of a volcano. The scholar scarcely remarked it.

"Well, Jehan," stammered out the elder brother, with difficulty, "what does the word mean?"

"FATALITY."

Dom Claude turned pale again, and the scholar continued carelessly:

"And that word underneath, engraved by the same hand, Αναγνεία, signifies *impurity*. You see I know my Greek."

The archdeacon remained silent. This Greek lesson had set him musing. Master Jehan, who had all the finesse of a spoiled child, judged the moment favorable for venturing his request. So, assuming a particularly soft accent, he began:

"My dear brother, do you hate me so, then, as to look grim at me on account of a few poor scuffles and fisticuffs, dealt, all in fair play, amongst a pack of boys and marmosets, *quibusdam marmosetis?* You see I know my Latin, brother Claude."

But all this fawning hypocrisy had not its accustomed effect on the severe elder brother. Cerberus did not snap at the honey-cake. The archdeacon's brow unfolded not a single wrinkle.

"What is it you're aiming at?" said he.

"Well, then, the case is this," answered Jehan, bravely; "I want money."

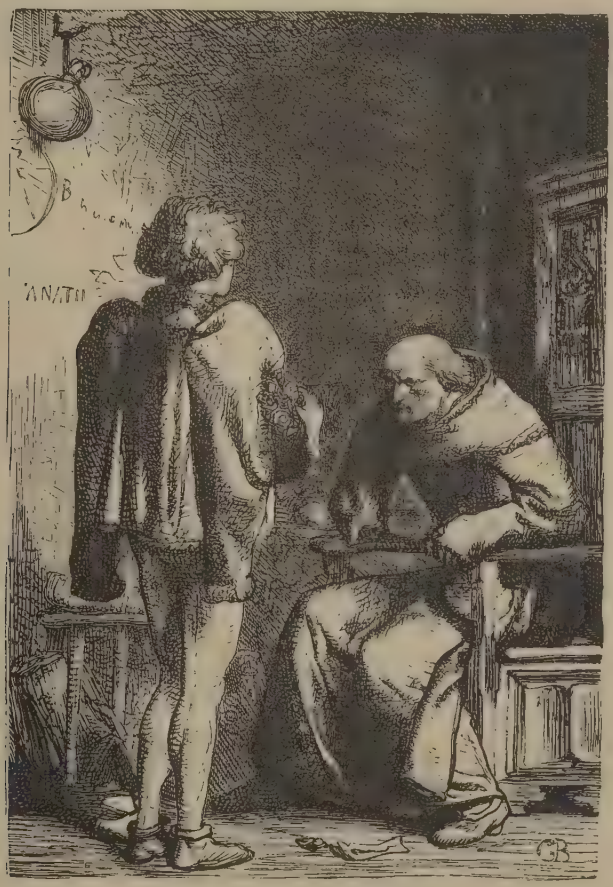
At this audacious declaration the archdeacon's physiognomy completely assumed the pedagogic and paternal expression:

"You know, Mr. Jehan, that our fief of Tirechappe only brings in,

including both the quit-rents and the rents of the twenty-one houses, thirty-nine livres eleven sous six deniers parisis. It's half as much again as in the time of the brothers Paclet; but it is not much."

"I want money," said Jehan, stoically.

"You know that the official decided that our twenty-one houses



were held in full fief of the bishopric, and that we could only redeem this homage by paying to his reverence the bishop two marks of silver gilt, at six livres parisis each. Now I have not yet been able to get together these two marks; you know it well."

"I know that I want money," repeated Jehan, for the third time.

"And what do you want it for?" At this question a ray of hope shone in the eyes of Jehan. He put on his demure modest look.

"Hark you, my dear brother Claude, I do not come to you with any bad intention. I am not going to show off at taverns with your unzains, or to parade the streets of Paris in gold brocade trappings with my lackey—*cum meo laquasio.* No, brother; it's for a good work."

"What good work?" asked Claude, a little surprised.

"Two of my friends wish to purchase some child bed-linen for a poor Haudriette widow—it's a charity—it will cost three florins, and I wish to subscribe to it."

"What are the names of your two friends?"

"Pierre l'Assommeur and Baptiste Croque-Oison."*

"Humph!" said the archdeacon; "they are names that go about as fitly to a good work as a bombard would upon a high altar."

It is certain that Jehan had very ill chosen the names of his two friends. He felt it when too late.

"And then," continued the shrewd Claude, "what sort of child bed-linen is it, to cost three florins, and that for the child of a Haudriette widow? And how long is it since Haudriette widows have begun to have brats in swaddling-clothes?"

Jehan broke the ice once more.

"Well, then, I want some money, to go and see Isabeau-la-Thierrye, this evening, at the Val-d'Amour."

"Vile libertine!" exclaimed the priest.

"'Αναγνεία!" said Jehan.

"This quotation, which the scholar borrowed, perhaps mischievously, from the wall of the cell, had a singular effect upon the priest. He bit his lip, and his anger was lost in his confusion.

"Away with you," said he to Jehan, "I am expecting some one."

The scholar tried one more effort.

"Brother Claude, give me, at least, one little parisis, to buy food."

"How far have you got with the decretals of Gratian?" asked Dom Claude.

"I've lost my copy-books."

"Where are you with the Latin classics?"

"Somebody has stolen my copy of Horatius."

"And whereabouts with Aristoteles?"

"'Faith, brother, what is the name of that father of the church who says, the errors of heretics have ever found shelter amid the thickets of the metaphysics of Aristoteles? A fig for Aristoteles! I'll never mangle my religion with his metaphysics."

* These two names are equivalent, in English, to Peter the Knocker-Down and Baptist Filch-Gosling.

"Young man," continued the archdeacon, "at the last entry of the king, there was a gentleman named Philippe de Comines, who had embroidered on his horse's housings this motto of his, which I advise you to ponder over—*Qui non laborat non manducet.*"

The scholar remained a moment silent, his finger in his ear, his eyes bent on the ground, and his countenance chagrined. Suddenly he turned toward Claude with the lively quickness of a wagtail.

"So, my good brother, you refuse me a sou parisis, to buy me a crust at a tamellier's?"

"*Qui non laborat non manducet.*"

At this answer of the inflexible archdeacon, Jehan hid his head between his hands, like a woman sobbing, and exclaimed, with an expression of despair, "ο τοτοτοτοτοῖ."

"What does that mean, sir?" asked Claude, surprised at this freak.

"Well, what?" said the scholar, and he raised toward Claude his saucy eyes, into which he had been thrusting his fists, to make them look as if they were red with tears: "it's Greek, it is an anapæst of Æschylus which is admirably expressive of grief."

And here he burst into a fit of laughter so ludicrous and so violent that the archdeacon could not help smiling. It was in fact Claude's fault: why had he spoiled this boy?

"Oh, dear brother Claude," continued Jehan, emboldened by this smile, "look at my worn-out boots. Can any buskin in the world be more tragic than a boot with its poor sole hanging out its tongue so?"

The archdeacon had quickly recovered his former severity. "I will send you some new boots, but no money."

"Only one poor little parisis, brother," persisted the suppliant Jehan. "I'll learn Gratian by heart, I'll believe well in God, I'll be a perfect Pythagoras of science and virtue! Only one little parisis, for pity's sake! Would you have me devoured by famine, which stands staring me in the face, with its gaping jaws, blacker, deeper, and more noisome than Tartarus or a monk's nose?"

Dom Claude shook his wrinkled head—"*Qui non laborat . . .*"

Jehan did not let him finish.

"Well," cried he, "to the devil, then! huzza! I'll go to the tavern, I'll fight, I'll go and see the girls, and there shall be the devil to pay."

So saying, he threw his cap against the wall, and snapped his fingers like castanets.

The archdeacon looked at him seriously.

"Jehan," said he, "you have no soul."

"In that case, according to Epicurus, I want a something, made of another something, which is without a name."

"Jehan, you must think seriously of amending your life."

"Oh, yes," cried the scholar, looking alternately at his brother and at the alembics on the furnace, "everything's a-twist here, I see, ideas as well as bottles."

"Jehan, you are on the downward road; do you know whither you are going?"

"To the public-house," said Jehan.

"The public-house leads to the pillory."

"It's only another sort of lantern; and with that, perhaps, Diogenes would have found his man."

"The pillory leads to the gibbet."

"The gibbet is a balance, with a man at one end and the whole world at the other. It's fine to be the man."

"The gibbet leads to hell."

"That's a rousing fire."

"Jehan, Jehan! all this will have a bad end."

"It'll have had a good beginning."

At this moment a noise of steps was heard on the staircase.

"Silence!" said the archdeacon, putting his finger on his lips; "here's Master Jacques. Hark you, Jehan," added he in a low voice, "beware of ever speaking of what you have seen and heard here. Hide yourself quickly under this furnace, and do not breathe."

The scholar skulked under the furnace, and just then a happy thought struck him.

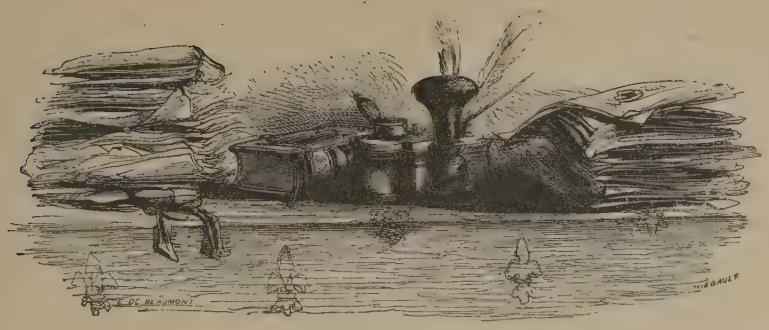
"Apropos, brother Claude, a florin for not breathing!"

"Silence! I promise it to you."

"You must give it to me."

"Take it, then!" said the archdeacon, throwing him his purse angrily.

Jehan crept under the furnace, and the door opened.



CHAPTER V

THE TWO MEN IN BLACK

THE person who now entered wore a black gown and a doleful mien. What, at the first glance, struck our friend Jehan (who, as may well be supposed, so placed himself in his corner as to be able to see and hear all at his good pleasure) was the perfect sadness both of the garment and the visage of this newcomer. There was, nevertheless, a certain meekness diffused over that countenance; but it was the meekness of a cat, or of a judge, a sort of affected gentleness. He was very gray and wrinkled, was approaching his sixtieth year, had twinkling eyes, white eyebrows, a hanging lip and large hands. When Jehan saw that it was nothing more, that is to say, to all appearance, only a physician or a magistrate, and that this man's nose was very far from his mouth, a sign of stupidity, he ensconced himself in his hole, desperate at having to remain, he knew not how long, in such an uneasy posture, and in such bad company.

The archdeacon, in the meanwhile, had not so much as risen to receive this person. He motioned to him to be seated on a stool near the door; and after a few moments' silence, during which he seemed to be carrying on some previous meditation, he said to him with a patronizing air, "Good-day to you, Master Jacques."

"Your servant, master," answered the man in black.

There was, in the two ways of pronouncing, on the one side, this *Master Jacques*, and, on the other, this *master* by distinction, the difference being monseigneur and monsieur, between *domine* and *domne*. It was evidently the meeting of the doctor and the disciple.

"Well," resumed the archdeacon, after another silence, which Master Jacques did not care to disturb, "how do you succeed?"

"Alas! master," said the other with a sorrowful smile, "I keep on blowing. As many cinders as I like, but not a spark of gold."

Dom Claude betrayed signs of impatience.

"I am not speaking to you of that, Master Jacques Charmolue, but of the suit against your magician, Marc Cenaine, I think you call him, the butler of the Court of Accompts. Does he confess his sorcery? Has the torture succeeded?"

"Alas, no!" answered Master Jacques, still with his sad smile, "we have not that consolation. That man's a perfect stone; we might boil him in the Marché-aux-Pourceaux, before he would say anything. However, we spare no pains to get at the truth. He has already every joint dislocated; we put all our irons on the fire, as says the old comic writer Plautus:

Advorsum stimulos, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias.

But all to no purpose; that man's terrible; I quite lose my labor with him."

"You have found nothing fresh in his house?"

"Yes, yes," said Master Jacques, feeling in his pouch, "this parchment. There are words in it which we do not understand. And yet, monsieur, the criminal advocate, Philippe Lheuiler, knows a little Hebrew, which he learned in that affair of the Jews of the Rue Kantersten at Brussels."

So saying, Master Jacques unrolled a parchment. "Give it me," said the archdeacon. And casting his eyes over the scroll, "Pure magic, Master Jacques!" cried he, "*Emen Hetan!* that's the cry of the witches when they arrive at their Sabbath. *Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso!* that's the command which chains the devil down in hell again. *Hax, pax, max!* that has to do with medicine; a spell against the bite of a mad dog. Master Jacques, you are king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court; this parchment is abominable."

"We'll put the man to the torture again. Here's something else," added Master Jacques, rummaging again in his bag, "which we found at Marc Cenaine's."

It was a vessel of the same family as those which covered the furnace of Dom Claude. "Ah!" said the archdeacon, "an alchemist's crucible!"

"I confess to you," replied Master Jacques, with his timid and constrained smile, "that I have tried it over the furnace, but I have succeeded no better with it than with my own."

The archdeacon set about examining the vessel. "What has he engraved on his crucible?—*Och! och!*—a word to drive away fleas! This Marc Cenaine's an ignoramus. I can easily believe you'll not make

gold with this! it will do to put in your bedroom in summer, and that's all."

"Since we are on the subject of errors," said the king's proctor, "I have just been studying, before I came up, the figures on the portal below; is your reverence quite sure that it is the opening of the book of natural philosophy that is represented there, on the side toward the Hôtel-Dieu, and that, among the seven naked figures at the feet of Our Lady, that which has wings at his heels is Mercurius?"

"Yes," answered the priest; "so Augustin Nypho writes, that Italian doctor who had a bearded demon which taught him everything. But we will go down, and I will explain to you from the text."

"Thank you, master," said Charmolue, bending to the ground. "By-the-by, I had forgotten! When do you wish me to apprehend the little sorceress?"

"What sorceress?"

"That gypsy girl, you know, that comes and dances every day on the Parvis, in spite of the official's prohibition. She has a goat with devil's horns, which is possessed; it reads and writes, understands mathematics like Picatrix, and would be enough to hang all Bohemia. The prosecution is quite ready; and will soon be got through, take my word for it. She's a pretty creature, upon my soul, that dancing girl, the finest black eyes! two Egyptian carbuncles! When shall we begin?

The archdeacon was excessively pale.

"I will let you knew," stammered he, in a voice scarcely articulate; he added with an effort, "Look you to Marc Cenaine."

"Never fear," said Charmolue, smiling; "when I get back I'll have him buckled on the bed of leather again. But he's a devil of a man, he tires out Pierrat Torterue himself, who has larger hands than I have. As says the excellent Plautus—*Nudus vinctus, centum pondo, es quando pendes per pedes.* The torture with the roller is the most effectual; we shall try it."

Dom Claude seemed sunk in gloomy abstraction. He turned toward Charmolue. Master Pierrat—Master Jacques, I mean, look to Marc Cenaine."

"Yes, yes, Dom Claude. Poor man! he'll have suffered like Mummol. But what an idea! for a butler of the Court of Accompts, who must know the text of Charlemagne, *Stryga vel masca*, to attend the witches' sabbath. As to the little one, Smelarda, as they call her, I'll wait your orders.—Ah! as we pass under the portal, you'll explain to me that gardener painted in relief, that you see on entering the church—the Sower, is it not? Eh, master, what are you thinking about?"

Dom Claude, lost in his own thoughts, heard him not. Charmolue, following the direction of his eyes, saw that they had fixed themselves mechanically on the large spider's web which hung like a drapery over the small window. At that moment, a giddy fly, courting the March sun, threw itself across the net, and got entangled in it. At the shaking of the web, the enormous spider made a sudden movement from out his central cell; then at one bound, rushed upon the fly, which he bent double with his four feelers, while with his hideous trunk he scooped out its head.—"Poor fly!" said the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; and he raised his hand to save it. The archdeacon, as if starting out of his sleep, held back his arm with convulsive violence.

"Master Jacques," cried he, "let fate do its work!"

The king's proctor turned round quite scared. He felt as if his arm was grasped with iron pincers. The eye of the priest was motionless, haggard, glaring, and remained fixed on the little horrible group of the spider and the fly.

"Ah! yes," continued the priest, in a voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his heart; "there is a symbol of the whole! She flies, she is joyous, she emerges into life, she courts the spring, the open air, liberty!—Oh! yes, but she strikes against the fatal net-work, the spider issues from it, the hideous spider! Poor dancer! poor predestined fly! Master Jacques, leave it alone! 'tis fate!—Alas! Claude, thou art the spider! Claude, thou art the fly too! Thou didst fly forward in search of knowledge, of the light, the sun; thy only care was to reach the pure air, the broad day-beams of eternal truth; but, rushing toward the dazzling loophole which opens on another world, a world of brightness, of intellect, of science, infatuated fly! insensate sage! thou didst not see the subtle spider's web, by destiny suspended between the light and thee; thou didst madly dash thyself against it, wretched maniac, and now thou dost struggle, with crushed head and mangled wings, between the iron antennæ of Fate! Master Jacques, Master Jacques, let the spider work on!"

"I assure you," said Charmolue, who looked at him without understanding him, "that I will not touch it. But let go my arm, master, for pity's sake! you have a hand of iron."

The archdeacon heard him not. "Oh! madman!" continued he, without taking his eyes off the window. "And even couldst thou have broken through that formidable web, with thy gnat-like wings, thoughtst thou to have attained the light! Alas! that glass beyond, that transparent obstacle, that wall of crystal harder than brass, which separates all philosophy from the truth, how couldst thou have passed beyond it? Oh! vanity of science! how many sages have come flutter-

ing from afar, to dash their heads against thee! How many clashing systems buzz vainly about that everlasting barrier!"

He was silent. These last ideas, which had insensibly called off his thoughts from himself to science, appeared to have calmed him, and Jacques Charmolue completely brought him back to a sense of reality by addressing to him this question:—"Come, come, master, when will you help me to make gold? I long to succeed."

The archdeacon shook his head with a bitter smile. "Master Jacques, read Michael Psellus, *Dialogus de energiâ et operatione dæmonum.* What we are doing is not quite innocent."

"Speak lower, master! I have my doubts," said Charmolue. "But one may surely practice a little hermetic philosophy when one's only a poor king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court, at thirty crowns tournois a year. Only, let us speak low."

At that moment the noise of jaws in the act of mastication, issuing from under the furnace, struck the anxious ear of Charmolue.

"What's that?" asked he.

It was the scholar, who, very tired and uneasy in his hiding-place, had just discovered a stale crust and a corner of mouldy cheese, and had begun to eat both, without any ceremony, by way of consolation and breakfast. As he was very hungry, he made a great noise, laying strong emphasis on each mouthful, and this it was that had roused and alarmed the king's attorney.

"It's a cat of mine," said the archdeacon, quickly, "feasting herself below, there upon some mouse or other."

This explanation satisfied Charmolue. "Why, indeed, master," answered he, with a respectful smile, "all great philosophers have had some familiar animal. You know what Servius says—*Nullus enim locus sine genio est.*"

Meanwhile Dom Claude, fearing some new freak of Jehan's, reminded his worthy disciple that they had some figures on the portal to study together; and they both quitted the cell, to the great relief of the scholar, who began seriously to fear that his knees would take the impression of his chin.

CHAPTER VI

THE EFFECT OF SEVEN STOUT OATHS

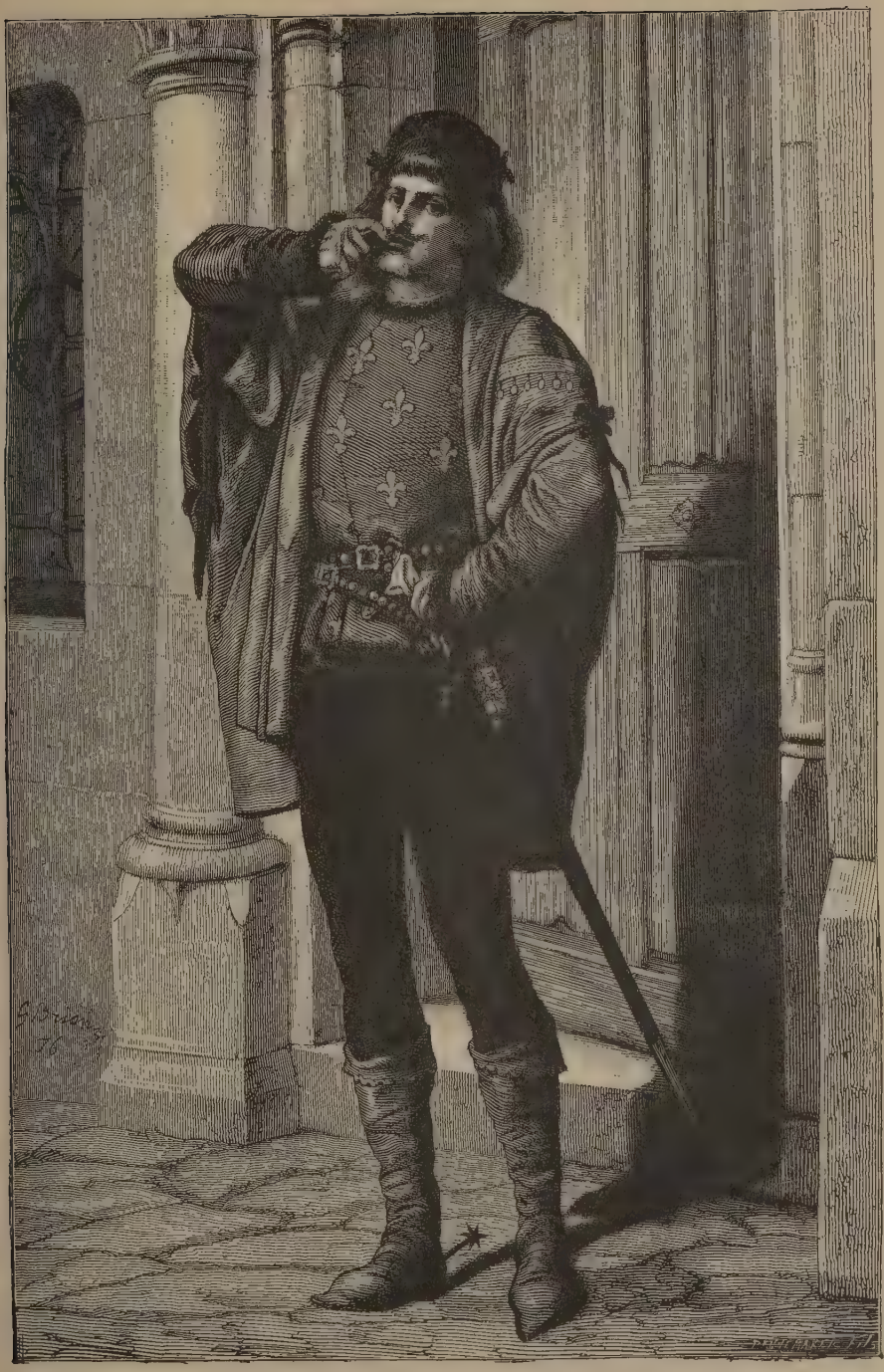
"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!" exclaimed Master Jehan, issuing from his hole, "the two screech-owls are gone at last. *Och! och!—Hax! pax! max!*—fleas!—mad dogs!—the devil! I've had enough of their conversation! My head hums like a bell. Mouldy cheese into the bargain! Whew! let me get down and take the purse of my high and mighty brother, and convert all these coins into bottles."

He cast a look of tenderness and admiration into the interior of the precious pouch; adjusted his dress; rubbed his boots; dusted his poor furred sleeves, all white with ashes; whistled an air; pirouetted a movement; looked about the cell to see if there was anything else he could take; scraped up here and there from off the furnace some amulet in glassware by way of trinket to give to Isabeau-la-Thierrye; and finally, opened the door which his brother had left unfastened as a last indulgence, and which he in turn left open as a last piece of mischief; and descended the circular staircase skipping like a bird.

In the midst of the darkness of the spiral stairs he elbowed something, which moved out of the way with a growl; he presumed that it was Quasimodo; and his fancy was so tickled with the circumstance that he descended the rest of the stairs holding his sides with laughter, and was still laughing when he got out into the square.

He stamped his foot when he found himself on terra firma. "Oh!" said he, "most excellent and honorable pavement of Paris! Oh, cursed staircase, enough to wind the angels of Jacob's ladder! What was I thinking of to go and thrust myself into that stone gimlet which bores the sky, and all to eat bearded cheese and to see the steeples of Paris through a hole in the wall!"

He advanced a few steps, and perceived the two screech-owls, that is to say, Dom Claude and Master Jacques Charmolue, busy contemplat-



CAPTAIN PHŒBUS DE CHATEAUPERS.

ing some sculpture on the portal. He approached them on tiptoe, and heard the archdeacon say in a whisper to Charmolue: "It was Guillaume de Paris that had a Job engraven on that stone of lapis-lazuli, gilt at the edges. By Job is meant the philosopher's stone, which must be tried and tortured to become perfect, as Raymond Lully says: *Sub conservatione formæ specificæ salva anima.*"

"It's all one to me," said Jehan; "I've got the purse."

At that moment he heard a powerful and sonorous voice behind him uttering a series of formidable oaths:—"Sang-Dieu! Ventre-Dieu! Bé-Dieu! Corps de Dieu! Nombril de Belzébuth! Nom d'un pape! Corne et tonnerre!"

"My life for it," exclaimed Jehan; "that can be no other than my friend Captain Phœbus!"

This name of Phœbus reached the ears of the archdeacon just as he was explaining to the king's proctor the dragon concealing its tail in a bath from whence issue smoke and a king's head. Dom Claude started and stopped short, to the great astonishment of Charmolue, turned round, and saw his brother Jehan accosting a tall officer at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier.

It was, in fact, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers. He was standing with his back against the corner of the house of his betrothed, and swearing like a Turk.

"I'faith, Captain Phœbus," said Jehan, taking him by the hand, "you swear with admirable unction."

"*Corne et tonnerre!*" answered the captain.

"*Corne et tonnerre* yourself," replied the scholar. "How now, my brave fellow? What's the meaning of this overflow of fine language?"

"Your pardon, friend Jehan," cried Phœbus, shaking him by the hand; "a spurred horse can't stop on a sudden. Now, I was swearing at full gallop. I've just left those silly women, and when I come away I've always my throat full of oaths, and if I didn't spit them out I should choke, *corne et tonnerre!*"

"Will you come and have something to drink?" asked the scholar.

This proposal tranquilized the captain.

"I would with all my heart, but I've no money."

"I have, though."

"Nonsense! let's see."

Jehan displayed the purse before the captain's eyes with dignity and simplicity. Meanwhile the archdeacon, having left Charmolue all aghast, had approached them, and stopped a few steps off, observing them both without their noticing him, so absorbed were they in the contemplation of the purse.

Phœbus exclaimed: "A purse in your pocket, Jehan! why, it's the moon in a pail of water; one sees it but it's not there; there's nothing but the shadow. Egad! I'll lay anything they're pebble stones."

Jehan answered coolly, "These are the pebbles with which I pave my fob."

And without adding another word he emptied the purse upon a high curb-stone that was near, with the air of a Roman saving his country.

"Vrai Dieu!" growled out Phœbus — "Targes! grands blancs! petits blancs! mailles at two to a tournois! deniers parisis! and real eagle liards! It's enough to stagger one!"

Jehan remained dignified and immovable. A few liards rolled into the dirt; the captain, in his enthusiasm, stooped to pick them up. Jehan withheld him.

"Fie, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

Phœbus counted the money; and, turning with solemnity toward Jehan, "Do you know, Jehan," said he, "that there are twenty-three sous parisis here? Whom have you been clearing out last night in the street Cut-weazand?"

Jehan threw back his fair and curly head, and said, half closing his eyes as if in scorn:

"What if one has a brother an archdeacon and a simpleton?"

"*Corne de Dieu!*" cried Phœbus, "the worthy man!"

"Let's go and drink," said Jehan.

"Where shall we go?" said Phœbus; "to the Eve's Apple?"

"No, captain, let's go to the *Vieille Science*—Une *vieille* qui *scie* une *anse*. That's a rebus, and I like a rebus."

"Deuce take the rebuses, Jehan; the wine's better at the Eve's Apple; and then, by the side of the door, there's a vine in the sun that cheers me when I'm drinking."

"Very well, then; here goes for Eve and her apple," said the scholar, taking Phœbus by the arm. "By-the-by, my dear captain, you said just now, Cut-weazand street. That's speaking very incorrectly; we are no longer so barbarous; we say Cut-throat street."

The two friends directed their steps toward the Eve's Apple. It is hardly necessary to say that they first gathered up the money, and that the archdeacon followed them.

The archdeacon followed them with a haggard and gloomy countenance. Was that the Phœbus whose accursed name, since his interview with Gringoire, had mingled with all his thoughts? He did not know; but, at any rate, it was a Phœbus; and that magic name was sufficient inducement for the archdeacon to follow the two thoughtless companions

with a stealthy pace, listening to their words and observing their slightest gestures with anxious attention. However, nothing was easier than to hear all they said, so loud they talked, and so little did they care for the passers-by knowing their secrets. They talked of duels, girls, and pranks of all sorts.

At the turn of a street, the sound of a tambourine struck upon their ears from a neighboring crossway. Dom Claude heard the officer say to the scholar:

"Tonnerre! let's quicken our steps."

"Why, Phœbus?"

"I'm afraid the gypsy will see me."

"What gypsy?"

"The little one with her goat."

"Smeralda?"

"That's it, Jehan. I always forget her devil of a name. Let's make haste; she'd recognize me, and I wouldn't have her accost me in the streets."

"Do you know her then, Phœbus?"

Here the archdeacon observed Phœbus chuckle, lean aside, and whisper something in Jehan's ear; Phœbus then burst out laughing, and tossed his head with a triumphant air.

"In very deed?" said Jehan.

"Upon my soul!" said Phœbus.

"This evening?"

"This evening!"

"Are you sure she'll come?"

"Are you a fool, Jehan! Does one ever doubt those sort of things?"

"Captain Phœbus, you are a happy man-at-arms."

The archdeacon overheard all this conversation. His teeth chattered; a visible shudder ran through his whole frame. He stopped a moment, leaned against a post like a drunken man, then followed the track of the two joyous boon companions.

Just as he came up to them again they had changed their conversation; and he heard them singing, at the full stretch of their lungs, the burden of an old song:

"The lads the dice who merrily throw,
Merrily to the gallows go."

CHAPTER VII

THE SPECTRE MONK

THE illustrious cabaret of the Eve's Apple was situated in the University, at the corner of the Rue de la Rondelle and the Rue du Bâtonnier. The principal room was on the ground floor, very large and very low, supported in the center by a heavy wooden pillar, painted yellow. There were tables all round; shining pewter pots hung up against the wall; a constant abundance of drinkers, and girls in plenty; a large casement looking to the street; a vine at the door, and over the door a creaking iron plate, with an apple and a woman painted upon it, rusted by the rain, and turning with the wind upon an iron pin. This sort of weather-cock looking toward the highway, was the sign of the house.

Night was falling; the street was dark; the cabaret, full of lighted candles, flamed afar like a forge in the darkness, and emitted the noise of glasses, of feasting, of oaths, of quarrels, all escaping through the broken panes. Through the mist which the heat of the room diffused over the long casement in front, were seen a multitude of figures confusedly swarming; and now and then there burst forth a loud peal of laughter. The people going along the street upon their business, passed by this tumultuous casement without casting their eyes that way. Only now and then some little tattered boy would spring up on his toes until he could just see in at the window, and shout into the cabaret the old bantering cry with which it was then the custom to follow drunkards: *Aux Houls, saouls, saouls, saouls!*

One man, however, was walking backward and forward imperturbably before the noisy tavern, looking toward it incessantly, and stepping no farther away from it than a pikeman from his sentry-box. He was cloaked up to the nose. He had just bought the cloak at a ready-made

ENTRANCE OF THE "EVE'S APPLE".

clothes shop near to the Eve's Apple, doubtless to secure himself from the cold of a March night, perhaps also to conceal his costume. From time to time he stopped before the dim lattice-leaded casement, listening, looking, and beating with his foot.

At length the door of the cabaret opened, and for that he seemed to have been waiting. A pair of boon companions came out. The gleam of light that now issued through the doorway cast a glow for a

moment on their jovial faces. The man in the cloak went and placed himself on the watch under a porch on the other side of the street.

"*Corne et tonnerre!*" said one of the two companions, "it's on the stroke of seven. It's the hour of my assignation."

"I tell you," said the other, speaking thick, "that I don't live in the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles—*Indignus qui inter mala verba habitat.* I lodge in the Rue Jean-Pain-Mollet—*in vico Joannis-Pain-Mollet*—and you're more corned than a unicorn if you say the contrary. Everybody

knows that he that gets once upon a bear's back is never afraid; but you've a nose for smelling out a dainty bit, like St. Jacques-de-l'Hôpital."

"Jehan, my friend, you're drunk," said his companion.

The other answered, staggering all the while: "It pleases you to say so, Phœbus, but it is proved that Plato had the profile of a hound."

Doubtless the reader has already recognized our two worthy friends, the captain and the scholar. It seems that the man who was watching them in the dark had recognized them too; for he followed with slow steps all the zigzags which the reeling scholar forced the captain to make, who, being a more seasoned drinker, had retained all his self-possession. By listening attentively, the man in the cloak overheard the whole of the interesting conversation which follows:

"*Corbacque!* try to walk straight, monsieur the bachelor; you know that I must leave you. It's seven o'clock, and I have to meet a woman."

"Leave me, then. I can see stars and squibs. You're like the Chateau of Dampmartin, that's bursting with laughter."

"By my grandmother's warts, Jehan, but this is talking nonsense a little too hard. By-the-by, Jehan, have you no money left?"

"Monsieur the rector, it's no fault of mine. The *petit boucherie—parva boucheria*——"

"Jehan—friend Jehan—you know I've promised to meet that little girl at the end of the Pont St. Michel; that I can take her nowhere but to La Falourdel's, the old woman's on the bridge, and that I must pay for the room. The old white-whiskered jade won't give me credit. Jehan, I pray you, have we drunk all the contents of the parson's pouch? Haven't you a single parisis left?"

"The consciousness of having spent our other hours well is a just and savory sauce to our table."

"*Ventre et boyaux!* a truce with your gibberish. Tell me, the devil's own Jehan, have you any coin left? Give it me, Bé-Dieu! or I'll search you all over, though I should find you as lousy as Job, and as scabby as Cæsar."

"Monsieur, the Rue Galiache is a street with the Rue de la Verrerie at one end of it, and the Rue de la Tixeranderie at the other."

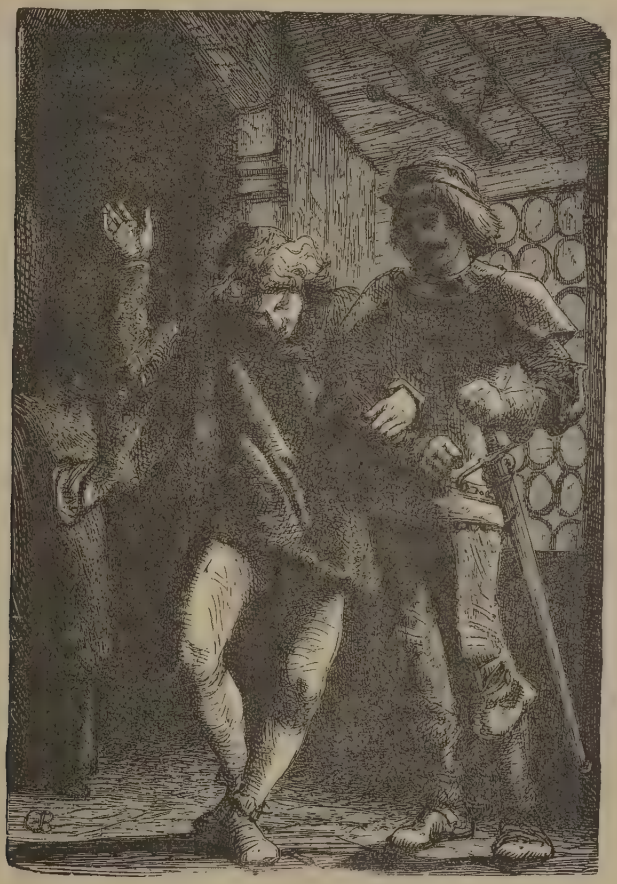
"Well, yes, my good friend Jehan, my poor comrade, the Rue Galiache—good—very good. But, in heaven's name, come to your senses. I want but one sou parisis, and seven o'clock's the time."

"Silence around and attention to the song:

"'When mice have every case devour'd,
The King of Arras shall be lord;

When the sea, so deep and wide,
Is frozen over at Midsummer tide,
Then all upon the ice you'll see,
The Arras men their town shall flee.'"

"Well, scholar of Antichrist, the devil strangle thee!" exclaimed



Phœbus; and he roughly pushed the intoxicated scholar, who reeled against the wall, and fell down gently upon the pavement of Philip-Augustus. Through a remnant of that fraternal pity which never absolutely deserts the heart of a bottle companion, Phœbus rolled Jehan with his foot upon one of those pillows of the poor man which Providence keeps ready against every curbstone and post in Paris, and which the rich scornfully stigmatize with the name of garbage-heaps. The

captain reared up Jehan's head on an inclined plane of cabbage-stalks, and forthwith the scholar began to snore a most magnificent bass. However, all malice had not entirely left the heart of the captain. "So much the worse for thee, if the devil's cart picks thee up as it goes by," said he to the poor sleeping clerk; and he went on his way.

The man in the cloak, who had kept following him, stopped for a moment before the recumbent scholar, as if agitated by some feeling of indecision; then heaving a deep sigh, he went on also after the captain.

Like them, we will now leave Jehan sleeping under the benevolent eye of the fair starlight; and, with the reader's permission, we will track their steps.

On turning into the Rue St. André-des-Arcs, Captain Phœbus perceived that some one was following him. He saw, while accidentally casting round his eyes, a sort of shade creeping behind him along the walls. He stopped, it stopped; he went on, then the shade went on again also. This, however, gave him very little concern. "Ah! bah!" said he to himself, "it matters little; I've not a sou about me."

In front of the Collège d'Autun he made a halt. It was at that college that he had shuffled through what he was pleased to call his studies; and through a certain habit of a refractory schoolboy which still clung to him, he never passed before the front of that college without stopping to offer to the statue of Cardinal Pierre Bertrand, which stood on the right hand of the gateway, the same affront of which Priapas complains so bitterly in Horace's satire, *Olim truncus eram ficulnus.* This had been done with such zeal that the inscription *Eduensis episcopus* was almost effaced. While pausing, as usual, before the effigy of the cardinal, the street being there quite solitary, he saw the shadow approaching him slowly, so slowly that he had full time to observe that this same shade had a cloak and a hat. When it had nearly come up to him, it stopped, and remained almost as motionless as the statue of Cardinal Bertrand itself. But it fixed upon Phœbus two steadfast eyes, full of that vague sort of light which issues in the night-time from the pupils of a cat.

The captain was brave, and would have cared very little for a robber with a rapier in his hand. But this walking statue, this petrified man, made his blood run cold. At that time there were certain strange rumors afloat about a spectre monk that ranged the streets of Paris in the night-time, and they recurred confusedly to his recollection. He stood confounded for a few minutes, then broke silence, at the same time endeavoring to laugh.

"Sir," said he, "if you be a thief, as I hope is the case, you're just

now for all the world like a heron attacking a walnut-shell. My dear fellow, I'm a ruined youth of family. Try your hand hard by here. In the chapel of this college there's some wood of the true cross, set in silver."

The hand of the spectre came forth from under its cloak, and fell upon Phœbus' arm with the force of an eagle's gripe, the shade at the same time saying:

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

"What the devil!" said Phœbus; "do you know my name?"

"I not only know your name," returned the man in the cloak, with his sepulchral voice; "but I also know that you have an appointment to-night."

"Yes," answered Phœbus, in amazement.

"At seven o'clock."

"In a quarter of an hour."

"At La Falourdel's."

"Exactly so."

"The old woman's on the Pont St. Michel."

"Yes—St. Michel-Archange, as the Paternoster says."

"Impious man!" muttered the spectre. "With a woman?"

"*Confiteor.*"

"Whose name is——"

"Smeralda," said Phœbus with alacrity, all his carelessness having gradually returned to him.

At that time the gripe of the spectre shook Phœbus' arm furiously.

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, you lie!"

Any one who could have seen, at that moment, the fiery countenance of the captain, the spring which he made backward, so violent that it disengaged him from the clutch which had seized him, the haughty mien with which he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and, in the presence of all that passionate anger, the sullen stillness of the man in the cloak; any one who could have seen all that would have been affrighted. There was somewhat of the combat of Don Juan and the statue.

"Christ and Satan!" cried the captain; "that's a word that seldom assails the ear of a Chateaupers! Thou durst not repeat it."

"You lie!" said the spectre, coolly.

The captain ground his teeth. Spectre monk, phantom, superstitions, all were forgotten at that moment. He now saw nothing but a man and insult.

"Ha, ha! this goes well!" spluttered he in a voice choking with rage. He drew his sword; then, still stammering, for anger as well as

fear makes a man tremble—"Hither!" said he, "directly! Come on! Swords! swords! Blood upon these stones!"

Meanwhile, the other did not stir. When he saw his adversary on his guard, and prepared to defend himself:

"Captain Phœbus," said he, and his accent vibrated with bitterness, "you forget your assignation."

The angry fits of such men as Phœbus are like boiling milk, of which a drop of cold water allays the ebullition. These few words brought down the point of the sword which glittered in the captain's hand.

"Captain," continued the man, "to-morrow, the next day, a month hence, ten years hence, you'll find me quite ready to cut your throat. But first go to your assignation."

"Why, in truth," said Phœbus, as if seeking to capitulate with himself, "a sword and a girl are two charming things to meet in a rendezvous, but I don't see why I should miss one of them for the sake of the other, when I can have them both." And so saying, he put up his sword.

"Go to your assignation," resumed the unknown.

"Monsieur," answered Phœbus, with some embarassment, "many thanks for your courtesy. It will, in fact, be time enough to-morrow, to make slashes and button-holes upon each other in father Adam's doublet. I'm much obliged to you for giving me leave to pass one pleasant quarter of an hour more. I was indeed in hopes to have laid you quietly in the gutter, and still have arrived in time for the lady, the more so as it is in good form to make a woman wait for you a little on such an occasion. But you seem to me to be a fellow of mettle, so that the safest way is, to put off our game till to-morrow. So now I go to my rendezvous. Seven o'clock's the time, as you know." Here Phœbus scratched his ear.—"Ah! Corne Dieu! I'd forgotten! I've not a sou to pay the hire of the garret—and the old hag will want to be paid beforehand. She won't trust me."

"Here is wherewith to pay."

Phœbus felt the cold hand of the unknown slip into his a large piece of money. He could not help taking the money, and grasping the hand.

"Vrai Dieu!" he exclaimed, "but you're a good fellow!"

"One condition," said the stranger. "Prove to me that I've been wrong, and that you spoke truth. Hide me in some corner whence I may see whether this woman be really she whose name you have uttered."

"Oh," answered Phœbus, "it's just the same to me. We shall take

ENTERING THE VILOTIÈRE

the St. Martha room. You can see to your heart's content from the kennel that's on one side of it."

"Come, then," rejoined the shade.

"At your service," said the captain—"I know not indeed whether you be not Messer Diabolus *in propria persona.* But let us be good friends to-night; and to-morrow I'll pay you all my debts, of the purse and of the sword."

They went forward at a rapid pace, and in a few minutes the noise of the river below announced to them that they were upon the Pont St. Michel, then loaded with houses.

"I'll first introduce you," said Phœbus; "then I'll go and fetch the lady, who was to wait for me near the Petit-Châtelet."

His companion made no answer; since they had been walking side by side, he had not uttered a word. Phœbus stopped against a low door, and gave it a rough jolt. A light made its appearance through the crevices of the door.

"Who's there?" cried a toothless voice.

"*Corps-Dieu! tête-Dieu! ventre Dieu!*" answered the captain.

The door opened immediately, and exhibited to the new-comers an old woman and an old lamp, both of them trembling. The old woman was bent double, clothed in tatters, her head shaking, and perforated by two small eyes—wrapped in a duster by way of coiffure—wrinkled all over, her hands, her face, her neck, her lips turning inward, underneath her gums—and all round her mouth she had tufts of white hair, giving her the whiskered and demure look of a cat.

The interior of this dog-hole was in no less decay than herself; there were walls of chalk; black beams in the ceiling; a dismantled fire-place; cobwebs in every corner; in the middle a tottering company of maimed stools and tables; a dirty child in the ash-heap; and at the back, a staircase, or rather a wooden ladder, ascending to a trap-door in the ceiling.

As he entered this den, Phœbus' mysterious companion pulled his cloak up to his eyes. Meanwhile the captain, swearing all the while like a Saracen, lost no time in "making the sun gleam on a crown," as our admirable Requier says.

"The St. Martha room," he said.

The old woman received him like a grandee, and shut up the crown in a drawer. It was the piece which Phœbus had received from the man in the black coat. While her back was turned, the little long-haired tattered boy that was playing among the ashes, went slyly to the drawer, took out the crown, and put there instead of it a dry leaf which he had plucked from a fagot.

The old woman beckoned to the two gentlemen, as she called them, to follow her, and ascended the ladder before them. On reaching the upper story, she set down her lamp upon a chest; and Phœbus, as one accustomed to the house, opened a side door which was the entrance to a dark and out-of-the-way nook. "Go in there, my dear fellow," said he to his companion. The man in the cloak obeyed without answering a word; the door closed upon him; he heard Phœbus bolt it outside, and, a moment afterward, go down-stairs again with the old woman The light had disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONVENIENCE OF WINDOWS LOOKING UPON THE RIVER

CLAUDE FROLLO (for we presume that the reader, better informed than Phœbus, has seen in all this adventure no other spectre monk than the archdeacon himself) groped about him for some moments in the dark corner in which the captain had bolted him up. It was one of those which builders sometimes reserve in the angle formed by the roof with the wall that supports it. The vertical section of this kennel, as Phœbus had so aptly termed it, would have been a triangle. It had neither window nor skylight, and the incline plane of the roof prevented a man standing up in it. Claude was therefore under the necessity of squatting down in the dust and the plaster that cracked underneath him; and at the same time his head was burning. In ferreting about him with his hands, he found upon the floor a piece of broken glass, which he applied to his forehead, and the coolness of which gave him some little relief.

What was passing at that moment in the dark soul of the archdeacon? He and God alone could tell.

According to what fatal order was he disposing in his thoughts Esmeralda, Phœbus, Jacques Charmolue, his young brother, of whom he was so fond, abandoned by him in the mud, his archdeacon's cassock, his reputation perhaps, thus dragged to La Falourdel's, all those images, all those adventures? We know not, but it is certain that these ideas formed a horrible group in his mind.

He had been waiting for a quarter of an hour, and he felt as if he had grown older by fifty years. All at once he heard the wooden staircase creak, as some one ascended. The trap-door opened again, and again a light made its appearance. In the worm-eaten door of his nook there was a slit of considerable width, to which he put his face, so that he could see all that passed in the adjoining chamber. First of all, the

old woman with the cat's face issued through the trap-door with her lamp in her hand; then Phœbus, curling his moustaches; then a third person, that beautiful and graceful figure, Esmeralda. The priest saw her issue from below like a dazzling apparition. Claude trembled; a cloud spread itself over his eyes; his pulses beat violently; his brain was in a whirl; he no longer saw or heard anything.

When he came to himself again, Phœbus and Esmeralda were alone, seated upon the wooden chest, beside the lamp, the light of which exhibited to the archdeacon those two youthful figures, and a wretched-looking couch at the farther end of the room.

Close to the couch there was a window, the casement of which, burst like a spider's web upon which the rain has beaten, showed through its broken meshes a small patch of sky, with the moon reposing upon a pillow of soft clouds.

The young girl was blushing, confused, palpitating. Her long drooping lashes shaded her glowing cheeks. The officer, to whom she dared not lift her eyes, was quite radiant. Mechanically, and with a charming air of unconsciousness, she was tracing incoherent lines with the end of her finger upon the wooden seat, and looking at the finger. Her foot was not visible, for the little goat was lying upon it.

The captain was very gallantly arrayed. Upon his neck and his wrists he had tufts of fancy trimming, a great elegancy of that day.

It was not without difficulty that Dom Claude could overhear their conversation, through the humming of the blood that was boiling in his temples.

A dull affair enough, the talk of a pair of lovers—a perpetual "I love you"—a musical strain very monotonous and very insipid to all indifferent hearers when it is not set off with a few fioriture. But Claude was no indifferent hearer.

"Oh!" said the young girl, without lifting her eyes, "do not despise me, Monseigneur Phœbus. I feel that I am doing what is wrong."

"Despise you, my pretty girl," returned the officer, with an air of superior and distinguished gallantry—"despise you, *téte-Dieu!* and why should I?"

"For having followed you."

"On that score, my charmer, we don't at all agree. I ought not only to despise you, but to hate you."

The young girl looked at him in affright. "Hate me!" exclaimed she. "Why, what have I done?"

"For having taken so much soliciting."

"Alas!" said she, "it is that I am breaking a vow, I shall never

find my parents, the amulet will lose its virtue, but what then? What occasion have I for father and mother now?"

So saying, she fixed upon the captain her large black eyes moist with joy and tenderness.

"Deuce take me, if I understand you," cried Phœbus.

Esmeralda remained silent for a moment; then a tear issued from her eyes, a sigh from her lips, and she said, "Oh, monseigneur, I love you."

There was around the young girl such a perfume of chastity, such a charm of virtue, that Phœbus did not feel quite at his ease with her. These words, however, emboldened him. "You love me!" said he with transport, and he threw his arm round the gypsy girl's waist; he had only been waiting for that opportunity.

The priest beheld it; and thereupon he felt with his finger's end the point of a dagger which he bore concealed in his breast.

"Phœbus," continued the gypsy girl, gently disengaging her waist from the tenacious hands of the captain, "you are good, you are generous, you are handsome, you have saved me, me, who am but a poor girl lost in Bohemia. I had long dreamed of an officer that was to save my life. It was of you that I dreamt, before I knew you, my Phœbus. The officer in my dream had a fine uniform like you, a grand look, a sword; your name is Phœbus, it's a fine name, I love your sword. Do draw your sword, Phœbus, that I may see it."

"Child!" said the captain, and he unsheathed his rapier, smiling.

The gypsy girl looked first at the hilt, then at the blade; examined with wonderful curiosity the cipher upon the guard; and kissed the sword, saying:

"You are the sword of a brave man. I love my captain."

Again, Phœbus availed himself of the opportunity to impress upon her beautiful neck, bent aside in the act of looking, a kiss which made the young girl draw herself up again all crimson, and made the priest grind his teeth in the dark.

"Phœbus," resumed the gypsy girl, "let me speak to you. Do just walk a little, that I may see you at your full height, and hear the sound of your spurs. How handsome you are!"

The captain rose to comply, chiding her at the same time with a smile of satisfaction.

"Really, now, you are such a child! By-the-by, my dear, have you seen me in my state hoqueton?"

"Alas, no!" answered she.

"Ha, that's the finest thing of all!"

Phœbus came and seated himself beside her again, but much nearer than before.

He began, "Just listen, my dear——"

The gypsy girl gave him several little taps of her pretty hand upon the lips, with childish and graceful sportiveness.

"No, no," said she, "I will not listen to you. Do you love me? I want you to tell me whether you love me."

"Whether I love you, sweet angel?" cried the captain, bending one knee to the floor. "My body, my blood, my soul, all are thine, all at thy disposal. I love thee, and have never loved any but thee."

The captain had so many times repeated this sentence, on many a like occasion, that he delivered it all in a breath, and without a single blunder. At this impassioned declaration, the gypsy girl raised to the dingy ceiling which here held the place of heaven, a look full of angelic happiness. "Oh!" murmured she, "such is the moment at which one ought to die!"

Phœbus found "the moment" convenient for snatching from her another kiss, which went to torture the wretched archdeacon in his corner.

"To die!" cried the amorous captain; "what are you talking about, my angel? It's the time to live, or Jupiter is but a blackguard. Die at the beginning of such a pleasant thing! *Corne-de-bœuf!* what a joke! Not so, indeed. Just listen, my dear Similar—Esmenarda—Pardon me, but you've got a name so prodigiously Saracen that I can't run it off my tongue, I get entangled in it like a brier."

"Mon Dieu!" said the poor girl, "and I, now, used to think that name pretty for its singularity. But since it displeases you, I'm quite willing to call myself Goton."

"Ha! no crying about such a little matter, my charmer! It's a name that one must get used to, that's all. When once I know it by heart, it'll come ready enough. So hark ye, my dear Similar. I adore you passionately, I love you, so that really it's quite miraculous. I know a little girl that's dying with rage about it."

The jealous girl interrupted him. "Who's that?" said she.

"Oh, what does that signify to us?" said Phœbus; "do you love me?"

"Oh!" said she.

"Well, then, that's enough. We shall see how I love you, too. May the great devil Neptunus stick his pitchfork into me, if I don't make you the happiest creature alive. We'll have a pretty little lodging somewhere or other. I'll make my archers parade under your windows, they're all on horseback, and cut out Captain Mignon's. There are bill-

men, cross-bow-men, and culverin-men. I'll take you to the great musters of the Parisians at the Grange de Rully. It's very magnificent. Eighty thousand men under arms—thirty thousand white harnesses, jaques or brigandines, the sixty-seven banners of the trades, the standards of the parliament, of the Chamber of Accompts, of the treasury of the generals, of the aides of the mint—the devil's own turnout, in short. And then, I'll take you to see the lions of the Hôtel du Roi, that are wild beasts, you know. All the women are fond of that."

For some moments the young girl, absorbed in her pleasing reflections, had been musing to the sound of his voice, without attending to the meaning of his words.

"Oh, you'll be so happy!" continued the captain, at the same time gently unbuckling the gypsy's belt.

"What are you doing?" said she sharply. This overt act had aroused her from her reverie.

"Nothing at all," answered Phœbus. "I was only saying that you must put off all that wild street-running dress when you're with me."

"When I'm with you, my Phœbus!" said the young girl, tenderly. And again she became pensive and silent.

The captain, emboldened by her gentleness, threw his arm round her waist without her making any resistance; then began softly to unlace the poor girl's corsage, and so violently displaced her neckerchief, that the priest, all panting, saw issue from underneath the lawn the charming bare shoulder of the gypsy girl, round and brown like the moon rising through a misty horizon.

The young girl let Phœbus have his way. She seemed unconscious of what he was doing. The captain's eyes sparkled.

All at once she turned round to him.

"Phœbus," said she, with an expression of boundless love, "instruct me in your religion."

"My religion!" cried the captain, bursting into a laugh. "Instruct you in my religion! *Corne et tonnerre!* what do you want with my religion?"

"That we may be married," answered she.

The captain's face took a mingled expression of surprise, disdain, unconcern, and libidinous passion.

"Ah, bah," said he, "is there any marrying in the case?"

The gypsy turned pale, and her head dropped mournfully upon her breast.

"My sweet love," said Phœbus, tenderly, "what signifies all that nonsense? Marriage is a grand affair, to be sure! Shall we love one

another any the worse for not having Latin gabbled to us in a priest's shop?"

And while saying this in his softest tone, he approached extremely near the gypsy girl; his fondling hands had resumed their position about that waist so slender and so pliant, his eye kindled more and more, and all announced that Phœbus was evidently approaching one of those moments when Jupiter himself did such foolish things that honest Homer was obliged to summon a cloud to his assistance.

Meanwhile, Dom Claude observed everything from his hiding-place. Its door was made of puncheon ribs, quite decayed, leaving between them ample passage for his look of a bird of prey. This brown-skinned, broad-shouldered priest, condemned until that moment to the austere virginity of the cloister, shuddered and boiled before that scene of love, of night, and of enjoyment. The sight of the young beautiful girl delivered up, in disorder to the ardent young man, made melted lead flow through his veins. He felt extraordinary movements within him; his eye plunged with lascivious jealousy beneath those disarranged garments. Any one who could then have seen the wretched man's countenance close against the worm-eaten bars, might have thought they saw a tiger's face looking out from his cage upon some jackal devouring a gazelle.

All at once, by a sudden movement, Phœbus snatched the gypsy's neckerchief completely off. The poor girl, who had remained pale and thoughtful, started up as if out of her sleep; she hastily drew back from the enterprising officer; and casting a look over her bare neck and shoulder, blushing, confused, and mute with shame, she crossed her two lovely arms upon her bosom to hide it. But for the flame that was glowing in her cheeks, to see her standing thus silent and motionless, one might have taken her for a statue of Modesty. Her eyes were bent upon the ground.

This action of the captain's had laid bare the mysterious amulet which she wore about her neck.

"What's that?" said he, laying hold of this pretext for going up to the beautiful creature that he had just scared away from him.

"Touch it not," answered she warmly; "it's my guardian. It's that by which I shall find my family again, if I keep worthy. Oh, leave me, monsieur le capitaine! My mother! my poor mother! where are you? Come to my help! Do, Monsieur Phœbus, give me back my neckerchief."

Phœbus drew back, and said coldly, "Oh, mademoiselle, how plainly do I see that you don't love me."

"Not love him!" exclaimed the poor unfortunate girl; and at the

same time she clung with an air of fondness to the captain, whom she made sit down beside her. "Not love you, my Phœbus! What is it you are saying, wicked man, to rend my heart? Oh, come, take me, take all, do what you will with me, I am yours. What is the amulet to me now? What is my mother to me now? You are my mother, since I love you. Phœbus, my beloved Phœbus, dost thou see me? 'Tis I. Look at me. 'Tis that little girl whom thou wilt not spurn from thee, who comes, who comes herself to seek thee. My soul, my life, my person, all are yours, my captain. Well, then, let it be so, let us not marry, it is not my wish; and besides, what am I but a wretched girl of the gutter, while you, Phœbus, are a gentleman. A fine thing it would be, truly, for a dancing-girl to marry an officer! I was mad to think of it. No, Phœbus, no—I will be your mistress, your amusement, your pleasure, when you will; a girl that will be yours, and yours only. For that alone was I made, to be stained, despised, dishonored, but what then? —loved! I shall be the proudest and the happiest of women. And when I shall grow old and ugly, Phœbus, when I shall no longer be fit to love you, monseigneur, you will still suffer me to serve you. Others will embroider scarfs for you, I, your servant, will take care of them. You will let me polish your spurs, brush your hoqueton, and dust your riding-boots. Will you not, my Phœbus, have that pity? And in the meanwhile take me to yourself. Here, Phœbus, all belongs to you. Only love me. That is all we gypsy girls want—air and love."

So saying, she threw her arms around the officer's neck, raising her eyes to him supplicantly and smiling through her tears. Her delicate neck was chafed by the woolen-cloth doublet and its rough embroidery. The captain, quite intoxicated, pressed his glowing lips to those lovely African shoulders, and the young girl, her eyes cast upward to the ceiling, was all trembling and palpitating under his kisses.

All at once, above the head of Phœbus, she beheld another head, a strange, livid, convulsive countenance, with the look of the damned; and close by that face, there was a hand holding a poniard. They were the face and hand of the priest; he had burst the door, and there he was. Phœbus could not see him. The young girl remained motionless, frozen, dumb under the influence of the frightful apparition, like a dove that should raise her head at the moment that the osprey is looking into her nest with his round fearful eyes.

She was unable even to utter a cry. She saw the poniard descend upon Phœbus, and rise again all reeking.

"Damnation!" exclaimed the captain, and he fell upon the floor.

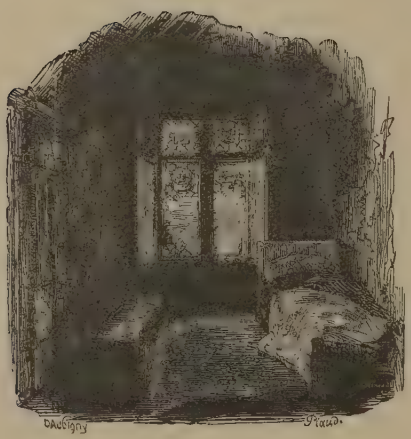
She fainted.

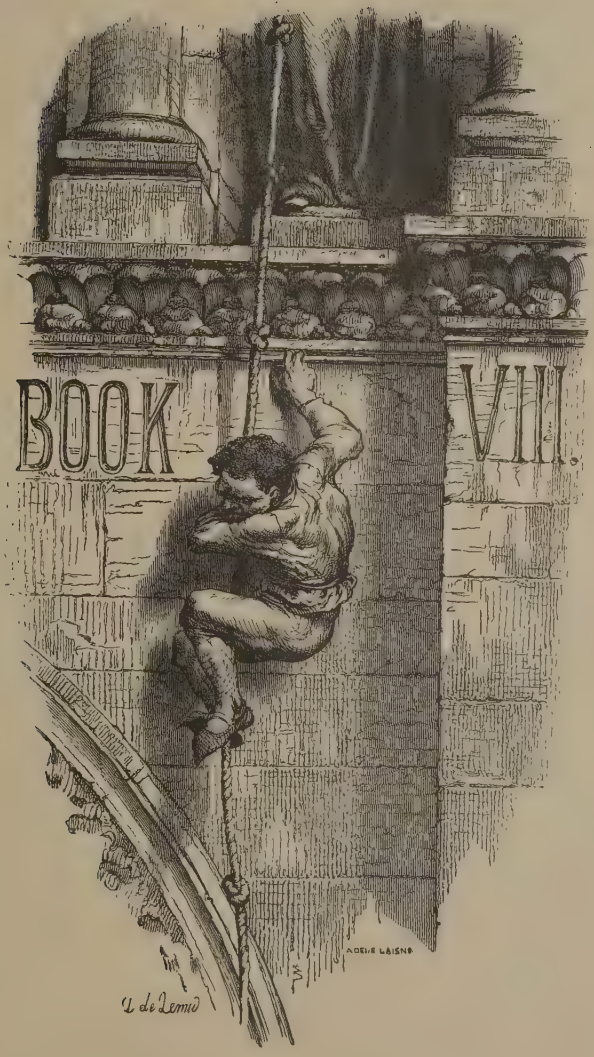
At the moment that her eyes closed and all sense was forsaking

her, she thought she felt a touch of fire impressed upon her lips, a kiss more burning than the executioner's branding iron.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself, surrounded by soldiers of the watch; they were carrying off the captain weltering in his blood; the priest had disappeared; the window at the back of the chamber, looking upon the river, was wide open; they were picking up from the floor a cloak which they supposed to belong to the officer, and she heard them saying around her:

"It's a witch who has poniarded a captain."




BOOK VII.
ADELE LAISNE
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BOOK VIII

CHAPTER I

THE CROWN CHANGED INTO A WITHERED LEAF

GRINGOIRE and the whole Court of Miracles were in a state of mortal anxiety. For a whole month it was not known what had become of Esmeralda, which sadly grieved the Duke of Egypt and his friends the Truands; nor what had become of her goat, which redoubled the grief of Gringoire. One evening the gypsy girl had disappeared; since which time she had held no communication with them. All search had been fruitless. Some teasing sabouleux told Gringoire they had met her that same evening in the neighborhood of the Pont Saint-Michel, walking off with an officer; but this husband *à la mode de Bohème* was an incredulous philosopher; and besides, he knew better than any one his wife's extreme purity; he had been enabled to judge how impregnable was the chastity resulting from the two combined virtues of the amulet and the gypsy herself, and he had mathematically calculated the resistance of this chastity to the second power. On that score, at least, his mind was at ease.

Still he could not account for her sudden disappearance, which was

a source of deep mortification to him. He would have grown thinner upon it, if the thing had been possible. He had, in consequence, neglected everything, even to his literary tastes, even to his great work, *De figuris regularibus et irregularibus*, which he intended printing with the first money he should get. For he raved upon printing ever since he had seen the *Didascolon* of Hugh of Saint-Victor printed with the celebrated types of Vindelin of Spires.

One day, as he was passing sorrowfully before the Tournelle Criminelle, he observed a crowd at one of the doors of the Palais de Justice. "What's all that about?" asked he of a young man who was coming out.

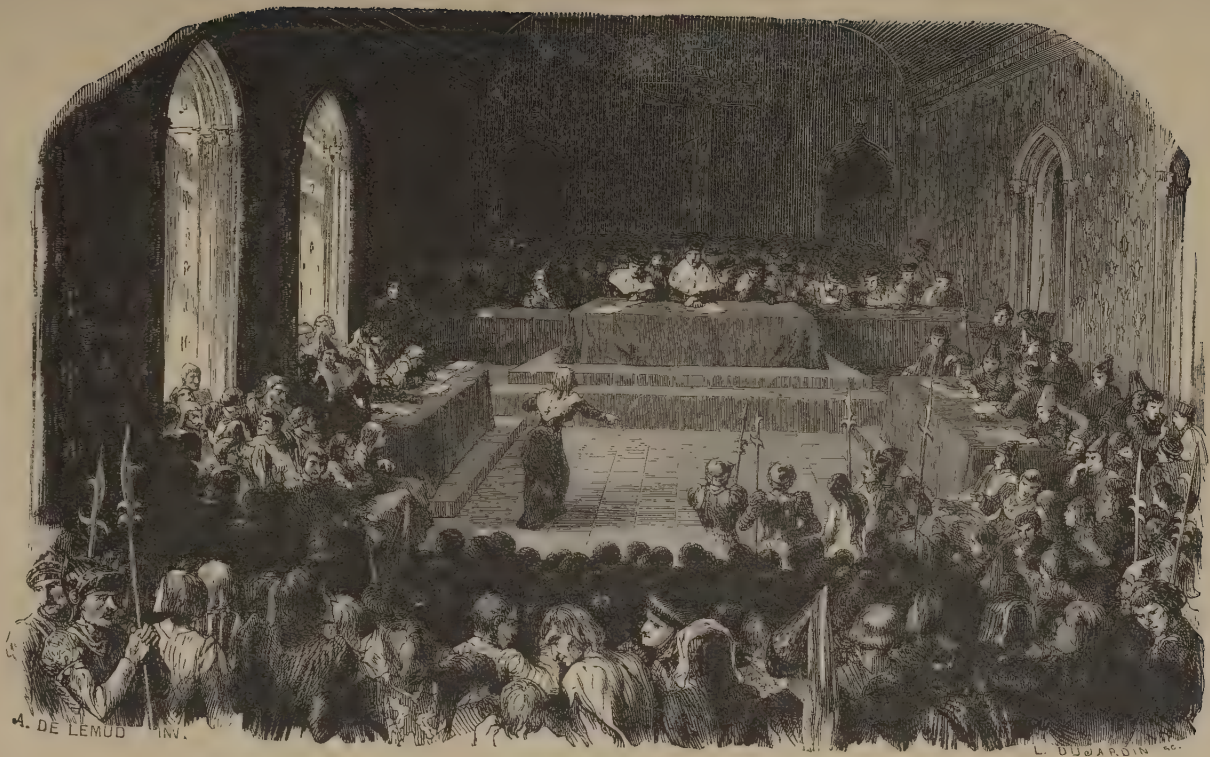
"I don't know, monsieur," answered the young man. "They say there's a woman being tried for the murder of a man-at-arms. As there seems to be some witchcraft in the business, the bishop and the official have interposed in the cause; and my brother, who's archdeacon of Josas, can think of nothing else. Now I wished to speak to him; but I have not been able to get near him for the crowd—which annoys me sadly, for I want money."

"Alas! monsieur," said Gringoire, "I would I could lend you some; but though my breeches are in holes, it's not from the weight of crown-pieces."

He dared not tell the young man that he knew his brother, the archdeacon, toward whom he had not ventured to return since the scene of the church; a neglect which embarrassed him much.

The scholar passed on, and Gringoire proceeded to follow the crowd which was ascending the staircase of the Great Chamber. To his mind there was nothing equal to the spectacle of a trial in a criminal court for dissipating melancholy, the judges are generally so delightfully stupid. The people with whom he had mingled were moving on and elbowing each other in silence. After a slow and tiresome pattering through a long gloomy passage, which wound through the Palais like the intestinal canal of the old edifice, he arrived at a low door opening into a salle or great public room, which his tall figure permitted him to explore with his eyes, over the waving heads of the multitude.

The hall was spacious and gloomy, which latter circumstance made it appear still more spacious. The day was declining; the long pointed windows only admitted a few pale rays of light, which were extinguished before they reached the vaulted ceiling, an enormous trellis-work of carved wood, the thousand figures of which seemed to be moving about confusedly in the shade. There were already several candles lighted here and there upon tables, and glimmering over the heads of the greffiers or clerks buried amidst the bundles of papers. The lower end of the room was occupied by the crowd; on the right and left were



THE JUSTICE CHAMBER.

some gentlemen of the gown and some tables; at the extremity, upon an estrade or raised platform, were a number of judges, the farther rows just vanishing in the distance—motionless and sinister visages. The walls were diapered with numberless fleur-de-lis. Over the judges might be vaguely distinguished a large figure of Christ; and in all directions pikes and halberds, the points of which were tipped with fire by the reflection of the candles.

"Monsieur," asked Gringoire of one of those next him, "who are all those persons yonder, ranged like prelates in council?"

"Monsieur," said his neighbor, "they are the Councilors of the Great Chamber on the right; and those on the left are the councilors of the inquests, the masters in black gowns, and the messires in red ones."

"And there, above them," continued Gringoire, "who's that great red-faced fellow all in a perspiration?"

"That is monsieur the president."

"And those sheep behind him?" proceeded Gringoire, who, as we have already said, loved not the magistracy; which was owing, perhaps, to the ill-will he bore the Palais de Justice ever since his dramatic misadventure.

"They are the masters of requests of the king's household."

"And before him, that wild boar?"

"That's the clerk of the court of parliament."

"And to the right, that crocodile?"

"Master Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary."

"And to the left, that great black cat?"

"Master Jacques Charmolue, king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court, with the gentlemen of the officiality."

"Ah, well, monsieur," said Gringoire, "and what, pray, are all those good folks about?"

"They're trying some one."

"Trying whom? I see no prisoner."

"It's a woman, monsieur. You can not see her. Her back is toward us, and she is concealed by the crowd. Look, there she is, where you see a group of partizans."

"Who is the woman?" asked Gringoire. "Do you know her name?"

"No, monsieur; I am only just arrived. I suppose, however, that there's some sorcery in the matter, since the official's engaged on the trial."

"Now, then," said our philosopher, "we are going to see all these men of the gown play the part of cannibals. Well, one sight's as good as another."

"Do you not think, monsieur," observed his neighbor, "that Master Jacques Charmolue looks very mild?"

"Humph!" answered Gringoire, "I'm rather distrustful of mildness with a pinched-up nose and thin lips."

Here the bystanders imposed silence on the two talkers. An important deposition was being heard.

"My lords," said, from the middle of the room, an old woman whose face was so buried under her clothes that she might have been taken for a walking bundle of rags—"my lords, the thing is as true as that I am La Falourdel, for forty years a housekeeper on the Pont St. Michel, and paying regularly my rent, dues, and quit-rent; my door opposite the house of Tassin Caillart, the dyer, who lives on the side looking up the river—an old woman now! a pretty girl once, my lords!—a few days ago, some one said to me, 'Don't spin too much of an evening, La Falourdel—the devil's fond of combing old women's distaffs with his horns. It's certain that the spectre monk that was last year about the Temple, is now wandering about the City. Take care, La Falourdel, that he doesn't knock at your door.' One evening I was turning my wheel; some one knocks at my door. 'Who is it?' says I. Some one swears. I open the door. Two men come in; a man in black, with a handsome officer. One could see nothing of the black man but his eyes—two live coals. All the rest was cloak and hat. And so they say to me—'The Saint Martha room.' That's my upper room, messeigneurs—my best. They give me a crown. I lock the crown in my drawer, and I says, 'That will buy some tripe to-morrow at the slaughter-house De la Gloriette.' We go up-stairs. When we'd got up, while I turned my back, the black man disappears. This astounds me a little. The officer, who was as handsome as a great lord, goes down with me. He leaves the house. In about time enough to spin a quarter of a skein, he comes in again with a pretty young girl—quite a doll of a girl, that would have shone like a sun, if she'd had her hair dressed. She had with her a goat, a great he-goat, black or white, I don't remember which. This sets me thinking. The girl, that doesn't concern me; but the goat! I don't like those animals, with their beards and their horns—it's so like a man. Besides, it has a touch of the Sabbath. However, I said nothing. I had the crown. That's only fair, you know, my lord judge. I show the captain and the girl into the up-stairs room, and leave them alone, that's to say with the goat. I go down and get to my spinning again. I must tell you that my house has a ground-floor and a story above; it looks out at the back upon the river, like the other houses on the bridge, and the ground-floor window and the first-floor window open upon the water. Well, as I was saying, I had got to my spinning. I don't know why,

but I was thinking about the spectre monk which the goat had put into my head, and then the pretty girl was rather queerly tricked out. All at once I hear a cry overhead, and something fall on the floor, and the window open. I run to mine, which is underneath, and I see pass before my eyes a black heap, and it falls into the water. It was a phantom dressed like a priest. It was bright moonlight, I saw it quite plain. It was swimming toward the City. All in a tremble, I call the watch. The gentlemen of the douzaine come in; and, at first, not knowing what was the matter, as they were merry they began to beat me. I explained to them. We go up-stairs, and what do we find? My poor room swimming in blood—the captain stretched at his length, with a dagger in his neck, the girl pretending to be dead, and the goat all in a fright.—'Pretty work!' says I, 'I shall have to wash the floor for a fortnight and more. It must be scraped. It'll be a terrible job.'—They carry off the officer, poor young man, and the girl, all in disorder. But stop. The worst of all is, that the next day, when I was going to take the crown to buy my tripe, I found a withered leaf in its place."

The old woman ceased. A murmur of horror ran through the audience.

"That phantom, that goat, all that savors of magic," said one of Gringoire's neighbors.

"And that withered leaf!" added another.

"No doubt," continued a third, "that it's some witch that's connected with the spectre monk to plunder officers."

Gringoire himself was not far from considering this ensemble at once probable and terrific.

"Woman Falourdel," said the president with majesty, "have you nothing further to say to the court?"

"No, my lord," answered the old woman, "unless it is, that in the report my house has been called an old tumble-down offensive hovel—which is most insulting language. The houses on the bridge are not very good-looking, because there are such numbers of people; but the butchers live there for all that, and they are rich men, married to pretty and respectable women."

The magistrate, who had reminded Gringoire of a crocodile, rose.

"Silence," said he; "I beg you, gentlemen, to bear in mind that a poniard was found on the accused. Woman Falourdel, have you brought the leaf into which the crown was changed that the demon gave you?"

"Yes, monseigneur," answered she, "I've found it. Here it is."

An usher of the court passed the withered leaf to the crocodile, who, with a doleful shake of the head, passed it to the president; who sent

it on to the king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court; so that it made the round of the room.

"It's a beech leaf," said Master Jacques Charmolue, "an additional proof of magic."

A counselor then began:

"Witness, two men went up-stairs in your house at the same time; the black man, whom you at first saw disappear, then swim across the Seine in priest's clothes; and the officer. Which of them gave you the crown?"

The old woman reflected a moment, and then said:

"It was the officer."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

"Ha," thought Gringoire, "that creates some doubt in my mind."

Meanwhile, Master Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary, again interposed:

"I would remind you, gentlemen, that the murdered officer, in the deposition written at his bedside, while stating that a vague notion had crossed his mind, at the instant when the black man accosted him, that it might be the spectre monk, added that the phantom had eagerly pressed him to go and meet the prisoner, and, on his (the captain's) observing that he was without money, he had given him the crown which the said officer had paid La Falourdel. Thus the crown is a coin from hell."

This concluding observation appeared to dissipate all the doubts, both of Gringoire and the other skeptics among the auditory.

"Gentlemen, you have the docket of the case," added the king's advocate, seating himself; "you can consult the deposition of Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name the prisoner rose; her head was now above the crowd; and Gringoire, aghast, recognized Esmeralda.

She was pale; her hair, formerly so gracefully braided and spangled with sequins, fell in disorder; her lips were blue; her hollow eyes were terrific. Alas!

"Phœbus!" said she, wildly; "where is he? Oh, my lords! before you kill me, for mercy's sake, tell me if he yet lives!"

"Hold your tongue, woman," answered the president, "that's not our business."

"Oh, for pity's sake, tell me if he is living," continued she, clasping her beautiful wasted hands; and her chains were heard as they rubbed along her dress.

"Well," said the king's advocate roughly, "he is dying. Does that content you?"

The wretched girl fell back on her seat, speechless, tearless, white as a form of wax.

The president leaned over to a man at his feet, who was dressed in a gilt cap and black gown; and had a chain round his neck and a wand in his hand.

"Usher, bring in the second prisoner."

All eyes were now turned toward a small door, which opened, and, to the great trepidation of Gringoire, made way for a pretty she-goat with gilt feet and horns. The elegant animal stopped a moment on the threshold, stretching out her neck, as if, perched on the point of a rock, she had before her eyes a vast horizon. All at once she caught sight of the gypsy girl; and leaping over the table and a registrar's head, in two bounds she was at her knees; she then rolled herself gracefully over her mistress's feet, begging for a word or a caress; but the prisoner remained motionless, and even poor Djali herself obtained not a look.

"Ay, ay; that's the horrid beast," said the old Falourdel, "and well I know them both again."

Jacques Charmolue interposed:

"If you please, gentlemen, we will proceed to the examination of the goat."

The goat was, in fact, the second prisoner. Nothing was more common in those times than a charge of sorcery brought against an animal. Among others, in the Provostry Accompts for 1466, may be seen a curious detail of the expenses of the proceeding against Gillet Soulart and his sow, "*executed for their demerits*" at Corbeil. Everything is there; the cost of the pit to put the sow in; the five hundred bundles of wood from the wharf of Morsant; the three pints of wine and the bread, the sufferer's last repast, shared in a brotherly manner by the executioner; and even the eleven days' custody and feed of the sow, at eight deniers parisis per day. Sometimes they went further even than animals. The capitularies of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire impose severe penalties on the fiery phantoms which might think fit to appear in the air.

Meanwhile the king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court had exclaimed: "If the demon which possesses this goat, and which has resisted all exorcisms, persist in his sorceries, if he astound the court with them, we forewarn him, that we shall be obliged to have recourse against him to the gibbet or the stake."

Gringoire was all in a cold perspiration. Charmolue took up from a table the gypsy girl's tambourine, and, presenting it in a certain manner to the goat, he asked:

"What's o'clock?"

The goat looked at him with a sagacious eye, raised her gilt foot, and struck it seven times. It was indeed seven o'clock. A movement of terror ran through the crowd.

Gringoire could bear it no longer.

"She'll be her own ruin," cried he aloud, "you see she does not know what she's about!"

"Silence! you people at the end of the room!" said the usher, sharply.

Jacques Charmolue, by means of the same manœuvres with the tambourine, made the goat perform several other tricks, about the day of the month, the month of the year, etc., which the reader has already witnessed. And, by an optical illusion peculiar to judicial proceedings, those same spectators who, perhaps, had more than once applauded in the public streets the innocent performances of Djali, were terrified at them under the roof of the Palais de Justice. The goat was indisputably the devil.

It was still worse when, the king's proctor having emptied on the floor a certain leathern bag full of movable letters, which Djali had about her neck, they saw the goat kick out with her foot from among the scattered alphabet the fatal name *Phœbus*. The sorcery of which the captain had been the victim seemed unanswerably proved; and, in the eyes of all, the gypsy girl, that charming dancer, who had so often dazzled the passers-by with her airy grace, was neither more nor less than a frightful witch.

She, on her part, gave no signs of life; neither the graceful evolutions of Djali, nor the threatenings of the men of law, nor the stifled imprecations of the auditory, nothing now reached her apprehension.

She could only be roused by a sergeant shaking her pitilessly, and the president raising his voice with solemnity:

"Girl, you are of Bohemian race, given to sorcery. You, with your accomplice, the enchanted goat, implicated in the charge, did, on the night of the 29th of March last, wound and poniard, in concert with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the king's archers, Phœbus de Chateaupers by name. Do you persist in denying it?"

"Horrible!" cried the young girl, hiding her face with her hands. "My Phœbus! Oh, it's hellish!"

"Do you persist in denying it?" asked the president, coolly.

"Do I deny it!" said she, in a terrible accent; and she rose, and her eyes flashed.

The president continued straightforwardly:

"Then how do you explain the facts laid to your charge?"

She answered in a broken voice, "I've already said I don't know. It's a priest, a priest that I do not know; an infernal priest, that pursues me!"

"Just so," replied the judge; "the spectre monk!"

"Oh, gentlemen, have pity upon me! I'm only a poor girl——"

"Of Egypt," said the judge.

Master Jacques Charmolue commenced with mildness:

"Seeing the painful obstinacy of the accused, I demand the application of the torture."

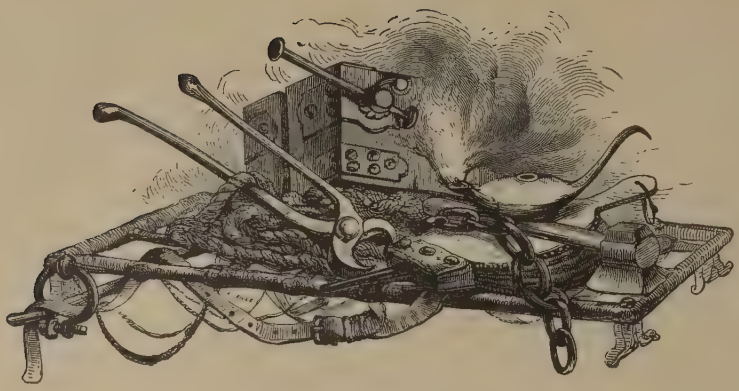
"Granted," said the president.

A shudder ran through the whole frame of the unhappy girl. She rose, however, at the order of the partizan-men, and walked with a tolerably firm step, preceded by Charmolue and the priests of the officiality, between two rows of halberds, toward a false door, which suddenly opened and shut again upon her, having the effect upon Gringoire of a mouth gaping to devour her.

When she disappeared, a plaintive bleating was heard. It was the little goat crying.

The sitting of the court was suspended. A counselor having observed that the gentlemen were fatigued, and that it would be long to wait for the conclusion of the torture, the president answered that a magistrate must sacrifice himself to his duty.

"What a troublesome, vexatious jade!" said an old judge, "to make one give her the torture when one has not supped!"



CHAPTER II

CONTINUATION OF THE CROWN CHANGED INTO A LEAF

AFTER ascending and descending several flights of steps as they proceeded through passages so gloomy that they were lighted with lamps at midday, Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palais into a dismal chamber. This chamber, of a circular form, occupied the ground floor of one of those large towers which still in our day appear through the layer of recent edifices with which modern Paris has covered the ancient one. There were no windows to this vault; no other opening than the low overhanging entrance of an enormous iron door. Still it did not want for light; a furnace was contrived in the thickness of the wall; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable candle placed in a corner. The sort of portcullis which was used to inclose the furnace, being raised at the moment, only gave to view at the mouth of the flaming chimney, which glared upon the dark wall, the lower extremity of its bars, like a row of black sharp teeth set at regular distances, which gave the furnace the appearance of one of those dragon's mouths which vomit forth flames in ancient legends. By the light which issued from it, the prisoner saw all around the chamber frightful instruments of which she did not understand the use. In the middle lay a mattress of leather almost touching the ground, over which hung a leathern strap with a buckle, attached to a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault. Pincers, nippers, large plowshares, were heaped inside the furnace, and were heating red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The san-

guine glow of the furnace only served to light up throughout the chamber an assemblage of horrible things.

This Tartarus was called simply The Question Chamber.

Upon the bed was seated unconcernedly, Pierrat Torterue, the sworn torturer. His assistants, two square-faced gnomes, with leathern aprons and tarpaulin coats, were turning about the irons on the coals.

In vain had the poor girl called up all her courage; on entering this room she was seized with horror.

The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais were ranged on one side; the priests of the officiality on the other. A clerk, a table, and writing materials were in one corner.

Master Jacques Charmolue approached the gypsy girl with a very soft smile.

"My dear child," said he, "you persist, then, in denying everything?"

"Yes," answered she, in a dying voice.

"In that case," resumed Charmolue, "it will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish.—Have the goodness to sit down on that bed. Master Pierrat, make room for mademoiselle, and shut the door."

Pierrat rose with a growl.

"If I shut the door," muttered he, "my fire will go out."

"Well, then, my good fellow," replied Charmolue, "leave it open."

Meanwhile La Esmeralda remained standing. The bed of leather, upon which so many poor wretches had writhed, scared her. Terror froze her very marrow; there she stood bewildered and stupefied. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants took her and seated her on the bed. They did not hurt her; but when those men touched her, when that leather touched her, she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She cast a wandering look around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all sides toward her, to crawl upon her body and pinch and bite her, all those monstrous instruments of torture, which were, to the instruments of all kinds that she had hitherto seen, what bats, centipedes, and spiders are to birds and insects.

"Where is the physician?" asked Charmolue.

"Here," answered a black gown that she had not observed before.

She shuddered.

"Mademoiselle," resumed the fawning voice of the proctor of the ecclesiastical court, "for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?"

This time she could only bend her head in token of assent. Her voice failed her.

"You persist?" said Jacques Charmolue. "Then I'm extremely sorry, but I must fulfill the duty of my office."

"Monsieur, the king's proctor," said Pierrat gruffly, "what shall we begin with?"

Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the ambiguous grimace of a poet seeking rhyme.

"With the bootekins," said he at last.

The unhappy creature felt herself so completely abandoned of God and man, that her head fell on her chest like a thing inert, which has no power within itself.

The torturer and the physician approached her both at once. The two assistants began rummaging in their hideous armory.

At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl started convulsively. "Oh," murmured she, so low that no one heard her, "Oh, my Phœbus!" She then sank again into her previous insensibility and petrified silence. This spectacle would have torn any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the crimson wicket of hell. The miserable body about which was to cling that frightful swarm of saws, wheels, and wedges, the being about to be handled so roughly by those grim executioners and torturing pincers, was, then, that soft, fair, and fragile creature; a poor grain of millet, which human justice was sending to the ground by the horrid millstones of torture.

Meanwhile the callous hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistants had brutally stripped that charming leg, that little foot, which had so often astonished the passers-by with their grace and beauty, in the streets of Paris.

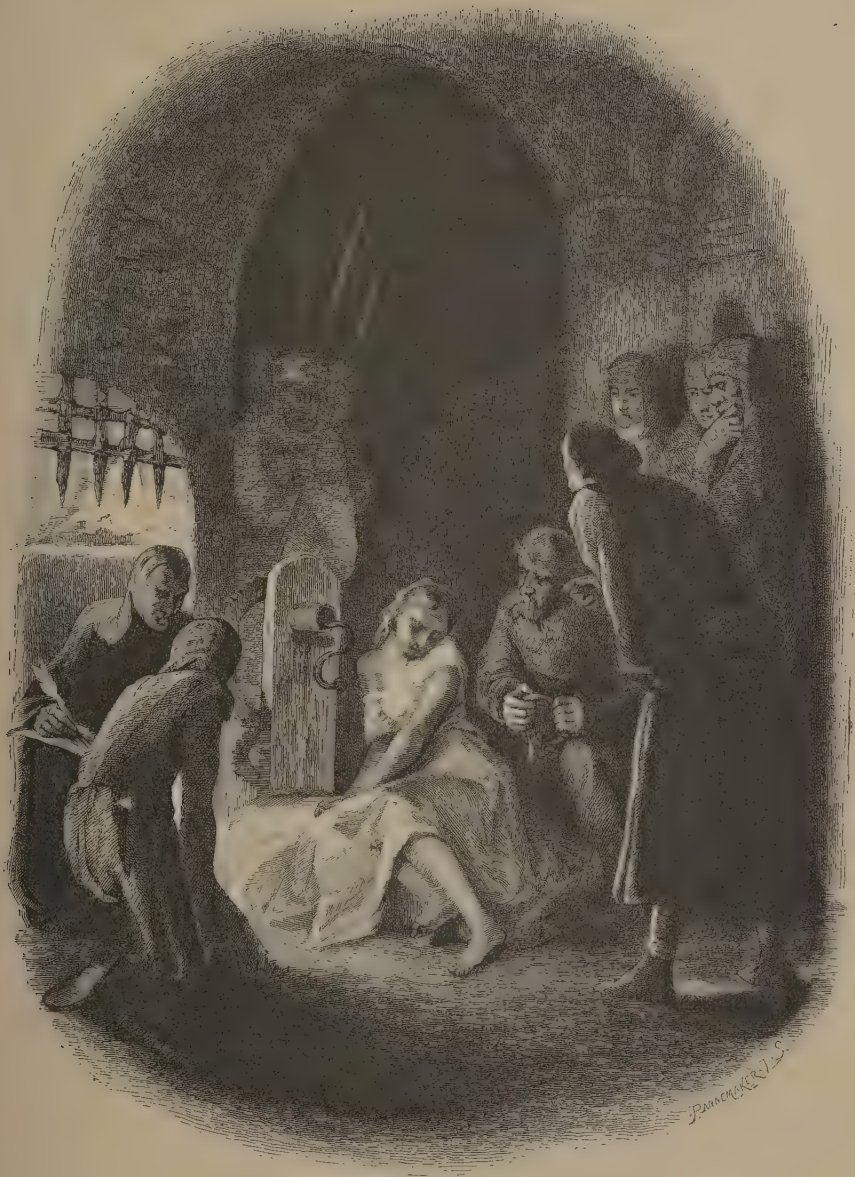
"It's a pity," growled out the torturer as he remarked the grace and delicacy of their form.

If the archdeacon had been present, he certainly would have remembered at that moment his symbol of the spider and the fly. Soon the unhappy girl saw approaching through the mist which was spreading over her eyes, the bootekin; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear under the terrific apparatus. Then terror restored her strength.

"Take that off," cried she, angrily, starting up all disheveled; "mercy!"

She sprang from the bed to throw herself at the feet of the king's proctor; but her leg was caught in the heavy block of oak and iron-work, and she sank upon the bootekin more shattered than a bee with a heavy weight upon its wing.

At a sign from Charmolue they replaced her on the bed, and two



ESMERALDA PUT TO THE TORTURE.

coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern strap which hung from the ceiling.

"For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?" asked Charmolue, with his imperturbable benignity.

"I am innocent," was the answer.

"Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances brought against you?"

"Alas, monseigneur, I don't know."

"You deny, then?"

"All!"

"Proceed," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

Pierrat turned the screw; the brodequin tightened; and the wretched girl uttered one of those terrible cries which are without orthography in any human tongue.

"Stop," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

"Do you confess?" said he to the gypsy girl.

"Everything!" cried the wretched girl. "I confess! I confess! Mercy!"

She had not calculated her strength in braving the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet, the first pang of acute pain had overcome her.

"Humanity obliges me to tell you," observed the king's proctor, "that, in confessing, you have only to look for death."

"I hope so," said she. And she fell back on the bed of leather, dying, bent double, letting herself hang by the strap buckled round her waist.

"Come, come, my darling, hold up a bit," said Master Pierrat, raising her. "You look like the gold sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck."

Jacques Charmolue raised his voice:

"Clerk, write down. Young Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-feasts, sabbaths, and sorceries of hell, with wicked spirits, witches, and hobgoblins?—Answer."

"Yes," said she, so low that the word was lost in a whisper.

"You confess having seen the ram which Beelzebub causes to appear in the clouds to assemble the sabbath and which is only seen by sorcerers?"

"Yes."

"You confess having adored the heads of Bohomet, those abominable idols of the Templars?"

"Yes."

"Having held habitual intercourse with the devil, under the form of a familiar she-goat, included in the prosecution?"

"Yes."

"Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon, and the phantom commonly called the spectre monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus Chateaupers?"

She raised her large fixed eyes toward the magistrate; and answered, as if mechanically, without effort or emotion:

"Yes!"

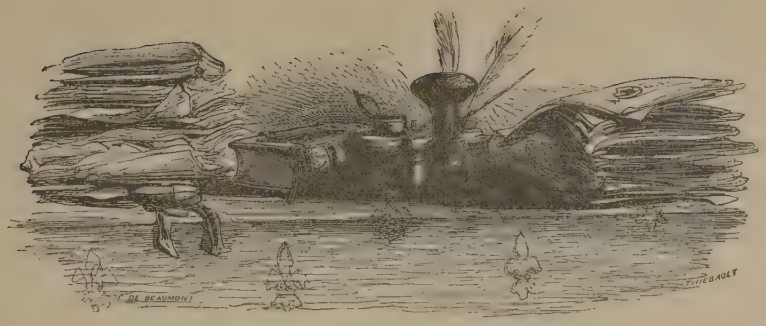
It was evident her whole being was shaken.

"Write down, clerk," said Charmolue. And addressing himself to the torturers: "Let the prisoner be unbound and taken back into court."

When the prisoner was washed, the proctor of the ecclesiastical court examined her foot, still paralyzed with pain. "Come," said he, "there's not much harm done. You cried out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!"

He then turned toward his acolytes of the officiality:

"At length justice is enlightened! that's a relief, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony, that we have acted with all possible gentleness."



CHAPTER III

THE SENTENCE

WHEN, pale and limping, she re-entered the court, a general hum of pleasure greeted her. On the part of the audience, it was that feeling of satisfied impatience which is experienced at the theatre, at the expiration of the interval between the last two acts of a play, when the curtain is raised, and the end is about to begin. On the part of the judges, it was the hope of soon getting their supper. The little goat, too, bleated with joy. She would have run to her mistress, but they had tied her to the bench.

Night had quite set in. The candles, whose number had not been increased, gave so little light, that the walls of the spacious room could not be seen. Darkness enveloped every object in a sort of mist. A few apathetic judges' faces were just visible. Opposite to them, at the extremity of the long apartment, they could distinguish an ill-defined white point standing out amid the gloomy background. It was the prisoner.

She had crawled to her place. When Charmolue had magisterially installed himself in his, he sat down; then rose and said, without exhibiting too much of the self-complacency of success, "The accused has confessed all."

"Bohemian girl," continued the president, "you have confessed all your acts of sorcery, prostitution, and assassination upon Phœbus de Chateaupers?"

Her heart was full. She was heard sobbing amid the gloom.

"Whatever you will," answered she feebly; "but make an end of me quickly."

"Monsieur, the king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court," said the president, "the chamber is ready to hear your requisitions."

Master Charmolue exhibited a frightful scroll; and began to read

over, with much gesticulation and the exaggerated emphasis of the bar, a Latin oration, in which all the evidence of the trial was drawn out in Ciceronian periphrases, flanked by quotations from Plautus, his favorite comic author. We regret that it is not in our power to present our readers with this extraordinary piece of eloquence. The orator delivered it with marvelous action. He had not concluded the exordium before the perspiration began to start from his forehead, and his eyes from his head.

All at once, in the middle of a finely turned period, he broke off, and his countenance, which was generally mild enough, and, indeed, stupid enough, became terrible.

"Gentlemen," cried he (this time in French, for it was not in the brief), "Satan is so mixed up in this affair that, behold! he is present at our councils, and makes a mock of their majesty. Behold him!"

So saying, he pointed to the little goat, which seeing Charmolue gesticulating, thought it quite proper she should do the same, and had seated herself on her haunches, mimicking as well as she could, with her fore feet and shaggy head, the pathetic action of the king's proctor in the ecclesiastical court. It was, if we remember right, one of her prettiest talents. This incident, this last *proof*, produced a great effect. They tied the goat's feet; and the king's proctor resumed the thread of his eloquence.

It was a long thread, indeed; but the peroration was admirable. The last sentence ran thus—we leave the reader's imagination to combine with it the hoarse voice and broken-winded gestures of Master Charmolue:

"*Ideò, Domni, coram stryga demonstrata, crimine patente, intentione criminis existente, in nomine sanctæ ecclesiæ Nostræ-Dominæ Parisiensis quæ est in saisina habendi omnimodam altam et bassam justitiam in illa hac intemerata Civitatis insula, tenore præsentium declaramus nos requirere, primo, aliquamdam pecuniariam indemnitatem; secundo, amendationem honorabilem ante portalium maximum Nostræ-Dominæ, ecclesiæ cathedralis; tertio, sententiam in virtute cujus ista stryga cum sua capella, seu in trivio vulgariter dicto* la Grève, *seu in insula exeunte in fluvio Secanæ, juxta pointam jardini regalis, executatæ sint!*"*

* "Therefore, m'luds, the witch being convicted, and the crime manifest, and the criminal intention existing—in the name of the holy church of Our Lady of Paris, which is seized of the right of all manner of justice, high and low, within this inviolate island of the City—we declare, by the tenor of these presents, that we require, firstly, some pecuniary compensation; secondly, penance before the great portal of the cathedral church of Our Lady; thirdly, a sentence, by virtue of which this witch, together with her she-goat, shall, either in the public square, commonly called La Grève, or in the island standing forth in the river Seine, adjacent to the point of the royal gardens, be executed."

He put on his cap again, and re-seated himself.

"*Eheu!*" muttered Gringoire, quite overwhelmed; "*bassa latinitas!*"

Another man in a black gown then rose near the prisoner; it was her advocate. The fasting judges began to murmur.

"Advocate, be brief," said the president.

"Monsieur the president," answered the advocate, "since the defendant has confessed the crime, I have only one word to say to these gentlemen. I hold in my hand a passage of the Salic law: 'If a witch has eaten a man, and is convicted of it, she shall pay a fine of eight thousand deniers, which make two hundred sous of gold.' Let the chamber condemn my client to the fine."

"An abrogated clause," said the king's advocate extraordinary.

"*Nego*," replied the prisoner's advocate.

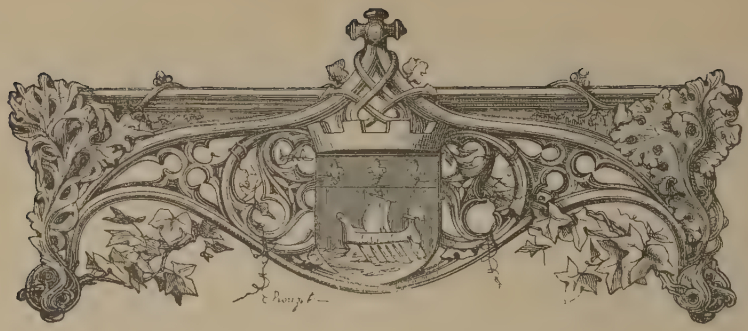
"Take the votes," said a councilor; "the crime is manifest; and it is late."

The votes were taken without going out of court. The judges *voted by caps;* they were in haste. Their hooded heads were seen uncovering one after another in the shade, at the lugubrious question addressed to them in a low voice by the president. The poor prisoner seemed to be looking at them, but her bewildered eye no longer saw anything.

Then the clerk began to write; then he handed to the president a long scroll of parchment. Then the unhappy girl heard the people stirring, the pikes clashing, and a freezing voice saying:

"Bohemian girl, on such day as it shall please our lord the king, at the hour of noon, you shall be taken in a tumbrel, in your shift, barefooted, with a rope round your neck, before the great portal of Notre-Dame; and there you shall do penance with a wax torch of two pounds weight in your hand; and from thence you shall be taken to the Place de Grève, where you shall be hanged and strangled on the town gibbet, and your goat likewise; and shall pay to the official three lions of gold, in reparation of the crimes by you committed and confessed, of sorcery, magic, lasciviousness, and murder, upon the person of the sieur Phœbus de Chateaupers. So God have mercy on your soul!"

"Oh! it's a dream!" murmured she; and she felt rude hands bearing her away.

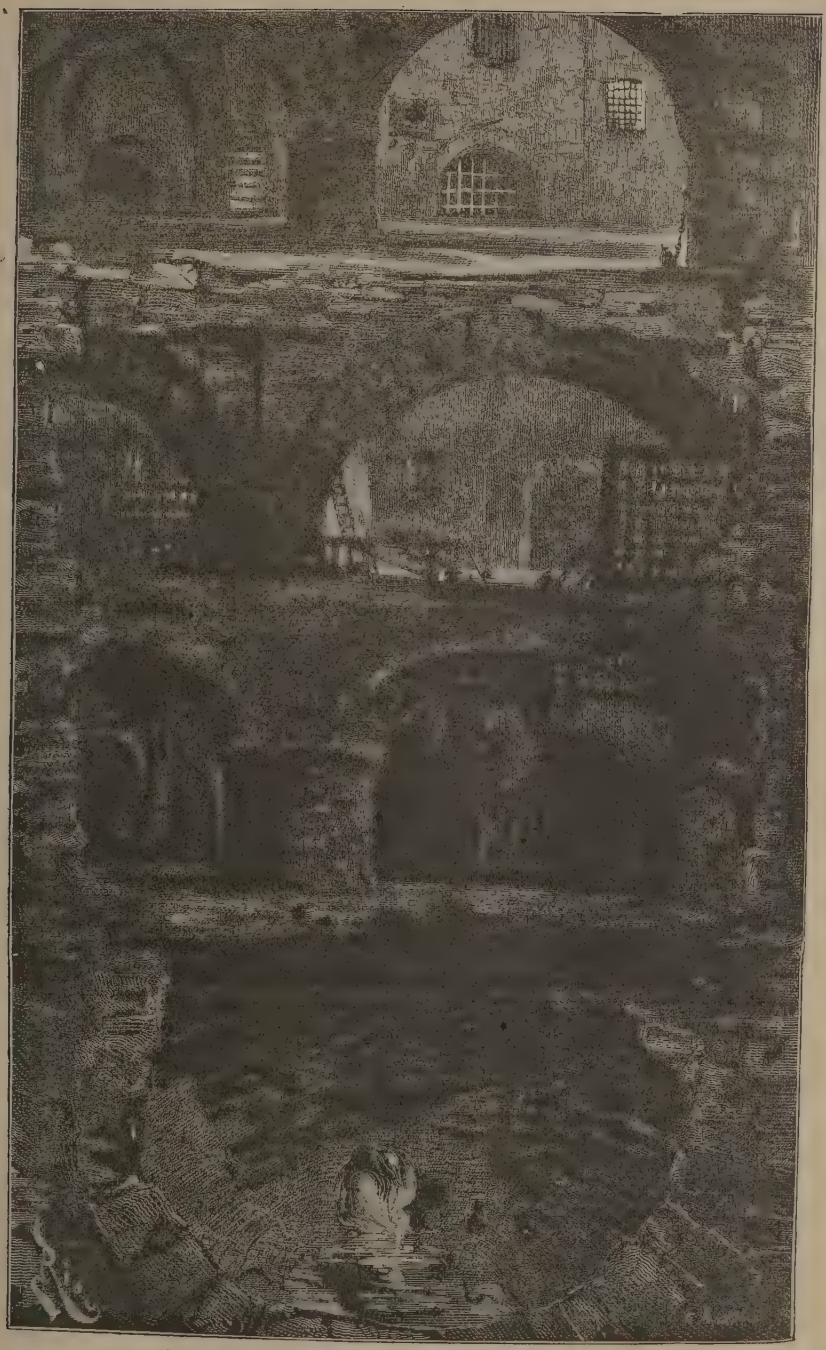


CHAPTER IV

LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA

IN the Middle Ages, when an edifice was complete, there was almost as much of it within the ground as above it. Except, indeed, it was built upon piles, like Notre-Dame, a palace, a fortress, or a church had always a double bottom. In the cathedrals it was, as it were, another cathedral, subterraneous, low, dark, mysterious, blind, and dumb, under the aisles of the building above, all flooded with light and resounding night and day with the music of bells and organs. Sometimes it was a sepulchre. In the palaces and the bastiles it was a prison, sometimes a sepulchre too, and sometimes it was both together. Those mighty masses of masonry of which we have explained elsewhere the mode of formation and vegetation, had not foundations merely; they might be said to have roots, branching out under ground in chambers, galleries, and staircases, like the structure above. Thus all of them, churches, palaces, and bastiles, stood half within the earth. The subterraneous vaults of an edifice formed another edifice, in which you descended instead of ascending, and the underground stories of which extended downward beneath the pile of external stories of the structure, like those inverted forests and mountains which are seen in the liquid mirror of a lake, underneath the forests and mountains on its borders.

At the Bastile St. Antoine, at the Palais de Justice of Paris, and at the Louvre, these subterraneous edifices were prisons. The stories of these prisons, as they went deeper into the ground, grew narrower and darker. They formed so many zones, presenting, as by a graduated scale, deeper and deeper shades of horror. Dante could find nothing better for the construction of his hell. These dungeon funnels usually terminated in a low hollow, shaped like the bottom of a tub, in which



FOUR STORIES UNDERGROUND.

Dante has placed his Satan, and in which society placed the criminal condemned to death. When once a miserable human existence was there interred—then farewell light, air, life, *ogni speranza;* it never went out again but to the gibbet or the stake. Sometimes it rotted there, and human justice called that *forgetting.* Between mankind and himself the condemned felt weighing upon his head an accumulation of stones and jailers; and the whole prison together, the massive bastile, was now but one enormous complicated lock that barred him out of the living world.

It was in one of these low damp holes, in the oubliettes excavated by St. Louis in the *in pace* of the Tournelle, that, for fear of her escaping, no doubt, they had deposited Esmeralda condemned to the gibbet, with the colossal Palais de Justice over her head, a poor fly that could not have stirred the smallest of its stones.

Assuredly, Providence and society had been alike unjust; such a profusion of misfortune and of torture was not necessary to shatter so fragile a creature.

She was there, lost in darkness, buried, walled up. Any one that could have seen her in that state, after having seen her laughing and dancing in the sunshine, would have shuddered. Chill as night, chill as death, no longer a breath of air in her locks, no longer a human voice in her ear, no longer a glimpse of daylight in her eyes, broken in two, as it were, crushed with chains, bent double beside a pitcher and a loaf of bread upon a little straw in the pool of water that formed itself under her from the oozings of the dungeon, without motion, almost without breath, she was now scarcely sensible even to suffering. Phœbus, the sunshine, noonday, the open air, the streets of Paris, her dancing amid the applauses of the spectators, her soft prattlings of love with the officer, and then the priest, the old woman, the poniard, blood, the torture, the gibbet; all that was indeed still floating in her mind, now as a harmonious and golden vision, now as a frightful nightmare; but her apprehension of it all was but that of a vaguely horrible struggle involved in darkness, or of a distant music that was still playing above ground, but was no longer audible at the depth to which the unfortunate girl had fallen.

Since she had been there she neither waked nor slept; in that misery, in that dungeon, she could no more distinguish waking from sleeping, dreams from reality, than she could the day from the night. All was mingled, broken, floating, confusedly scattered in her thoughts. She no longer felt, no longer knew, no longer thought—at most she only dreamed. Never had living creature been plunged more deeply into annihilation.

Thus benumbed, frozen, petrified, scarcely had she remarked, at two or three different times, the noise of a trap-door which had opened somewhere above her, without even admitting a ray of light, and through which the hand of some one had thrown her a crust of black bread. Yet this was her only remaining communication with mankind—the periodical visit of the jailer.

One thing alone still mechanically occupied her ear; over her head the damp filtered through the mouldy stones of the vault, and at regular intervals, drop after drop, thus collected, fell into the pool of water beside her, with a plashing to which in her stupor she involuntarily listened.

The drop of water falling into that pool was the only movement still perceptible about her, her only clock to mark the time, the only noise that reached her of all the noise that is made upon the earth.

To tell all, however, she also felt, from time to time, in that sink of mire and darkness, something cold passing here and there over her foot or her arm, and making her shiver.

How long had she been there? She knew not. She had some recollection of a sentence of death pronounced somewhere upon some one, that then they had carried herself away, and that she had awoke in darkness and silence, frozen. She had crawled along upon her hands, then she had felt iron rings cutting her ankles, and chains had clanked. She had discovered that all around her was wall, that underneath her were flag-stones covered with wet, and a bundle of straw, but there was neither lamp nor ventilator. Then she had seated herself upon that straw, and sometimes, for a change of posture, upon the lowest step of a stone flight which there was in her dungeon.

At one moment she had endeavored to count the dark minutes which the drops of water measured to her ear, but soon that mournful employment of her sick brain had broken itself off, and left her in stupor again.

At length, one day, or one night (for midnight and noon had the same hue in this sepulchre), she heard above her a louder noise than that which the turnkey generally made when he brought her her loaf of bread and pitcher of water. She raised her head, and saw a reddish light through the crevices of the sort of trap-door made in the vault of the *in pace*.

At the same time the heavy iron creaked, the trap-door grated on its rusty hinges, turned back, and she saw a lantern, a hand, and the lower part of the bodies of two men, the door being too low for her to see the upper. The light affected her eyes so sensibly that she closed them.

When she reopened them the door was closed, the lantern was placed on a step of the staircase; a man alone was standing before her. A cloak fell to his feet, a hood of the same color concealed his face. Nothing was seen of his person, neither his face nor his hands. It was a long black winding-sheet standing on end, and under which something was perceived to move. She looked steadily for some minutes at this sort of spectre. Meanwhile neither of them spoke. They were like two statues confronting each other. Two things alone seemed to have life in the vault: the wick of the lantern, which crackled owing to the humidity of the atmosphere, and the drop of water from the roof, which broke this irregular crepitation by its monotonous plash, and made the reflection of the lantern tremble in concentric circles upon the oily water of the pool.

At length the prisoner broke silence.

"Who are you?"

"A priest."

The word, the accent, the sound of the voice made her start.

The priest continued in a hollow tone:

"Are you prepared?"

"For what?"

"For death."

"Oh!" said she; "will it be soon?"

"To-morrow."

Her head, which she had raised joyfully, fell back again upon her bosom.

"That's very long!" murmured she; "what could it signify to them if it had been to-day?"

"You are very wretched, then?" asked the priest after a short silence.

"I'm very cold," answered she.

She took her feet between her hands, an habitual gesture with poor creatures extremely cold, and which we have already remarked in the recluse of the Tour-Roland, and her teeth chattered.

The priest's eyes appeared to be wandering from under his hood around the dungeon.

"Without light! without fire! in the water! 'Tis horrible!"

"Yes," answered she with the bewildered air which misery had given her. "The day is for every one. Why do they give me nothing but night?"

"Do you know," resumed the priest, after another silence, "why you are here?"

"I think I knew it once," said she, passing her thin fingers

across her brow, as if to assist her memory, "but I don't know now."

All at once she began to weep like a child.

"I want to go away from here, monsieur. I'm cold, I'm afraid, and there are creatures crawling over me."

"Well, then, follow me."

So saying, the priest took her arm. The poor girl was frozen to her very vitals, and yet that hand felt cold to her.

"Oh!" murmured she, "it's the icy hand of death. Who are you?"

The priest raised his hood, she looked, it was that ominous visage which had so long pursued her—that demon's head which had appeared to her at La Falourdel's over the adored head of her Phœbus—that eye which she had the last time seen glaring by the side of a poniard.

This apparition, ever so fatal to her, and which had thus pushed her on from misfortune to misfortune, even to an ignominious death, roused her from her stupor. It seemed to her as if the sort of veil which had woven itself upon her memory, was rent away. All the details of her dismal adventure, from the nocturnal scene at La Falourdel's to her condemnation at the Tournelle, were at once brought back to her mind, not vague and confused as hitherto, but distinct, decided, breathing, terrible. These recollections, almost obliterated by excess of suffering, were revived at the sight of the gloomy figure before her, as the approach of fire brings out afresh upon the white paper the invisible letters traced on it with sympathetic ink. It seemed as if all the wounds of her heart were at once reopened and bleeding.

"Ha!" cried she, her hands before her eyes, and with a convulsive shiver, "it's the priest!"

She then let fall her unnerved arms, and remained sitting, her head cast down, her eyes fixed on the ground, speechless, and continuing to tremble.

The priest looked at her with the eye of a kite which has been long hovering from the upmost heaven around a poor lark cowering in the corn, and has been gradually and silently contracting the formidable circles of its flight, until it suddenly darts down like lightning upon its prey, and holds it panting between its talons.

She began to murmur in a low tone:

"Finish! finish! the last blow!" And her head sank between her shoulders, like a sheep awaiting the stroke of the butcher.

"You have a horror of me, then," said he at length.

She did not answer.

"Have you a horror of me?" repeated he.

Her lips contracted as if she was smiling.

"Yes," said she; "the executioner taunts the condemned! For months he pursues me, threatens me, terrifies me. But for him, my God, how happy I was! It is he that has cast me into this abyss! Oh, heavens! it is he that killed, it is he that killed him, my Phœbus!"

Here, bursting into sobs, and raising her eyes toward the priest:

"Oh! wretch! who are you? what have I done to you? do you hate me so, then? Alas! what have you against me?"

"I love thee!" cried the priest.

Her tears suddenly ceased; she looked at him with an idiotic air. He had fallen on his knees, and was looking her through with eyes of fire.

"Dost thou hear? I love thee!" cried he again.

"What love?" said the wretched girl, shuddering.

He continued:

"The love of the damned!"

Both remained for some minutes silent, crushed under the weight of their emotions; he maddened; she stupefied.

"Listen," said the priest at length; and a strange calm came over him: "thou shalt know all. I am about to tell thee what hitherto I have scarcely dared tell myself, when secretly I have interrogated my conscience, in those deep hours of the night when it has been so dark that it seemed as if God could no longer see me. Listen, before I met thee, young girl, I was happy——"

"And I too!" sighed she feebly.

"Interrupt me not! Yes, I was happy; at least I thought myself so. I was pure—my soul was filled with limpid light. No head ever rose more lofty or more radiant than mine. Priests consulted me upon chastity, doctors upon doctrine. Yes, science was everything to me; it was a sister; and a sister sufficed me. Not but that, with age, other ideas came across my mind. More than once my blood was roused by the passing of a female form. That force of sex and blood which, foolish youth, I had thought stifled forever, had more than once shaken convulsively the chain of the iron vows which bind me, miserable wretch, to the cold stones of the altar. But fasting, prayer, study, the macerations of the cloister had again restored the soul's empire over the body. And then I avoided women. Besides, I had only to open a book, for all the impure vapors of the brain to evaporate before the splendor of science. In a few minutes, I saw flee before me the gross things of earth; and again I became tranquil, beguiled, and serene before the calm radiance of eternal truth. So long as the Demon only sent to encounter me vague shadows of women, passing here and there before my eyes, in the church, in the streets, in the fields, and which

were scarcely retraced in my dreams, I vanquished him easily. Alas! if victory stayed not with me, the fault is in God, who made not man and the Demon of equal strength. Listen, one day——"

Here the priest stopped; and the prisoner heard issuing from his bosom sighs which seemed to rend him.

He resumed:

"One day, I was leaning against the window of my cell. What book was I reading then? Oh! all that's confusion in my head. I was reading. The window overlooked a square. I heard the sound of a tambourine and music. Angry at being thus disturbed in my reverie, I look into the square. What I saw, others saw too, and yet it was not a spectacle for human eyes. There, in the midd'e of the pavement—it was noon—a burning sun—a creature was dancing. A creature so beautiful, that God would have preferred her to the Virgin, would have chosen her for His mother, would have been born of her, if she had existed when He became man! Her eyes were black and splendid; amidst her raven locks, a few single hairs, through which the sunbeams shone, were glistening like threads of gold. Her feet were lost in their movements like the spokes of a wheel turning rapidly. Around her head, amongst her ebon tresses, were plates of metal, which sparkled in the sun, and formed about her temples a diadem of stars. Her dress, thick-set with spangles, twinkled, all blue and studded with sparkles, like a summer's night. Her brown and pliant arms twined and untwined themselves about her figure like two silken scarfs. Her form was effulgent with beauty. Oh! the resplendent figure, which stood out like something luminous even in the sunlight itself!—Alas! young girl, it was thou!—Surprised, intoxicated, enchanted, I suffered myself to look. I looked at thee so long, that all at once I shuddered with affright. I felt that fate was laying hold on me."

The priest, overcome, again ceased a moment; then commenced:

"Already half fascinated, I strove to cling to something that might break my fall. I recalled to mind the snares which Satan had already laid before me. The creature before me was of that preternatural beauty which can only be of heaven or hell. That was no mere girl made of a little of our clay, and feebly lighted within by the vacillating ray of a woman's soul. It was an angel, but of darkness, of flame, not of light.

"At the moment when thinking thus, I saw near thee a goat, a beast of the sabbath, which looked at me laughingly. The mid-day sun gilded its horns with fire. Then I caught a glimpse of the Demon's snare, and I no longer doubted that thou camest from hell, and that thou camest for my perdition. I believed so."

Here the priest looked in the face of the prisoner, and added coolly:

"I believe so still.—Meanwhile, the charm operated by degrees; thy dancing whirled in my brain; I felt the mysterious spell at work within me. All that should have kept awake fell asleep in my soul; and, like those who die in the snow, I found pleasure in yielding to that slumber. All at once thou didst begin to sing. What could I do, wretch that I was? Thy song was still more bewitching than thy dance. I would have fled, I felt it impossible. I was nailed, rooted to the ground. It seemed as if the marble flags had risen to my knees. I was obliged to stay to the end. My feet were ice, my brain was boiling. At length thou didst, perhaps, take pity on me; thou didst cease to sing; thou didst disappear. The reflection of the dazzling vision, the reverberation of the enchanting music vanished by degrees from my eyes and ears. Then I fell into the corner of the window, more stiff and helpless than a loosened statue. The vesper bell awoke me. I rose, I fled; but, alas! there was something within me fallen to rise no more, something come upon me from which I could not flee!"

He made another pause, and resumed:

"Yes; from that day forward, there was within me a man I knew not. I had recourse to all my remedies—the cloister, the altar, labor, books. Folly! Oh! how hollow does science sound when a head full of passions in despair strikes against it! Knowest thou, young girl, what I ever after saw between the book and me? It was thyself, thy shade, the image of the luminous apparition which had one day crossed the space before me. But that image no longer wore the same hue; it was gloomy, funereal, darksome; like the black circle that long hangs about the vision of the imprudent one who has been gazing steadfastly at the sun.

"Unable to get rid of it, constantly hearing thy voice warbling in my ears, constantly seeing thy feet dancing on my breviary, constantly feeling at night, in my dreams, thy form in contact with my own, I wished to see thee again, to touch thee, to know who thou wert, to see whether I should find thee indeed equal to the ideal image that had remained of thee, to dispel, perhaps, my dream with the reality. At all events I hoped a fresh impression would efface the former one, and the former was become insupportable. I sought thee. I saw thee again. Misery! When I had seen thee twice, I wished to see thee a thousand times, I wished to see thee always! Then, how to stop short on that hellish declivity? Then I was no longer my own. The other end of the thread which the Demon had tied about my pinions was fastened to his foot. I became vagrant and wandering like thyself, I waited for thee under porches, I spied thee out at the corners of streets, I watched

thee from the top of my tower. Each evening, I re-entered within myself more charmed, more desperate, more fascinated, more undone!

"I had learned who thou wast, a gypsy, a Bohemian, a gitana, a zingara. How could I doubt of the magic? Listen. I hoped that a prosecution would rid me of the charm. A sorceress had bewitched Bruno of Asti; he had her burned, and was cured. I knew it. I wished to try the remedy. I first endeavored to get thee prohibited the Parvis Notre-Dame, hoping to forget thee if thou camest no more. Thou heededst it not. Thou camest again. Then arose the idea of carrying thee off. One night I attempted it. There were two of us. Already we had laid hold on thee, when that wretched officer came upon us. He delivered thee. Thus was he the beginning of thy misfortunes, of mine, and of his own. At length, not knowing what to do, or what was to become of me, I denounced thee to the official.

"I thought I should be cured like Bruno of Asti. I thought, also, confusedly, that a prosecution would place thee at my disposal, that in a prison I should hold thee, I should have thee, that there thou couldst not escape me, that thou hadst possessed me long enough for me to possess thee in my turn. When one does evil, one should do it thoroughly. 'Tis madness to stop midway in the monstrous! The extremity of crime has its delirium of joy. A priest and a witch may mingle in ecstasies upon the straw of a dungeon floor!

"So I denounced thee. 'Twas then that I used to terrify thee whenever I met thee. The plot which I was weaving against thee, the storm which I was brewing over thy head, burst from me in muttered threats and lightning glances. Still, however, I hesitated. My project had its appalling points of view, which made me shrink back.

"Perhaps might I have renounced it, perhaps might my hideous thought have withered in my brain without bearing any fruit. I thought it would always depend upon myself either to follow up or set aside this prosecution. But every evil thought is inexorable, and will become an act; and there, where I thought myself all-powerful, fate was more powerful than I. Alas! alas! 'tis fate has laid hold on thee, and cast thee amid the terrible machinery of the engine I had darkly constructed! Listen—I have almost done.

"One day—it was another day of sunshine—I see pass before me a man who pronounces thy name and laughs; he carries profligacy in his eyes. Damnation! I followed. Thou knowest the rest."

He was silent.

The young girl could only find one word to utter—"Oh, my Phœbus!"

"No more of that name!" said the priest, seizing her arm with

THE PRISONER AND THE PRIEST.

violence. "Pronounce not that name! Oh! wretched that we are, 'tis that name that has undone us! or rather we have undone one another, all through the inexplicable play of fate! Thou art suffering, art thou not? thou art cold; darkness blinds thee; the dungeon wraps thee round; but perhaps hast thou still some light yet shining within thee—were it only thy childish love for that empty being that was trifling with thy heart? while I—I bear the dungeon within me; within me is the winter, the ice, the despair; I have night in my soul.

"Knowest thou all that I have suffered? I was present at thy trial. I was seated on the bench of the official. Yes—under one of those priestly hoods were the contortions of a damned spirit. When thou wast brought in, I was there; when thou wast interrogated, I was there. The den of wolves! 'Twas my own crime, 'twas my own gibbet I saw them slowly constructing over thy head! At each deposition, at each proof, at each pleading, I was there; I could count each one of thy steps in the way of sorrow; I was there, too, when that wild beast . . . . . Oh! I had not foreseen the torture!—Listen. I followed thee into the chamber of anguish. I saw thee undressed and half naked under the vile hands of the torturer. I saw thy foot—that foot, to have imprinted a kiss on which and to have died, I would have given an empire—that foot, to have had my head crushed under which I should have felt so much ecstasy—that foot I saw put into the horrible bootekin which makes the limb of a living being all one bloody clod! Oh! miserable wretch! while I was looking on, with a poniard I had under my gown I was lacerating my breast. At the cry thou utteredst, I plunged it in my flesh; at a second cry it would have entered my heart. Look—I think the wound is bleeding still."

He opened his cassock. His chest was indeed torn as if by a tiger's claws; and in his side was a large ill-closed wound.

The prisoner shrank back with horror.

"Oh!" said the priest, "young girl, take pity on me! Thou thinkest thyself miserable. Alas! alas! thou knowest not what misery is. Oh! to love a woman, to be a priest, to be hated, to love with all the powers of one's soul, to feel that one would give for the least of her smiles one's blood, one's vitals, one's fame, one's salvation, immortality, and eternity, this life and that which is to come; to regret one is not a king, a genius, an emperor, an archangel, God, that one might place a greater slave under her feet; to clasp her day and night in one's dreams, in one's thoughts; and to see her in love with the trappings of a soldier, and have nothing to offer her but a priest's poor cassock, at which she will feel fear and disgust! To be present with one's jealousy and one's rage, while she lavishes on a wretched imbecile braggart those treasures

of love and beauty! To behold that form which maddens you, that voluptuous bosom, that flesh panting and blushing under the kisses of another! Oh! heavens! to love her foot, her arm, her shoulder, to think of her blue veins, of her brown skin, till one writhes for nights together on the pavement of one's cell; and to see all those caresses one has dreamed of end in her torture! to have succeeded only in laying her on the bed of leather! Oh, these are the true pincers heated at the fires of hell! Oh! blessed is he that is sawn asunder between two boards, or torn to pieces by four horses! Knowest thou what that torture is, endured through long nights, from boiling arteries, a breaking heart, a bursting head, and teeth-gnawed hands; fell tormentors which are unceasingly turning you, as on a burning gridiron, on a thought of love, jealously, and despair! Young girl, mercy! A truce for a moment! A few ashes on this living coal! Wipe away, I conjure thee, the perspiration that streams in large drops from my brow! Child! torture me with one hand; but caress me with the other! Have pity, young girl! have pity on me."

The priest rolled himself on the wet floor and beat his head against the angles of the stone steps. The young girl listened to him, looked at him.

When he ceased, exhausted and panting, she repeated in an undertone:

"Oh, my Phœbus!"

The priest crept toward her on his knees.

"I implore thee," cried he, "if thou hast any bowels of compassion, repulse me not! Oh! I love thee! I am a wretch! When thou utterest that name, unhappy girl, it is as if thou wert grinding between thy teeth every fibre of my heart! Mercy! If thou comest from hell, I go thither with thee. I have done enough for that. The hell where thou art, shall be my paradise, the sight of thee is more to be desired than that of God. Oh! say! wilt thou none of me, then? I should have thought the very mountains would have been removed before a woman would have repulsed such a love. Oh! if thou wouldst! Oh! how happy could we be! We would fly—I would contrive thy escape—we would go somewhere—we would seek that spot on the earth where the sun is the brightest, the trees most luxuriant, the sky the bluest. We would love each other, our two souls should be poured out into each other, and each of us should have an inextinguishable thirst for the other which we would quench incessantly and in common at that fountain of inexhaustible love!"

She interrupted him with a horrible and thrilling laugh.

"Look, father! you have blood upon your fingers!"

The priest remained for some moments as if petrified, his eyes fixed on his hand.

"Yes—'tis well," continued he at length with singular calmness; "insult me, taunt me, overwhelm me with scorn! but come, come away. Let us hasten. 'Tis to be to-morrow, I tell thee. The gibbet of the

Grève, thou knowest? It still awaits thee. 'Tis horrible, to see thee carried in that cart! Oh! mercy! Never did I feel as now how much I love thee. Oh! follow me. Thou shalt take time to love me after I have saved thee. Thou shalt hate me as long as thou wilt. But come. To-morrow! to-morrow! the gibbet! thy execution! Oh! save thyself! spare me!"

He took her arm, he was wild, he offered to drag her away.

She fixed on him a steady gaze.

"What has become of Phœbus?"

"Ah!" said the priest, letting go her arm, "you have no pity!"

"What has become of Phœbus?" repeated she coldly.

"He is dead!" cried the priest.

"Dead!" said she, still frozen and motionless; "then why do you talk to me of living?"

He was not listening to her.

"Oh, yes!" said he, as if speaking to himself, "he must be dead enough. The blade entered deep. I think I reached his heart with the point. Oh! my very soul was in that dagger's point!"

The young girl rushed upon him like a furious tigress, and pushed him against the flight of steps with supernatural strength.

"Begone, monster! begone, murderer! leave me to die! May the blood of both of us be an everlasting stain upon thy forehead! Be thine! priest! Never! never! nothing shall unite us! not hell itself! Begone, accursed! Never!"

The priest had stumbled against the stairs. He silently disengaged his feet from the folds of his gown, took up his lantern, and began slowly to ascend the steps leading to the door; he reopened the door, and went out.

All at once the young girl saw his head reappear; its expression was terrible; and he cried out, hoarse with rage and despair:

"I tell thee, he's dead!"

She fell with her face to the floor; and no other sound was now to be heard in the dungeon, save the trickling of the drop of water which ruffled the surface of the pool in the darkness.

CHAPTER V

THE MOTHER

WE doubt whether there be anything in the world more gladdening to the heart of a mother than the ideas awakened by the sight of her infant's little shoe; above all, when it is the holiday, the Sunday, the christening shoe—the shoe embroidered to the very sole—a shoe in which the child has not yet taken one step. The shoe so tiny, has such a charm in it, 'tis so impossible for it to walk, that it is to the mother as if she saw the child. She smiles at it, she kisses it, she talks to it, she asks herself, can it really be that there's a foot so small? and, should the child be absent, the little shoe suffices to bring back to her view the soft and fragile creature. She thinks she sees it, sees it all, living, joyous, with its delicate hands, its round head, its pure lips, its clear eyes, with their whites so blue. If it be winter, there it is, crawling on the carpet, climbing laboriously up a stool; and the mother trembles lest it should go near the fire. If it be summer, it creeps about the yard, the garden, plucks up the grass from between the stones, gazes with artless wonder, and without fear, at the great dogs, the great horses, plays with the shell-work, the flowers, and makes the gardener scold when he finds the gravel on the beds and the mould in the walks. Everything smiles, everything is bright, everything plays around it, like itself, even to the zephyr and the sunbeam, which sport in rivalry amidst its wanton curls. The shoe brings all this home to the mother; and her heart melts before it as wax before the fire.

But when the child is lost, those thousand images of joy, of delight, of tenderness which swarmed around the little shoe, become so many

sources of horror. The pretty little embroidered shoe is now only an instrument of torture, wearing away incessantly the heart of the mother. It is still the same chord which vibrates, the fibre the most sensitive, the most profound—but instead of its being touched by an angel, it is now wrenched by a demon.

One morning, as the May sun was rising on one of those dark-blue skies in which Garofolo loves to place his Descents from the Cross, the recluse of the Tour-Roland heard a noise of wheels, of horses, and the clanking of irons, in the Place de Grève. She was a little roused by it; fastened her hair over her ears to deaden the sound; and on her knees resumed her contemplation of the inanimate object which she had been thus adoring for fifteen years. That little shoe, we have already said, was to her the universe. Her thoughts were locked up in it, and were never to quit it until death. What bitter imprecations she had breathed to heaven, what heart-rending complaints, what prayers and sobs about this charming, rosy, satin toy, the gloomy cave of the Tour-Roland only knew. Never was more despair lavished upon a thing more charming or more graceful.

That morning, it seemed as if her grief was venting itself still more violently than usual; and she was heard from without, lamenting in a loud and monotonous voice that went to the heart.

"Oh! my child," said she, "my child! my poor dear little babe, I shall see thee then no more! all's over then! It seems to me always as if it was done but yesterday! My God! my God! to take her from me so soon, it would have been better not to have given her to me! You do not know, then, that our children are of our own bowels, and that a mother that has lost her child believes no longer in God?—Ah! wretched that I am, to have gone out that day!—Lord! Lord! to take her from me so, you could never have seen me with her, then, when I warmed her all joyous at my fire, when she laughed at me as I gave her suck, when I made her little feet creep up my bosom to my lips? Oh! if you had but seen that, my God! you would have had pity on my joy, you would not have taken from me the only thing I had left to love! Was I such a wretched creature, then, Lord, that you could not look at me before you condemned me?—Alas! alas! there's the shoe, but the foot, where is it? where is the rest? where is the child? My babe! my babe! what have they done with thee? Lord, give her back to me! For fifteen years have I worn my knees in praying to thee, my God! is that not enough? Give her back to me for one day, one hour, one minute, but one minute, Lord! and then cast me to the evil one forever! Oh! if I knew where lay but the hem of your garment, I would cling to it with both hands, and you would be obliged to give me back

my child! Her pretty little shoe, have you no pity on it, Lord? Can you condemn a poor mother to this fifteen years' torture? Good Virgin! good Virgin of heaven! my own infant Jesus, they have taken it from me, they have stolen it, they have eaten it on the wild heath, they have drunk its blood, they have gnawed its bones! Good Virgin! have pity on me! My girl! I must have my girl! What care I that she's in heaven? I'll none of your angel, I want my child! I am the lioness, I want my whelp!—Oh, I'll writhe upon the ground, I'll dash my forehead against the stones, I'll damn myself, and curse you, Lord, if you keep from me my child! You see how my arms are gnawed all over, Lord! Has the good God no pity?—Oh, give me only black bread and salt, only let me have my child to warm me like a sun! Alas! Lord God, I am only a vile sinner, but my child made me pious. I was full of religion for her sake, and I saw you through her smile as through an opening of heaven.—Oh, let me only once, once again, one little once, put this shoe on her pretty little rosy foot, and I will die, good Virgin, blessing you!—Ah! fifteen years! she would be grown up now!—Unhappy child!—What! is it true, then, I shall never see her more, not even in heaven? for I shall never go there. Oh, what misery! to have to say, 'There is her shoe, and that is all!'"

The wretched woman had thrown herself on this shoe, for so many years her consolation and despair; and her heart was rent with sobs as at the first day—for to a mother that has lost her child, it is always the first day, that grief never grows old. In vain may the mourning garments wear out and lose their dye, the heart remains dark as at first!

At that moment some fresh and joyous children's voices passed before the cell. Whenever any children met her eye or ear, the poor mother used to rush in the darkest corner of her sepulchre, and seemed as if she would plunge her head into the stone that she might not hear them. This time, on the contrary, she started up, and listened eagerly. One of the little boys had just said:

"They're going to hang a gypsy woman to-day."

With a sudden bound, like that of the spider which we have seen rush upon a fly at the shaking of her web, she ran to her loophole, which looked out, as the reader is aware, upon the Place de Grève. There, indeed, was a ladder reared up against the permanent gibbet; and the hangman's assistant was busy adjusting the chains rusted by the rain. Some people were standing around.

The smiling group of children was already far off. The Sachette sought with her eyes some passer-by whom she might interrogate. Close to her cell she caught sight of a priest, who seemed to be reading

in the public breviary, but whose mind was much less occupied with the lattice-guarded volume than with the gibbet, toward which he cast from time to time a stern and gloomy look. She recognized Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas, a holy man.

"Father," asked she, "who's going to be hanged there?"

The priest looked at her without answering; she repeated the question, and then he said:

"I don't know."

"There were some children here just now, that said it was a gypsy woman," continued the recluse.

"I believe it is," said the priest.

Then Paquette la Chantefleurie burst into a hyena laugh.

"Sister," said the archdeacon, "you hate the gypsy woman heartily then?"

"Hate them!" cried the recluse; "they are witches—child-stealers! They devoured my little girl, my child, my only child! I have no heart left, they have devoured it!"

She was frightful. The priest looked at her coldly.

"There's one of them that I hate above all, and that I've cursed," resumed she; "a young one, who's the age my girl would be if her mother had not eaten my girl. Every time that young viper passes before my cell, she makes my blood boil."

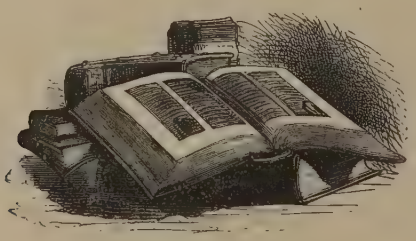
"Well, sister, be joyful now," said the priest, as icy cold as a sepulchral statue; "that's the one you are going to see die."

His head fell upon his breast, and he withdrew slowly.

The recluse writhed her arms with joy.

"I had foretold it to her that she would go up there again. Thank you, priest," cried she.

Then she began to pace with rapid steps before the bars of her window-place, her hair disheveled, her eyes glaring, striking her shoulder against the wall, with the wild air of a caged she-wolf that has long been hungry and feels that the hour of her repast is approaching.



CHAPTER VI

THREE HEARTS OF DIFFERENT KINDS

PHŒBUS, however, was not dead. Men of his description are not easily killed. When Master Philippe Lheulier, the king's advocate extraordinary, had said to the poor Esmeralda, "he's dying," it was by mistake or in jest. When the archdeacon had repeated to the condemned, "he is dead," the fact was that he knew nothing about the matter, but that he believed so, that he calculated it must be so, and fully hoped it was so. He could ill have brooked the giving to the woman he was in love with, any good news of his rival. Any man in his place would have done likewise.

Not, indeed, that Phœbus's wound had not been serious; but it had been less so than the archdeacon flattered himself. The surgeon—the maître-mire, as he was then called—to whose residence the soldiers of the watch had conveyed him in the first instance, had, for a week, been in fear for his life, and had even told him so in Latin. However, the vigor of a youthful constitution had triumphed; and as often happens, notwithstanding prognostics and diagnostics, Nature amused herself with saving the patient, in spite of the physician. It was while he was yet lying upon the sick-bed of the surgeon, that he underwent the first interrogatories of Philippe Lheulier and the official's inquest men, which he had found especially wearisome. And so, one fine morning, feeling himself better, he had left his gold spurs in payment to the man of medicine and taken himself off. This, however, had by no means impeded the framing of the indictment and preparation of the evidence. The justice of that day was very little anxious about clearness and precision in the proceedings against a criminal. Provided only that

the accused got hanged, that was sufficient. And then, the judges had quite proof enough against Esmeralda—they had believed Phœbus to be dead, and that was decisive.

Phœbus himself had fled to no great distance. He had merely, and very naturally, gone to join his company, then on garrison duty at Queue-en-Brie, in the Isle of France, a few stages from Paris.

After all, he felt that it would be by no means agreeable for him to appear personally in that trial. He had a vague impression that he would look rather ridiculous in it. In fact, he did not very well know what to think of the whole affair. Superstitious without devotion, like every soldier who is nothing more than a soldier, when he questioned himself upon the particulars of that adventure, he was not altogether without his suspicions respecting the little goat, the odd circumstances under which he had first met with La Esmeralda, the manner no less strange in which she had seemed to betray to him the secret of her passion, her being a gypsy, and last, but not least, the spectre monk. In all those incidents he thought he could discern much more magic than love, probably a sorceress, perhaps the devil, a sort of drama, in short, or, to speak the language of that day, a mystery, very disagreeable indeed in which he played a very awkward part, that of the personage beaten and laughed at. The captain felt abashed at this; he experienced that species of shame which La Fontaine has so admirably defined:

As ashamed as a fox would be, caught by a hen.

Besides, he hoped that the affair would not be rumored about—that, himself being absent, his name would hardly be pronounced in connection with it, or, at any rate, would not be heard beyond the court-room of the Tournelle. Nor was he mistaken in that respect; there was not then any *Gazette des Tribunaux;* and as hardly a week passed in which there was not some coiner boiled to death, some witch hanged, or some heretic burned, at some one of the innumerable *justices* of Paris, people were so much accustomed to see, at every crossway, the old feudal Themis, with her arms bare and her sleeves turned up, at work at her gibbets, her ladders, and her pillories, that scarcely any notice was taken of the matter. The great world of that age hardly knew the name of the sufferer that passed by at the corner of the street; and, at most, it was only the populace that regaled themselves with that unsavory viand. An execution was one of the incidents habitually met with in the public way, like the brazier of the talmelier, or the slaughter-house of the flayer. The executioner was but a sort of butcher rather more versed in his trade than ordinary.

Phœbus, therefore, very soon set his mind at rest with respect to

PHŒBUS AT THE LOGIS GONDELAURIER.

the enchantress Esmeralda, or Similar, as he called her, the stab which he had received from the gypsy girl, or from the spectre monk (it mattered little to him which), and the issue of the trial. But no sooner was his heart vacant on that side, than the image of Fleur-de-Lys returned to it. The heart of Captain Phœbus, like the natural philosophy of the day, abhorred a vacuum.

Moreover, he found it very dull, staying at Queue-en-Brie, a village of farriers and milk-women with chapped hands; a long string of mean houses and hovels, bordering the highway on both sides for half a league; a tail, in short, as its name imports.

Fleur-de-Lys was his last flame but one, a pretty girl, a charming dowry; and so, one fine morning, being quite cured of his wound, and fairly presuming that after two months had elapsed, the affair of the gypsy girl must be over and forgotten, the amorous cavalier arrived, prancing in full feather, at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier.

He paid no attention to a very numerous crowd that was collecting in the Place du Parvis, before the entrance of Notre-Dame. He recollected that it was the month of May, he supposed that there was some procession, some Whitsuntide or other holiday exhibition, fastened his horse's bridle to the ring at the porch, and gayly ascended the staircase in search of his fair betrothed.

He found her and her mother alone.

Fleur-de-Lys had still weighing upon her heart the scene of the sorceress with her goat and its accursed alphabet, and the lengthened absence of Phœbus. Nevertheless, when she saw her captain enter, she thought he looked so well, and wore so fresh a hoqueton, so shining a baldrick, and so impassioned an air, that she blushed with pleasure. The noble damoiselle herself was more charming than ever. Her magnificent fair locks were braided to perfection; she was clad in all that heavenly blue which so well becomes a fair complexion (a piece of coquetry which she had learned from her acquaintance, Colombe), and her eyes were steeped in that amorous languor which becomes it better still.

Phœbus, who had seen no description of beauty since he quitted the country wenches of Queue-en-Brie, was absolutely intoxicated with the sight of Fleur-de-Lys, which rendered our officer's manner so gallant and assiduous, that his peace was made immediately. Madame de Gondelaurier herself, still maternally seated in her great fauteuil, had not resolution to scold him. As for Fleur-de-Lys's reproaches, they died away in tender cooings.

The young lady was seated near the window, still embroidering her grotto of Neptunus. The captain stood leaning over the back of her chair, while she murmured to him her gentle upbraidings.

"Wherever have you been for full two months past, you wicked man?"

"I swear," answered Phœbus, a little embarrassed by the question, "that you are beautiful enough to make an archbishop dream."

She could not help smiling.

"Very good, very good, monsieur. But leave my beauty alone, and answer me. Fine beauty, to be sure!"

"Well, my dear cousin—I was recalled to keep garrison."

"And where was that, if you please? and why did you not come and bid me adieu?"

"It was Queue-en-Brie."

Phœbus was delighted that the first question had helped him to elude the second.

"But that's quite near, monsieur. How happened it that you did not come once to see me?"

Here Phœbus was very seriously perplexed.

"Because—the service—and besides, my charming cousin, I've been unwell."

"Unwell!" exclaimed she in alarm.

"Yes—wounded."

"Wounded!"

The poor girl was quite overcome.

"Oh, don't be frightened about that," said Phœbus, carelessly; "it's nothing at all. A quarrel, a crossing of swords, what does that signify to you, my dear?"

"What does it signify to me!" exclaimed Fleur-de-Lys, lifting her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Oh! you don't think what you say. What was that crossing of swords? I want to know all about it."

"Well, my fair one, I've had a quarrel with Mahé Fédy, you know, the lieutenant of St. Germain-en-Laye; and each of us have ripped open a few inches of the other's skin. That's all."

The lying captain was well aware that an affair of honor always set a man off to advantage in the eyes of a woman. And, in fact, Fleur-de-Lys looked him in the face with mingled sensations of fear, pleasure, and admiration. However, she did not yet feel completely reassured.

"So that you are but perfectly cured, my Phœbus!" said she. "I don't know your Mahé Fédy—but he must be a vile fellow. And what was this quarrel about?"

Here Phœbus, whose imagination was not over creative, began to be rather at a loss how to dispose conveniently of his prowess.

"Oh, I don't know—a mere nothing at all—a horse—a word dropped.

Fair cousin," said he, by way of turning the conversation, "what's that noise about in the Parvis?"

He went to the window.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* fair cousin, there's a great crowd in the Place."

"I don't know," said Fleur-de-Lys; "it seems there's a witch going to do penance this morning before the church, on her way to be hanged."

So absolutely did the captain believe the affair of Esmeralda to be terminated, that he was little affected by these words of Fleur-de-Lys. Nevertheless, he asked her one or two questions.

"What's the witch's name?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"And what do they say she's done?"

Again she shrugged her white shoulders, and replied:

"I don't know."

"Oh, *mon Dieu Jésus!*" exclaimed her mother, "there are so many sorcerers nowadays that I dare say they burn them without knowing their names. It would be of no more use than to try to know the name of every cloud in the sky. But, after all, we may make ourselves easy, God above keeps His register." Here the venerable dame rose and went to the window. "Seigneur!" she cried, "you're right, Phœbus, there is indeed a great crowd of the populaire. There they are, blessed be God! even up to the house-tops! Do you know, Phœbus, that reminds me of my young days, the entry of King Charles VII., when there was such a concourse too, I don't recollect what year it was. When I talk to you about that now, it sounds to you (doesn't it?) like something old, and to me like something young. Oh! there was a far finer crowd of people than there is now. There were some even upon the machicolations of the Porte St. Antoine. The king had the queen on a pillion behind him; and after their highnesses came all the ladies mounted behind the seigneurs. I remember there was much laughing; for by the side of Amanyon de Garlande, who was very short, there was the Sire Matefelon, a knight of giant stature, who had killed heaps of English. It was very fine indeed. A procession of all the gentlemen of France, with their oriflammes waving red before you. There were those of the pennon, and those of the banner. Let me see—there was the Sire de Calan, with his pennon; Jean de Chateaumorant, with his banner; the Sire de Coucy, with his banner, and a richer one, too, than any of the others, except the Duke of Bourbon's. Alas! how melancholy to think that all that has existed, and that all has passed away!"

The two lovers were inattentive to the reminiscences of the venerable dowager. Phœbus had returned to lean over the back of the chair

of his betrothed, a charming situation, from which his libertine glance could invade all the openings of Fleur-de-Lys's collarette, which yawned so conveniently, revealed to him so many exquisite things, and led him to divine so many others, that Phœbus, quite ravished with that satiny-glowing skin, said to himself, "How can a man love any but a fair beauty?"

They both remained silent. The young lady lifted up to him, from time to time, her eyes full of gentleness and delight; and their hair mingled in the beams of the vernal sun.

"Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys all at once, in a whisper, "we are to be married in three months; swear to me that you have never loved any woman but myself."

"I swear it, fair angel!" answered he; and, to convince Fleur-de-Lys, an impassioned look was added to the sincere tone of his voice. Perhaps, indeed, at that moment, he himself believed what he was saying.

Meanwhile, the good mother, delighted to see the two fiancés on such excellent terms with each other, had quitted the apartment to attend to some household matter. Phœbus remarked it; and they being left thus alone so much emboldened the adventurous captain, that some very strange ideas entered his brain. Fleur-de-Lys loved him, he was engaged to her, they were alone, his old inclination for her had revived, not in all its freshness indeed, but in all its ardor, after all, there could be no great crime. We know not exactly whether all these thoughts actually crossed his mind, but this is certain—that Fleur-de-Lys was all at once alarmed at the expression of his countenance. She looked around her, and saw that her mother was gone.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said she, blushing and uneasy, "I'm very hot!"

"I think, indeed," returned Phœbus, "it must be almost noon. The sun becomes annoying—there's no remedy but to draw the curtains."

"No, no!" cried the poor girl, "on the contrary, I've occasion for air."

And, like a hind that scents the breath of the approaching pack, she rose, hurried to the window, opened it, and rushed upon the balcony.

Phœbus, little gratified at this movement, followed her thither.

The Place du Parvis Notre-Dame, upon which, as the reader is aware, the balcony looked, presented, at that moment, an odd and dismal spectacle, which suddenly altered the nature of the timid Fleur-de-Lys's alarm.

An immense crowd of people, extending into all the adjacent streets, covered the Place properly so called. The low wall inclosing the Parvis

itself, would not have sufficed to keep that interior space clear, but that it was lined by dense ranks of the sergeants of the Eleven-score, and of hackbuteers, culverin in hand. Owing, however, to this grove of pikes and arquebusses, the Parvis was empty. Its entrance was guarded by a body of the bishop's own halberdiers. The great doors of the church were shut, thus contrasting with the numberless windows round the Place, which, being all open up to the very gables, exhibited thousands of heads piled in heaps, something like the balls in a park of artillery.

The surface of the multitude was dingy and dirty-looking. The sight which they were waiting to see was evidently one of those whose privilege it is to bring out and call together all that is most unclean in the population of a city. Nothing could be more hideous than the murmur that rose from that swarm of yellow caps and dirty heads. In this crowd there were fewer shouts than peals of laughter, fewer men than women.

From time to time some shrill voice pierced through the general hum.

. . . . . .

"I say—Mahiet Baliffre—are they going to hang her there?"

"You simpleton! this is to be the penance in her shift. God Almighty's going to cough Latin in her face. That's always done here at noon. If it's the gallows you want, you must go to the Grève."

"I'll go there after."

. . . . . .

"Do just tell me, La Boucanbry, is it true that she's refused to have a confessor?"

"It seems it is, La Bechaigne."

"Oh! the pagan!"

. . . . . .

"Sir, it's the custom. The bailiff of the Palais is bound to deliver the malefactor, ready sentenced, for execution, if it's a layman, to the provost of Paris; if it's a clerk, to the official of the bishopric."

"Thank you, sir."

. . . . . .

"Oh, my God!" said Fleur-de-Lys—"the poor creature!"

This thought filled with sadness the look which she cast over the populace. The captain, whose attention was much more occupied by herself than by that congregation of the rabble, was amorously fingering her waist behind. She turned around with a look half smiling and half entreating.

"Now, do leave me alone, Phœbus!—if my mother were to come in she would see your hand."

At that moment, the clock of Notre-Dame slowly struck twelve. A murmur of satisfaction burst from the crowd. The last vibration of the twelfth stroke had hardly expired on the air, when the heads of the multitude were all set in motion like the waves before a sudden gale, and an immense shout arose at once, from the ground, from the windows, and from the roofs, of—

"Here she comes!"

Fleur-de-Lys put her hands before her eyes, that she might not see.

"My charmer," said Phœbus, "will you go in?"

"No," answered she; and those eyes which she had just closed through fear, she opened again through curiosity.

A tumbrel drawn by a strong Norman dray-horse, and quite surrounded by horsemen in a violet uniform with white crosses, had just entered the Place from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. The sergeants of the watch made way for it through the multitude by a vigorous use of their whit-leather cowhides. By the side of the tumbrel rode some officers of justice and of police, distinguishable by their black costume and their awkwardness on horseback. Master Jacques Charmolue paraded at their head.

In the fatal cart a young girl was seated, with her hands tied behind her, and without any priest at her side. She was in her shift; her long black hair (for it was then the custom not to cut it until reaching the foot of the gibbet) fell unbound upon her neck and over her half-uncovered shoulders.

Across those disheveled and undulating locks, more shining than a raven's plumage, was seen, twisted and knotted, a thick brown cord, which roughly chafed the poor girl's pretty fragile neck, encircling it like an earth-worm twined about a flower. Beneath that rope glittered a small amulet, ornamented with green glass, which, no doubt, she had been allowed to keep merely because it was thought not worth while to refuse it to one just going to die. The spectators up at the windows could discern at the bottom of the tumbrel her naked legs, which she strove to conceal under her as if through a last remaining instinct of womanhood. At her feet was a little she-goat, with its limbs also bound. The condemned was holding together with her teeth her ill-tied chemise. It seemed as if she still suffered in her misery from being thus exposed almost naked before all eyes. Alas! it was not for shudderings like this that feminine modesty was designed.

"Jesus!" said Fleur-de-Lys sharply to the captain, "look there, fair cousin, it's that vile gypsy girl with the goat."

So saying, she turned around to Phœbus. His eyes were fixed upon the tumbrel, and he looked very pale.

"What gypsy girl with the goat?" said he, stammering.

"Why," rejoined Fleur-de-Lys, "don't you remember?"

Phœbus interrupted her.

"I don't know what you mean."

He made one step to go in; but Fleur-de-Lys, whose jealousy, but lately strongly excited by that same gypsy girl, was now re-awakened, cast at him a glance full of penetration and mistrust. At that moment, she vaguely recollected having heard speak of a captain whose name had been mixed up in the trial of that sorceress.

"What's the matter with you?" said she to Phœbus; "one would think that woman had discomposed you."

Phœbus strove to force a titter.

"Me!" said he—"not the least in the world. Me, indeed!"

"Stay, then," said she in a commanding tone, "and let us see it out."

The unlucky captain had no chance but to remain. However, it encouraged him a little, to see that the condemned kept her eyes fixed upon the bottom of the tumbrel. It was but too truly Esmeralda. In this last stage of ignominy and misfortune, she was still beautiful, her large black eyes looked larger for the sinking of her cheeks, and her livid profile was pure and sublime. She resembled what she had been, just in the degree that one of Masaccio's Virgins resembles one of Raphael's; weaker, slenderer, thinner.

As for her mien, she seemed to be all tossing about, as it were; everything, except as far as modesty dictated, being left to chance, so thoroughly had her spirit been broken by stupor and despair. Her form rebounded at every jolt of the tumbrel, like something dead or dislocated, her look was fixed and unconscious, a tear was still to be seen in her eye, but motionless, as if it had been frozen there.

Meanwhile, the dismal cavalcade had traversed the crowd, amid shouts of rejoicing and attitudes of curiosity. Nevertheless, historical fidelity calls upon us to testify that on seeing her so beautiful and so overwhelmed with affliction, many were moved to pity, even among the most hard-hearted.

The tumbrel entered the Parvis.

Before the central doorway of the church, it stopped. The escort drew up in a line on either side. The crowd were silent; and amid that silence so solemn and anxious, each half of the great door turned, as if of itself, upon its hinges, which creaked like the sound of a file. Then the deep interior of the church was seen in its whole extent, gloomy,

hung with mourning, faintly lighted by a few wax tapers twinkling afar off upon the high altar, yawning like a cavern amidst the Place inundated with light. Quite at the farther end, in the shade of the chancel, was dimly distinguished a gigantic silver cross, gleaming against a piece of black drapery, which hung from the vaulted ceiling down to the floor. The nave was quite solitary; but the heads of some priests were seen confusedly stirring in the distant stalls of the choir; and at the moment that the great door opened, there burst from the interior of the church a solemn and monotonous chant, which cast, as in successive puffs, upon the head of the condemned, fragments of dismal psalms:

"... *Non timebo millia populi circumdantis me; exsurge, Domine: salvum me fac, Deus!*" *

"... *Salvum me fac, Deus, quoniam intraverunt aquæ usque ad animam meam.*" †

"... *Infixus sum in limo profundi; et non est substantia.*" ‡

At the same time another voice, isolated from the choir, gave out from the steps of the high altar, this melancholy offertory:

"... *Qui verbum meum audit, et credit ei qui misit me, habet vitam æternam, et in judicium non venit; sed transit a morte in vitam.*" §

This chant, which some old men, lost to view in the darkness of the church, were thus pouring forth over that beautiful creature full of youth and life, wooed by the tepid airs of spring, and wrapped in sunshine, was the mass for the dead.

The multitude listened in mute attention.

The unfortunate girl, quite bewildered, seemed to lose her view and her consciousness in the dark interior of the cathedral. Her pale lips moved as if uttering a prayer; and when the executioner's assistant approached to help her down from the tumbrel, he heard her repeat, in a whisper, the word "*Phœbus.*"

They untied her hands, and made her descend from the vehicle, accompanied by her goat, which they also unbound, and which bleated with joy to feel itself at liberty. They then made her walk barefoot over the pavement, to the bottom of the great steps of entrance; the rope that was passed round her neck trailing behind her, and looking like a serpent closely pursuing her.

Then there was a pause in the chant within the church. A great

* I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the people that have set themselves against me round about. Up, Lord, and save me, O God.

† Save me, O God, for the waters are come in; even unto my soul.

‡ I stick fast in the deep mire where no ground is.

§ He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death to life. (John v. 24.)

ESMERALDA TAKEN TO EXECUTION.

cross of gold and a file of wax-tapers were seen beginning to move in the dark distance. The halberds of the motley-dressed yeomen of the bishop were heard to clang upon the floor; and in a few minutes a long procession, of priests in their chasubles and deacons in their dalmatics, coming, psalm-singing, slowly along, developed itself to the view of the condemned and to that of the multitude. But her eye fixed itself upon the one who walked at their head, immediately after the cross-bearer.

"Oh!" said she to herself in a low whisper, shuddering as she spoke, "'tis he again! the priest!"

It was in fact the archdeacon. On his left walked the sub-chanter; and on his right, the precentor, carrying his staff of office. He advanced with his head thrown back, his eyes wide open and fixed, singing in a strong voice:

"*De ventre inferi clamavi, et exaudisti vocem meam.*"

"*Et projecisti me in profundum in corde maris, et flumen circumdedit me.*"*

At the moment that he appeared in the broad daylight, under the high pointed doorway, wrapped in an ample silver cope, marked with a black cross, he was so pale, that some among the crowd actually thought that one of the marble bishops kneeling on the tombstones in the choir had risen upon his feet, and was come to receive on the threshold of the grave her who was going to die.

She herself, no less pale and statue-like, had scarcely perceived that they had put into her hand a heavy lighted taper of yellow wax. She had not hearkened to the clamorous voice of the clerk, reading over the fatal tenor of the confession of penitence; only, when they had told her to answer *amen*, she had answered, "*Amen!*" She was not brought back to some slight consciousness of life and strength, until she saw the priest make a sign to her guards to retire, and himself advanced toward her.

But now she felt her blood boiling in her head, and a remaining spark of indignation was kindled in that spirit already benumbed and cold.

The archdeacon approached her slowly. Even in that her dire extremity, she perceived him cast over her exposed form an eye sparkling with jealousy and lascivious desire. Then he said to her in a loud voice, "Young woman, have you asked pardon of God for your sins and your offenses?"

He leaned to her ear, and added (while the spectators supposed he

* "Out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice. For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas, and the floods compassed me round about."

was receiving her last confession), "Have you anything to say to me? I can save you yet!"

She looked him steadfastly in the face and said, "Begone, you demon, or I denounce you!"

He smiled—a horrid smile—"They'll not believe you—you will be but adding a scandal to a crime—answer me quickly—will you have anything to say to me?"

"What have you done with my Phœbus?" she returned.

"He's dead," said the priest.

At that moment, the wretched archdeacon raised his head mechanically, and saw, at the opposite side of the Place, on the balcony of the Logis Gondelaurier, the captain himself, standing close by Fleur-de-Lys. He staggered, passed his hands over his eyes, looked again, muttered a malediction, and every line of his face was violently contracted.

"Well, then, die thou!" said he between his teeth; "no one shall have thee!"

Then lifting his hand over the gypsy girl, he exclaimed in a sepulchral voice, "*I nunc anima anceps, et sit tibi Deus misericors.*" *

This was the awful formula with which it was the custom to close that gloomy ceremonial. It was the preconcerted signal given by the priest to the executioner.

Hereupon the people knelt down.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" † said the priests, remaining under the great arched doorway.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" repeated the multitude, with that murmuring noise which runs over a sea of heads, like the plashing of the waves of the sea itself when in agitation.

"*Amen!*" said the archdeacon.

He turned his back upon the condemned; his head fell upon his breast; his hands crossed themselves; he returned to his train of priests, and in a minute he was seen to disappear with the cross; the tapers and the copes, under the dim arches of the cathedral, and his sonorous voice gradually died away in the choir while chanting this verse of despair:

"*Omnes gurgites tui et fluctus tui super me transierunt!*" ‡

At the same time, the intermitted clang of the iron-covered butt-ends of the yeoman's pikes, dying away successively under the several intercolumniations of the nave, sounded like the hammer of a clock striking the last hour of the condemned.

* Go, now, soul trembling in the balance, and God have mercy upon thee!

† Lord, have mercy upon us!

‡ All thy billows and thy waves have passed over me.

Meanwhile the doors of Notre-Dame remained open, showing the interior of the church, empty, desolate, in mourning, torchless, and voiceless.

The condemned remained motionless on the spot where they had placed her, waiting to be disposed of. It was necessary for one of the sergeants of the wand to give information of the circumstance to Master Charmolue, who, during all this scene, had set himself to study that bas-relief of the grand portal which represents, according to some, Abraham's sacrifice, according to others the magnum opus, the grand alchemical operation, the sun being figured by the angel, the fire by the fagot, and the operator by Abraham.

They had much ado to draw him away from this contemplation; but at last he turned round, and at the sign which he made them, two men dressed in yellow, the executioner's assistants, approached the gypsy girl to tie her hands again.

The unfortunate girl at the moment of re-ascending the fatal cart, and moving on toward her final scene, was seized, perhaps, by some last overwhelming clinging to life. She lifted her dry reddened eyes to heaven, to the sky, to the sun, to the silvery clouds, intermingled with patches of brilliant blue; then she cast them around her upon the ground, the people, the houses. All at once, while the man in yellow was pinioning her, she uttered a terrible cry, a cry of joy. At that balcony over there, at the angle of the Place, she had distinguished his form, the form of him, her friend, her lord, Phœbus, that other apparition of her life!

The judge had lied! the priest had lied! it was he indeed, she could not doubt it. He was there, living, beautiful, clad in his brilliant uniform, with the plume on his head and the sword by his side.

"Phœbus!" she cried, "my Phœbus!"

And she would have stretched out to him her arms all trembling with love and delight, but they were bound.

Then she saw the captain knit his brows; a handsome young woman, leaning upon his arm, looked at him with scornful lip and angry eye; then Phœbus uttered some words which did not reach her ear, and then he and the lady both hastily disappeared behind the casement of the balcony, which immediately closed.

"Phœbus!" cried the unfortunate, "can it be that thou believest it?"

A monstrous idea had just suggested itself to her. She recollected that she had been condemned for murder committed on the person of Phœbus de Chateaupers.

She had supported everything until now, but this last blow was too severe. She fell senseless upon the ground.

"Come," said Charmolue, "carry her into the cart, and let us finish."

No one had yet remarked, in the gallery of royal statues carved immediately above the arches of the portal, a strange-looking spectator, who, until then, had been observing all that passed with such absolute passiveness, a neck so intently stretched, a visage so deformed, that, but for his habiliments, half red and half violet, he might have been taken for one of the stone monsters through whose mouths the long gutters of the cathedral have disgorged themselves for six hundred years. No visible circumstance of all that had been transacted before the entrance of Notre-Dame since the hour of twelve had escaped this spectator. And at the very commencement, without any one's noticing the action, he had fastened firmly to one of the small columns of the gallery a strong knotted rope, the other end of which fell down below upon the top of the steps of entrance. This being done, he had set himself to look quietly on, only whistling from time to time when some blackbird flew by him.

All at once, at the moment that the chief executioner's two assistants were preparing to execute Charmolue's phlegmatic order, he strided over the balustrade of the gallery, gripped the cord with his feet, his knees, and his hands; then he was seen to slide down over that part of the façade, like a drop of rain gliding down a pane of glass, run up to the two sub-executioners with the speed of a cat just dropped from a housetop, knock them both down with a pair of enormous fists, carry off the gypsy girl with one hand, as a child does a doll, and leap, at one bound, into the church, lifting the girl above his head, and crying out with a formidable voice:

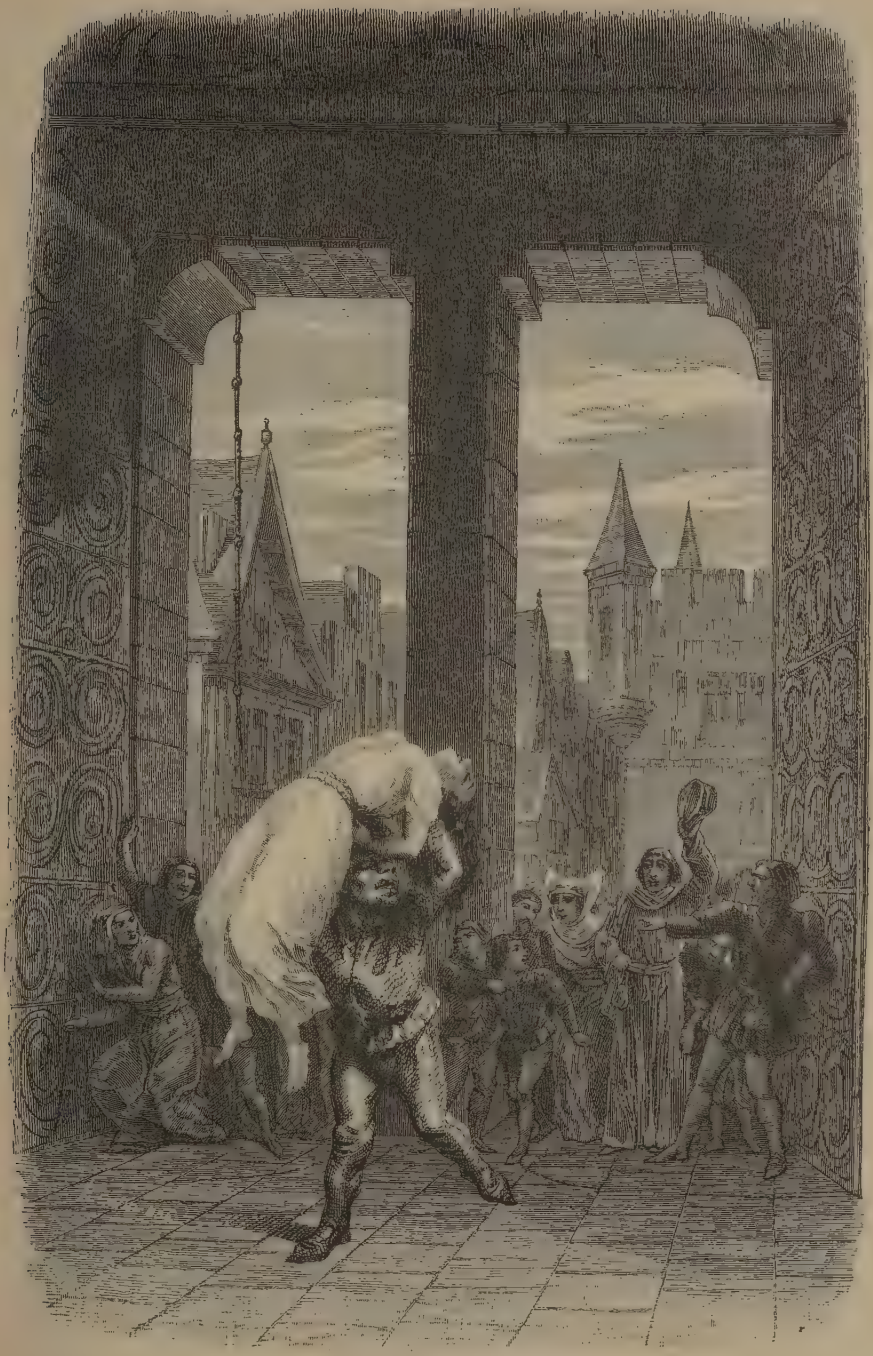
"Sanctuary!"

This was done with such rapidity that, had it been night, the whole might have been seen by the glare of a single flash of lightning.

"Sanctuary! sanctuary!" repeated the crowd; and the clapping of ten thousand hands made Quasimodo's only eye sparkle with joy and pride.

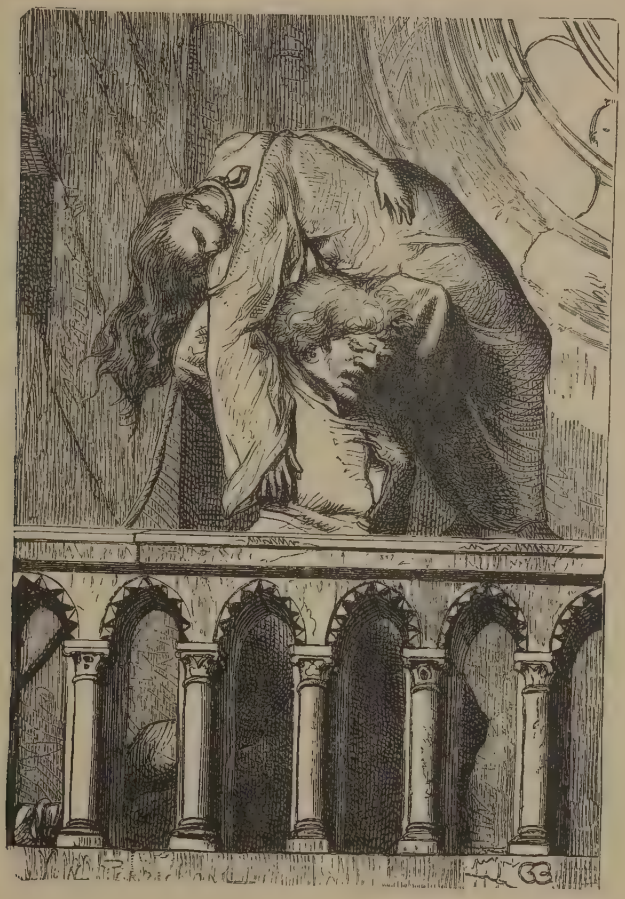
This shock brought the condemned to her senses. She lifted her eyelids, looked at Quasimodo, then suddenly dropped them again, as if terrified at her deliverer.

Charmolue, the executioners, and the whole escort, were confounded. The fact was that within the walls of Notre-Dame the condemned was inviolable. The cathedral was a recognized place of refuge; all temporal jurisdiction expired upon its threshold.



"SANCTUARY!"

Quasimodo had stopped under the grand doorway. His broad feet seemed to rest as solidly upon the floor of the church as the heavy Romanic pillars themselves. His great disheveled head looked compressed between his shoulders, like that of a lion, which animal, in like manner, has a mane but no neck. He held the young girl, all palpi-



tating, suspended in his horny hands, like a piece of white drapery, but he bore her so cautiously that he seemed to be afraid of breaking or withering her. It was as if he felt that she was something delicate, exquisite, precious, made for other hands than his. At some moments he looked as if not daring to touch her, even with his breath. Then, all at once, he would strain her closely in his arms to his angular breast, as

if she were his only good, his treasure, as the mother of that child would have done. His gnome's eye, bent down upon her, poured over her a flood of tenderness, grief, and pity, and then again it was lifted up all flashing. Then the women laughed and wept, the crowd stamped their feet with enthusiasm, for at that moment Quasimodo had really a beauty of his own. Yes, that orphan, that foundling, that outcast was fair to look upon. He felt himself august in his strength. He stood erect, looking full in the face that society from which he was banished, yet in which he was displaying so powerful an intervention; that human justice from which he had snatched its prey; all those tigers whose longing jaws he forced to remain empty; all those spies, those judges, those executioners; all that force of the king which he, poor and helpless as he was, had broken with the force of God.

And then, there was something affecting in that protection falling from a being so deformed upon one so unfortunate; in the circumstance of a poor girl condemned to death being saved by Quasimodo. It was the extremity of natural and that of social wretchedness, meeting and assisting each other.

Meanwhile, after a few minutes' triumph, Quasimodo had suddenly plunged, with his burden, into the darksome interior of the church. The people, fond of any display of prowess, sought him with their eyes under the gloomy nave, regretting that he had so quickly withdrawn himself from their acclamations. All at once he was seen to reappear at one extremity of the gallery of the royal statues. He passed along it, running like a madman, lifting up his conquest in his arms, and shouting "Sanctuary!" Fresh plaudits burst from the multitude. Having traversed the gallery, he plunged again into the interior of the church. A minute afterward he appeared upon the upper platform, still bearing the gypsy in his arms, still running wildly along, still shouting "Sanctuary!" and the crowd still applauding. At last he made a third appearance on the summit of the tower of the great bell: from thence he seemed to show exultingly to the whole city the fair creature he had saved; and his thundering voice, that voice which was heard so seldom, and which he never heard at all, thrice repeated with frantic vehemence, even in the very clouds:

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people in their turn; and that multitudinous acclamation resounded upon the opposite shore of the Seine, to the astonishment of the crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, and of the recluse herself, who was still waiting with her eyes fixed upon the gibbet.

BOOK IX.
A. DE LEMUD INV.
L. DUJARDIN SC

BOOK IX

CHAPTER I

DELIRIUM

CLAUDE FROLLO was no longer in Notre-Dame when his adopted son thus abruptly cut the fatal knot in which the unhappy archdeacon had bound the gypsy girl and caught himself. On returning into the sacristy, he had torn from his shoulders the albe, the cope, and the stole; thrown them all into the hands of the amazed verger; made his escape through the private door of the cloister; had ordered a wherryman of the Terrain to convey him to the left bank of the Seine, and plunged into the hilly streets of the University, going he knew not whither; meeting, at every step, parties of men and of women pressing joyously toward the Pont St. Michel, in the hope that they should still "get there in time" to see the witch hanged; looking pale and wild, more troubled, more blinded, and more scared than some bird of night let fly and pursued by a troop of children in broad daylight. He knew not where he was, what he thought, what he dreamed. He went forward, walking, running, taking each street at random, making no selection of his route,

only still urged on by that Grève, that horrible Grève, which he confusedly felt to be behind him.

In this manner he proceeded the whole length of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, and at last issued out of the town by the Porte St. Victor. He continued his flight so long as, turning round, he could see the towered enclosure of the University, and the scattered houses of the faubourg; but when at last a ridge of ground had taken completely out of his view that hateful Paris—when he could imagine himself a hundred leagues from it—in the country—in a desert—he stopped, and felt as if he breathed more freely.

Then frightful ideas rushed upon his mind. He saw down clear into his soul, and shuddered. He thought of that unfortunate girl who had destroyed him, and whom he had destroyed. He cast a haggard eye over the two winding paths, along which fate had driven their separate destinies, to that point of intersection at which she had pitilessly shattered them against each other. He thought of the folly of everlasting vows—the vanity of chastity, science, religion, virtue—the inutility of God. He took his fill of these bad thoughts; and, while plunging deeper into them, he felt Satan laughing within him.

And, while thus diving into his soul, when he saw how large a space Nature had assigned in it to the passions, he smiled more bitterly still. He stirred up from the bottom of his heart all his hatred, all his wickedness; and he discovered, with the cool eye of a physician examining a patient, that this hatred, this wickedness, were but vitiated love—that love, the source of every virtue in man, turned to things horrible in the heart of a priest—and that a man constituted as he was, by making himself a priest, made himself a demon. Then he laughed frightfully, and all at once he grew pale again, in contemplating the worst side of his fatal passion—of that love, corroding, venomous, malignant, implacable—which had driven one of them to the gibbet, the other to hell-fire; her to condemnation, him to damnation.

And then his laugh came again, when he reflected that Phœbus was living—that the captain was alive, gay, and happy, had finer hoquetons than ever, and a new mistress, whom he brought to see the old one hanged. And he sneered at himself with redoubled bitterness, when he reflected that, of the living beings whose death he had desired, the only one whom he did not really hate, was the only one he had not failed to kill.

Then his thoughts wandered from the captain to the assembled multitude, and he was seized with a jealousy of a novel kind. He reflected that the people, too, the whole people, had had before their eyes the woman whom he loved, exposed almost in a state of nudity.

CLAUDE FROLLO.

He writhed his arms with agony at the idea that that woman, but a glimpse of whose form caught by himself alone in the darkness, would have been to him the very height of happiness, had been given thus, in broad daylight, at the very noontide, to the gaze of a whole multitude, clad as for a bridal night. He wept with rage over the thought that all those mysteries of love should be thus profaned, sullied, stripped, withered forever. He wept with rage as he figured to himself how many impure looks that ill-attached vesture had gratified—that this lovely girl, this virgin lily, this cup of purity and delight, which he could not have approached with his lips but in trembling, had been converted, as it were, into a public trough, at which the vilest of the Parisian populace, the thieves, the beggars, the lackeys, had come to drink in common of a pleasure shameless, impure, and depraved.

And then, when he thought to picture to his imagination the happiness which he might have found upon earth, had not she been a gypsy and he a priest, had Phœbus not existed, and had she but loved him—when he figured to himself that a life of serenity and love would have been possible for him too—that at that very moment there were happy couples to be found here and there upon the earth, whiling away the hours in sweet converse, in orange groves—on the side of rivulets—by the setting sun, or under a starry sky—and that, had it been God's will, he might have formed with her one of those blissful couples—his heart melted in tenderness and despair.

Oh, she—still she! It was that fixed idea that haunted him incessantly—that tortured him—that gnawed his brain and corroded his heart. He did not regret, he did not repent; all that he had done, he was ready to do again; he liked better to see her in the hands of the executioner than in the arms of the captain. But he was suffering, suffering so violently, that at some moments he tore handfuls of hair from his head, to see if it were not whitening.

There was one moment, among the rest, at which it entered his mind that, perhaps at that very minute, the hideous chain which he had seen in the morning, was drawing its noose of iron about that neck so slender and so graceful; this thought brought the perspiration boiling through his pores.

There was another moment at which, in the midst of a diabolical laugh at himself, he pictured to his imagination, at one and the same time, Esmeralda as he had seen her for the first time—lively, careless, joyous, gayly attired, dancing, winged, harmonious—and Esmeralda at her last hour, in her scanty shift, with the rope about her neck, ascending slowly with her naked feet the sharp-cornered steps of the gibbet. He drew this picture to himself so vividly that he uttered a terrific cry.

While this hurricane of despair was overturning, breaking, tearing up, bending to the earth, uprooting all within him, he looked upon the face of nature around him. At his feet some fowls were stirring about among the bushes pecking and the beetles with their enameled coats were running in the sunshine; over his head were some groups of dappled clouds, gliding over a deep blue sky. In the horizon, the spire of St. Victor's abbey shot up its obelisk of slate above the intervening ridge of ground. And the miller of the Butte Copeaux was whistling light-heartedly while he looked at the steady-turning sails of his mill. All these objects, instinct with a life active, organized, and tranquil, recurring around him in a thousand forms, were painful to him; and again he began to fly.

Thus he hurried on through the country until the evening. This flight of his, from nature, from life, from himself, from man, from God, from everything, lasted the whole day. Sometimes he threw himself with his face to the ground, and tore up with his nails the young blades of corn. Sometimes he stopped in the solitary street of a village, and his thoughts were so insupportable, that he would take his head between both his hands, as if to tear it from his shoulders and dash it on the stones.

Toward the hour of sunset, he examined himself again, and found himself almost mad. The storm that had been raging within him ever since the moment that he had lost all hope and wish to save the gypsy girl, had left him unconscious of a single sound idea, a single rational thought. His reason lay prostrate, almost utterly destroyed. Only two distinct images remained in his mind, Esmeralda and the gallows—all beside was utter darkness. Those two images, appearing together, presented to him a frightful group; and the more he fixed upon them such power of attention and contemplation as remained to him, the more he saw them increase according to a fancied progression—the one in grace, in charm, in beauty, in light—the other in deformity and horror—until, at last, Esmeralda appeared to him as a star, the gibbet as an enormous fleshless arm.

It is remarkable that, during all this torture, he was visited by no serious thought of dying. So the wretched man was constituted—he clung to life—perhaps, indeed, he really saw hell in prospect.

Meanwhile, the daylight was declining. The living spirit still existing within him began confusedly to think of return. He thought himself far from Paris; but, on striving to ascertain its bearing, he discovered that he had only been traveling round the circuit of the University. The spire at St. Sulpice and the three lofty needles of St. Germain-de-Près, shot up above the horizon on his right. He bent his

THE END OF THE CITY.

steps in that direction. When he heard the "*Qui-vive!*" of the abbot's men-at-arms around the embattled circumvallation of St. Germain's, he turned aside, took a path that lay before him, between the abbey mill and the Maladerie or sick-house of the quarter, and in a few minutes found himself upon the border of the Pré-aux-Clercs. This meadow was celebrated for the tumults that arose in it night and day; it was a hydra to the poor monks of St. Germain's—*Quod monachis Sancti Germani Pratensis hydra fuit, clericis nova semper dissidiorum capita suscitantibus.* The archdeacon was afraid of meeting some one there; he dreaded to encounter any human face; he had avoided the University, and the Bourg St. Germain, and he wished to enter the streets again at the latest hour possible. He passed along the side of the Pré-aux-Clercs, took the solitary path which lay between it and the Dieu-Neuf, and at length reached the water-side. There Dom Claude found a boatman, who, for a few deniers parisis, conveyed him up the Seine to the extremity of the island of the City, and landed him upon that uninhabited tongue of land on which the reader has already seen poor Gringoire musing, and which extended beyond the king's gardens, parallel to the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches.

The monotonous rocking of the boat, and the dashing of the water, had in some degree lulled the unhappy Claude. When the wherryman had taken his departure, he remained standing in stupor upon the bank, looking straight before him, but perceiving objects only through such magnifying objects as made all a sort of phantasmagoria to him. The exhaustion of a violent grief will often produce this effect upon the mind.

The sun had set behind the lofty Tour de Nesle, and it was now the twilight hour. The sky was white, and so was the surface of the river. Between these two sheets of white, the left bank of the Seine, upon which his eyes were fixed, projected its dark mass, which, gradually tapering away in the perspective, shot out into the gray horizon like a huge black spire. It was loaded with houses, of which nothing was distinguishable but the dark outline of the whole, boldly marked upon the clear light tint of the sky and the water. Here and there the windows were beginning to twinkle from the lights within. That immense black obelisk, thus isolated between the two white expanses of the sky and the river (at that place very broad), had a singular appearance to Dom Claude, similar to that which would be experienced by a man lying with his back to the ground at the foot of the steeple of Strasburg, and looking up at the enormous spire piercing into the sky above him in the dim twilight. Only there was this difference—that here Claude was erect, and the obelisk was horizontal; but as the river, by reflecting the

sky, deepened indefinitely the abyss beneath him, the vast promontory seemed springing as boldly into the void as any cathedral spire, and the impression was the same. Here, indeed, the impression was in this respect stronger and more profound—that, although it was indeed the steeple of Strasburg, it was the steeple of Strasburg two leagues high—something unexampled, gigantic, immeasurable—a structure such as no human eye had seen, except it were the Tower of Babel. The chimneys of the houses, the battlements of the walls, the fantastically-cut gables of the roofs, the spire of the Augustines, the Tour de Nesle—all those projections which indented the profile of the colossal obelisk—added to the illusion by their odd resemblance to the outline of a florid and fanciful sculpture.

Claude, in the state of hallucination in which he then was, thought he saw with his living eyes the very steeple of hell. The thousand lights scattered over the whole height of the fearful tower, seemed to him to be so many openings of the vast internal furnace; while the voices and the noises that escaped from it were so many shrieks and groanings of the damned. Then he was terror-struck; he put his hands to his ears that he might hear no longer, turned his back that he might no longer see, and strode hastily away from the frightful vision.

But the vision was in himself.

When he came into the streets again, the people passing to and fro in the light of the shop-fronts appeared to him like an everlasting movement of spectres about him. He had strange noises in his ears, and extraordinary fancies disturbed his brain. He saw neither the houses, nor the pavement, nor the vehicles, nor the men and women—but a chaos of undefined objects merging one into another. At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie, there was a chandler's shop, which had the penthouse above its window, according to immemorial custom, garnished all round with tin hoops, from each of which was suspended a circle of wooden candles, clattering against each other in the wind with a noise like that of castanets. He thought he heard, rattling one against another in the dark, the bundles of skeletons at Montfaucon.

"Oh!" muttered he, "the night wind drives them one against another, and mixes the rattle of their chains with the rattle of their bones. Perhaps she is there in the midst of them!"

Quite bewildered, he knew not whither he was going. After advancing a few steps farther, he found himself upon the Pont St. Michel. There was a light at a ground-floor window—he went up to it. Through the cracked panes he saw a dirty room, which awakened in his mind a confused recollection. In that room, ill-lighted by a meagre lamp, there was a young man, fair and fresh-looking, with a joyous face,

throwing his arms, with boisterous laughter, about a girl very immodestly attired; and near the lamp there was an old woman spinning and singing with a tremulous voice. As the young man's laughter was not heard at every moment, the old woman's song made its way in fragments to the ear of the priest; it was something unintelligible yet frightful:

"Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!
Spin away, my distaff brave!
For the hangman spin the cord,
That whistles in the prison-yard.
Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!

"Hemp, that makes the pretty rope—
Sow it widely, give it scope—

Better hemp than wheaten sheaves;
Thief there's none that ever thieves
The pretty rope, the hempen rope.

"Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!
To see the girl of pleasure brave
Dangling on the gibbet high,
Every window is an eye—
Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!"

Hereupon the young man was laughing and caressing the girl. The old woman was La Falourdel; the girl was a girl of the town; and the young man was his brother Jehan.

He continued looking; this sight pleased him then as well as any other.

He saw Jehan go to a window at the farther end of the room, open it, look out upon the quay, where a thousand lighted windows were shining in the distance; and then he heard him say, as he shut the window again:

"Upon my soul, but it's night already! The townsfolk are lighting their candles, and God Almighty his stars."

Then Jehan returned to the wench, and broke a bottle that stood by them on a table, exclaiming:

"Empty already, cor-bœuf! and I've no more money. Isabeau, my darling, I shall not be satisfied with Jupiter till he's changed your two white nipples into two black bottles, that I may suck Beaune wine from them day and night."

This fine piece of wit made the courtesan laugh; and Jehan took his departure.

Dom Claude had only just time to thrown himself on the ground, in order to escape being met, looked in the face, and recognized by his brother. Fortunately the street was dark, and the scholar was drunk. Nevertheless, he espied the archdeacon lying upon the pavement in the mud.

"Oh! oh!" said he, "here's one that's had a merry time of it to-day."

He pushed Dom Claude with his foot, the archdeacon holding his breath the while.

"Dead-drunk!" resumed Jehan. "Bravo! he's full!—a very leech dropped off a wine-cask. He's bald," added he, stooping over him; "it's an old man—*Fortunate senex!*"

Then Dom Claude heard him go away, saying:

"It's all one—reason's a fine thing—and my brother the archdeacon's a lucky fellow to be wise and have money!"

INTERIOR OF NOTRE-DAME.

The archdeacon then got up again, and hurried straight to Notre-Dame, the big towers of which he could see rising in the dark over the houses.

At the moment that he arrived, all panting, at the Place du Parvis, he shrunk back, and dared not lift his eyes toward the fatal edifice.

"Oh," whispered he to himself, "and can it really be, that such a thing took place here to-day—this very morning!"

And now he ventured a glance at the church. Its front was dark—the sky behind was glittering with stars—the crescent moon, in her flight upward from the horizon, at that moment reached the summit of the right-hand tower, and seemed to have perched upon it, like a luminous bird, on the edge of the dark trifoliated balustrade.

The gate of the cloister was shut; but the archdeacon always had with him the key of the tower containing his laboratory, and he now made use of it to enter the church.

He found within it the darkness and the silence of a cavern. By the great shadows that fell from all sides in broad masses, he perceived that the hangings of the morning ceremony were not yet taken away. The great silver cross was glittering amid the darkness, sprinkled over with a number of glittering points, like the milky-way of that sepulchral night. The long windows of the choir showed, above the black drapery, the upper extremities of their pointed arches, the stained glass of which, as shown by the moonlight, had only the doubtful colors of the night, a sort of violet, white, and blue, of a tint to be found nowhere else but on the faces of the dead. The archdeacon, on observing all round the choir those pale pointed window tops, thought he saw so many mitres of bishops gone to perdition. He closed his eyes; and when he opened them again, he thought they were a circle of pale visages looking down upon him.

He began to flee away through the church. Then it seemed to him as if the church itself took life and motion—that each massive column became an enormous leg that beat the ground with its broad foot of stone, and that the gigantic cathedral had become a sort of prodigious elephant, breathing and walking along, with its pillars for legs, its two towers for tusks, and the immense black drapery for its caparison.

Thus his fever, or his madness, had arrived at such a pitch of intensity, that the whole external world was become to the unhappy man a sort of apocalypse, visible, palpable, frightful.

For one moment he felt some relief; on plunging into the side aisles, he perceived issuing from behind a group of pillars, a reddish light; he rushed toward it as toward a star of salvation. It was the feeble lamp that lighted day and night the public breviary of Notre-

Dame under its iron trellis-work. He cast his eye eagerly upon the sacred book, in the hope of finding there some sentence of consolation or encouragement. The volume was open at this passage of Job, over which he ran his burning eye: "And a spirit passed before my face; and the hair of my flesh stood up. There was silence, and I heard a breath."

On reading this dismal sentence, his sensations were those of a blind man when he feels himself pricked by the staff he has picked up. His knees dropped under him, and he sank upon the pavement, thinking of her who had died that day. He felt so many monstrous fumes inundating his brain, that it seemed to him as if his head was become one of the chimneys of hell.

It appears that he remained long in this posture—thinking no more, but overwhelmed and passive under the power of the demon. At last some strength returned to him; he thought of going and taking refuge in the tower, near to his faithful Quasimodo. He rose; and, as fear was upon him, he took the lamp of the breviary to light him. This was a sacrilege—but he was now beyond regarding so slight a consideration.

He climbed slowly up the staircase of the towers, filled with a secret dread, which was likely to be communicated even to the few passengers at that hour through the Place du Parvis, by the mysterious light of his lamp ascending so late at night from loophole to loophole, to the top of the steeple.

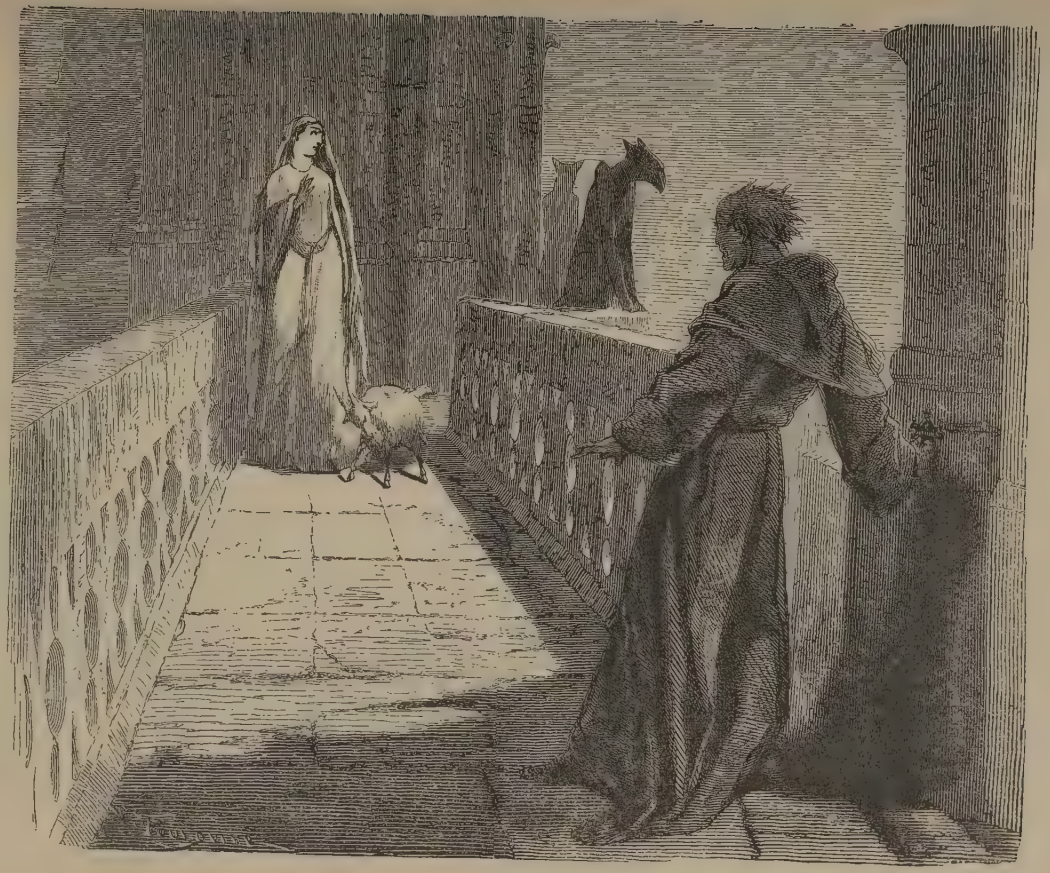
All at once he felt some coolness upon his face, and found himself under the doorway of the upper gallery. The air was cold; the sky was streaked with clouds, the broad white flakes of which drifted one upon another like river ice breaking up after a frost. The crescent moon gleaming amid them, looked now like some celestial vessel set fast among those icebergs of the air.

He cast his eyes downward, and gazed for a moment through the curtain of slender columns that connects the towers, afar off, through a light veil of mist and smoke—upon the silent multitude of the roofs of Paris—pointed, innumerable, crowded, and small, like the waves of a tranquil sea in a summer's night. The moon cast a feeble light, which gave to earth and sky an ashy hue.

At that moment the cathedral clock lifted its harsh, broken voice. It struck twelve. The priest thought of noon—it was twelve o'clock come again.

"Oh," he whispered to himself, "she must be cold now."

Suddenly a puff of wind extinguished his lamp, and almost at the same time there appeared to him, at the opposite angle of the tower, a



AN APPARITION.

shade, a something white, a shape, a female form. He started. By the side of that female form was that of a little goat, that mingled its bleating with the last sounds of the clock.

He had resolution enough to look—it was she!

She was pale, she was sad. Her hair fell upon her shoulders as in the morning, but no rope was round her neck, no cord upon her hands, she was free, she was dead.

She was clad in white, and over her head was thrown a white veil.

She came toward him slowly, looking up to heaven, the unearthly goat following her. He felt himself of stone—too stiff to fly. At each step that she came forward, he made one backward, and that was all. In this manner he re-entered under the dark vault of the staircase. He froze at the idea that she perhaps was going to enter there too; had she done so, he would have died of terror.

She arrived indeed before the staircase door, stopped there for some moments, looked steadfastly into the dark cavity; then, without appearing to perceive the priest there, she passed on. He thought she looked taller than when she was alive—he saw the moon through her white robe—and was near enough to hear her breathing.

When she had passed by, he began to redescend the staircase with the same slowness which he had observed in the spectre, thinking himself a spectre too—all haggard, his hair erect, the extinguished lamp still in his hand; and, as he descended the spiral stairs, he distinctly heard a voice laughing and repeating in his ear: "And a spirit passed before my face; and the hair of my flesh stood up. There was silence, and I heard a breath."

CHAPTER II

HUMP-BACKED, BLEAR-EYED, AND LAME

EVERY town in the Middle Ages, and down to the time of Louis XII., every town in France had its places of sanctuary. These sanctuaries, amid the deluge of penal laws and barbarous jurisdictions that inundated the state, were a sort of islands rising above the level of human justice. Every criminal that landed upon any one of them was saved. In each banlieue there were almost as many of these places of refuge as there were of execution. It was the abuse of impunity beside the abuse of capital punishments—two bad things endeavoring to correct each other. The royal palaces, the mansions of the princes, and especially the churches, had right of sanctuary. Sometimes a whole town that happened to want repeopling, was converted for the time into a place of refuge for criminals; thus Louis XI. made all Paris a sanctuary in 1467.

When once he had set foot within the asylum, the criminal's person was sacred; but it behooved him to beware how he quitted it again; but one step out of the sanctuary—and he fell back into the flood. The wheel, the gibbet, and the strappado kept close guard around the place of refuge, watching incessantly for their prey, like sharks about a ship. Thus individuals under condemnation have been known to grow gray, confined to a cloister, to the staircase of a palace, the grounds of an abbey, or the porch of a church; so far, the sanctuary itself was but a prison under another name. It now and then happened that a solemn decree of the parliament violated the asylum, and reconsigned the condemned to the hands of the executioner—but this was a rare occurrence. The parliaments stood in fear of the bishops; for when the two gowns, the spiritual and the secular, happened to chafe each other, the simarre had the worst of it in its collision with the cassock. Occasionally, however, as in the case of the assassins of Petit-Jean, the Paris executioner,

and in that of Emery Rousseau, who had murdered Jean Valleret, temporal justice overleaped the pretensions of the Church, and went on to the execution of its sentences. But except by virtue of a decree of the parliament, woe to him that forcibly violated a place of sanctuary! It is well known what was the end of Robert de Clermont, marshal of France, and Jean de Châlons, marshal of Champagne; and yet it was all about one Perrin Marc, a money-changer's man and a wretched assassin; but the two marshals had forced the doors of St. Méry's church —there was the enormity.

Around the places of sanctuary there floated such an atmosphere of reverence that, according to tradition, it sometimes affected even animals. Aymoin relates that a stag, hunted by King Dagobert, having taken refuge at the tomb of St. Denis, the hounds stopped short, barking.

The churches had usually a cell prepared for the reception of the suppliants. In 1407, Nicolas Flamel caused to be built for them over the vaulted roof of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, a chamber which cost him four livres six sols sixteen deniers parisis.

At Notre-Dame it was a cell constructed over one of the side aisles, under the buttresses, and looking toward the cloister, precisely at the spot where the wife of the concierge or keeper of the towers, in 1831, had made herself a garden—which was, to the hanging gardens of Babylon, as a lettuce to a palm tree, or as a porter's wife is to a Semiramis.

There it was that, after his frantic and triumphal course along the towers and galleries, Quasimodo had deposited Esmeralda. So long as that course lasted, the girl had remained almost without consciousness, having only a vague perception that she was ascending in the air, that she was floating, flying there, that something was carrying her upward from the earth. From time to time she heard the bursting laugh, the loud voice of Quasimodo, at her ear; she half opened her eyes; and then she saw, confusedly, beneath her, Paris, all checkered over with its thousand roofs of tile and slate, like a red and blue mosaic-work; and just above her head, Quasimodo's frightful and joy-illumined face. Then her eyelids dropped again; she believed that all was over; that she had been executed while in her fainting-fit; and that the deformed genius that had ruled her destiny had now laid hold of her spirit and was bearing it away. She dared not look at him, but resigned herself to this power.

But when the poor ringer, all disheveled and panting, had deposited her in the cell of refuge, when she felt his clumsy hands gently untying the cord that had cut into her arms, she felt that sort of shock which startles out of their sleep the passengers in a vessel that strikes

the bottom in the middle of a dark night. So were her ideas awakened, and they returned to her one after another. She saw that she was in Notre-Dame; she remembered having been snatched from the hands of the executioner; that Phœbus was living, that Phœbus loved her no longer; and these two ideas, of which the latter shed so much bitterness over the former, presenting themselves jointly to the poor sufferer, she turned to Quasimodo, who kept standing before her, and whose countenance affrighted her, and said to him:

"Why have you saved me?"

He looked at her anxiously, as if striving to divine what she was saying to him. She repeated her question. He then gave her another look of profound sadness, and hastened away, leaving her in astonishment.

In a few minutes he returned, carrying a bundle, which he threw down at her feet. It was some wearing apparel which certain charitable women had deposited at the threshold of the church.

Then she cast down her eyes over her own person, found herself almost naked, and blushed. Life was now returning to her.

Somewhat of this feeling of modest shame seemed to communicate itself to Quasimodo. He veiled his eye with his broad hand, and once more went away, but with tardy steps.

She dressed herself in haste. There were a white gown and a white veil; it was the habit of a novice of the Hôtel-Dieu.

She had scarcely finished her toilet before she saw Quasimodo return, carrying a basket under one arm, and a mattress under the other. This basket contained a bottle, with some bread and other provisions. He set the basket on the ground, and said to her, "eat." He spread out the mattress upon the flag-stones, and said, "sleep."

It was his own meal, his own bed, that the poor ringer had been to fetch.

The gypsy girl raised her eyes to thank him, but could not articulate a word. The poor devil was in truth horrible to look upon. She cast down her eyes again, shuddering.

Then he said to her:

"I frighten you, I'm very ugly,—am not I? Don't look at me, only listen to me. In the daytime, you'll stay here; at night, you can walk about the whole church. But don't go out of the church either by day or night. You'd be ruined. They'd kill you—and I should die."

Affected at his words, she raised her head to answer him, but he had disappeared. She found herself alone, musing upon the singular sentences of this almost monstrous being, and struck by the tone of his voice, so hoarse and yet so gentle.

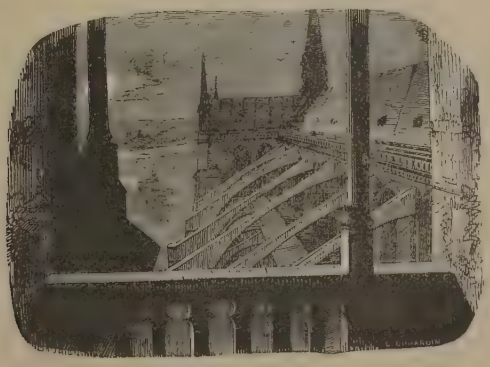
Then she examined her cell. It was a little room, some six feet square, with a small window and a door upon the gently inclined plane of the roofing of flat stones. A number of spout-ends in the figure of animals seemed bending around her, outside, and stretching out their necks to look at her through the little window. Over the verge of the roof, she discerned a thousand chimney-tops casting up before her the smoke from the multitudinous fires of Paris—a melancholy sight to the poor gypsy girl, a foundling, a convict capitally condemned, an unfortunate creature, with no country, no family, no home.

At the moment that the thought of her loneliness in the world was oppressing her more poignantly than ever, she felt a hairy, shaggy head gliding between her hands, upon her lap. She started (for everything frightened her now), and looked down. It was the poor little goat, the nimble Djali, which had escaped after her at the moment that Quasimodo had scattered Charmolue's brigade, and had been lavishing its caresses at her feet for nearly an hour without obtaining so much as a single look. Its mistress covered it with kisses.

"Oh, Djali," said she, "how I had forgotten thee! So thou still think'st of me. Oh, thou art not ungrateful!"

At the same time, as if some invisible hand had lifted the weight that had so long repressed her tears within her heart, she began to weep; and as the tears flowed, she felt as if what was sharpest and bitterest in her grief was departing with them.

When evening came, she thought the night so fine, the moonlight so soft, that she went quite round the high gallery that encircles the cathedral; and this little promenade gave her some relief, so calm did the earth seem to her, viewed from that elevation.



CHAPTER III

DEAF

THE next morning the poor gypsy girl perceived, on waking, that she had slept, a thing which astonished her, she had been so long unaccustomed to sleep! Some cheerful rays of the rising sun streamed through her window, and fell upon her face. At the same time with the sun, she saw at the window the unfortunate face of Quasimodo. Involuntarily her eyes closed again, but in vain; she still thought she saw, through her roseate eyelids, that gnome's visage, one-eyed and gap-toothed. Then, still keeping her eyes shut, she heard a rough voice saying, very gently:

"Don't be afraid. I'm your friend. I was come to look at you sleeping. That doesn't hurt you, does it—that I should come and see you asleep? What does it signify to you my being here when you have your eyes shut? Now I'm going away. There. I've put myself behind the wall. Now you may open your eyes again."

There was something yet more plaintive than these words; it was the tone in which they were uttered. The gypsy girl, affected at them, opened her eyes. He had, in fact, gone away from the window. She went up to it, and saw the poor hunchback crouching in an angle of the wall, in a posture of sorrow and resignation. She made an effort to overcome the repugnance which she left at the sight of him. "Come hither," said she, softly. From the movement of her lips Quasimodo thought that she was bidding him go away; then he rose up and retreated, limping, slow, hanging his head, not venturing to lift up to the young girl his despairing countenance. "Come hither, I say," cried she; but he continued to move away. Then she hurried out of the cell, ran after him, and laid hold of his arm. On feeling the pressure, Quasimodo trembled in every limb. He lifted a suppliant eye; and finding

that she was trying to draw him toward her, his whole face beamed with joy and tenderness. She tried to make him enter her cell; but he persisted in remaining on the threshold. "No, no," said he, "the owl goes not into the nest of the lark."

Then she gracefully sat down upon her couch, with her goat asleep

at her feet. Both parties remained motionless for a few minutes, absorbed in the contemplation—he, of so much grace—she, of so much ugliness. Every moment she discovered in Quasimodo some additional deformity. Her eye wandered over him, from his knock knees to his hump back, from his hump back to his one eye. She could not understand how a being so awkwardly fashioned could be in existence. Yet,

over the whole there was diffused an air of so much sadness and gentleness, that she was beginning to be reconciled to it.

He was the first to break silence. "So you were telling me to come back."

She nodded affirmatively, and said, "Yes."

He understood the motion of her head. "Alas!" said he, as if hesitating to finish the sentence, "you see, I'm deaf."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the gypsy girl, with an expression of benevolent pity.

He smiled sorrowfully.

"You thought that was all I wanted, didn't you? Yes, I'm deaf. That's the way I'm made. It's horrible, isn't it? You now, you're so beautiful."

In the poor creature's tone there was so deep a feeling of his wretchedness, that she had not resolution to say a word. Besides, he would not have heard it. He continued:

"Never did I see my ugliness as I do now. When I compare myself to you, I do indeed pity myself, poor unhappy monster that I am. You must think I look like a beast. Tell me, now. You, now, are a sunbeam, a dewdrop, a bird's song. But me—I'm something frightful, neither man nor brute, a sort of a thing that's harder, and more trod upon, and more unshapely than a flint-stone."

Then he laughed, and the laugh was the most heart-rending laugh in the world. He went on:

"Yes, I'm deaf; but you'll speak to me by gestures and signs. I've a master that talks to me that way. And then, I shall know your will very quickly, by seeing how your lips move, and how you look."

"Well then," said she, smiling, "tell me why you saved me."

He looked at her intently while she was speaking.

"Oh, I understand," he replied, "you ask me why it was I saved you. You've forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night, a poor wretch that you brought relief to, the very next day, on their shameful pillory. A drop of water and a little pity—that is more than I can pay you back with my life. You've forgotten that poor wretch; but he remembers."

She listened to him with deep emotion. A tear stood in the poor ringer's eye—but it did not fall—he seemed to make it, as it were, a point of honor to retain it.

"Just hear me," said he, when he was no longer afraid that this tear would escape him—"We've very high towers here—if a man was to fall from one, he'd be dead before he got to the ground; when you

like me to fall in that way, you'll not so much as have to say a word—a glance of your eye will be enough."

Then he rose up from his leaning posture. This odd being, unhappy as the gypsy girl herself was, yet awakened some compassion in her breast. She motioned to him to remain.

"No, no," said he, "I mustn't stay too long; I'm not at my ease. It's only for pity that you don't turn away your eyes. I'm going somewhere, from whence I shall see you and you won't see me: that will be better."

He drew from his pocket a small metal whistle.

"There," said he; "when you want me—when you wish me to come, when you'll not be too much horrified at the sight of me, you'll whistle with that. I can hear that noise."

He laid the whistle on the ground and went his way.

CHAPTER IV

EARTHENWARE AND CRYSTAL

DAY after day passed over, and tranquillity returned, by degrees, to the spirit of Esmeralda.

Excessive grief, like excessive joy, being violent in its nature, is of short duration. The human heart is incapable of remaining long in an extreme. The gypsy girl had suffered so much, that astonishment at it was all that she now felt. With the feeling of security, hope had returned to her. She was out of society, out of life; but she had a vague sense that it was not quite impossible for her to return to them. It was as if one of the dead should have in reserve a key to open the tomb.

She felt gradually departing from her mind the terrible images which had so long beset her. All the hideous phantoms, Pierrat Torterue, Jacques Charmolue, were vanishing from her, all, not excepting the priest himself.

And then, Phœbus was living, she was sure of it, she had seen him. To her the fact of his being alive was everything. After the series of fatal shocks which had overturned everything in her soul, she had found nothing still keeping its place there but one feeling, her love for the captain. For love is like a tree; it vegetates of itself, striking deep roots through all our being, and often continuing to grow greenly over a heart in ruins.

And, inexplicable as it is, the blinder is this passion the more it is tenacious. It is never more firmly seated than when it is without a shadow of reason.

Assuredly Esmeralda could not think of the captain without feelings of bitterness. Assuredly it was dreadful that he too should have been deceived, that he should have believed such a thing possible, that he should have conceived of a stab with a poniard coming from her who

would have given a thousand lives to save him. And yet, he was not so excessively to blame; for had she not acknowledged the crime? had she not yielded, weak woman as she was, to the torture? All the fault was her own; she ought rather to have let them tear the nails from her feet than such an avowal from her lips. But, then, could she but see Phœbus once more, for a single minute; a word, a look, would suffice to undeceive him, to bring him back. She doubted it not. She also strove to account to herself for many singular things, for Phœbus's happening to be present on the day of the penance at the church door, and for his being with that young lady. It was his sister, no doubt, an explanation by no means plausible, but with which she contented herself, because she needed to believe that Phœbus still loved her, and her alone. Had he not sworn it to her? And what stronger assurance did she need, all simple and credulous as she was? And besides in the sequel of the affair, were not appearances much more strongly against herself than against him. So she waited and hoped.

We may add that the church itself, that vast edifice wrapping her, as it were, on all sides, protecting her, saving her, was a sovereign tranquilizer. The solemn lines of its architecture; the religious attitude of all the objects by which the girl was surrounded; the pious and serene thoughts escaping, as it were, from every pore of those venerable stones—acted upon her unconsciously to herself. The structure had sounds too, of such blessedness and such majesty, that they soothed that suffering spirit. The monotonous chant of the performers of the service; the responses of the people to the priests, now inarticulate, now thundering; the harmonious trembling of the casements; the organ bursting forth like the voice of a hundred trumpets; the three steeples humming like hives of enormous bees; all that orchestra, over which bounded a gigantic gamut, ascending and descending incessantly, from the voice of a multitude to that of a bell, dulled her memory, her imagination, and her sorrow. The bells especially lulled her. It was as a powerful magnetism which those vast machines poured in large waves over her.

Thus each successive sunrise found her less pale, more tranquilized, and breathing more freely. In proportion as her internal wounds healed, her grace and her beauty bloomed again on her countenance, but more collected and composed. Her former character also returned, something even of her gayety, her pretty grimace, her fondness for her goat, her love of singing, her feminine bashfulness. She was careful to dress herself in the morning, in the corner of her little chamber, lest some inhabitant of the neighboring garrets should see her through the little window.

When her thinking of Phœbus allowed her leisure, the gypsy girl sometimes thought of Quasimodo. He was the only link, the only means of communication with mankind, with the living, that remained to her. Unfortunate creature! she was more out of the world than Quasimodo himself. She knew not what to make of the strange friend whom chance had given her. Often she reproached herself for not having a gratitude which could shut its eyes, but, positively, she could not reconcile herself to the sight of the poor ringer. He was too ugly.

She had left the whistle he had given her lying on the ground. This, however, did not prevent Quasimodo from reappearing, from time to time, during the first days. She strove hard to restrain herself from turning away with too strong an appearance of disgust when he came and brought her the basket of provisions or the pitcher of water; but he always perceived the smallest motion of that kind, and then he went away sorrowful.

Once he happened to come at the moment she was caressing Djali. He stood for a few minutes pensively contemplating that graceful group of the goat and the gypsy, and then he said, shaking his heavy and ill-formed head:

"My misfortune is, that I'm still too much like a man; I wish I were a beast outright, like that goat."

She raised her eyes toward him with a look of astonishment.

To this look he answered:

"Oh, I well know why!" and went his way.

Another time he presented himself at the door of the cell (into which he never entered) at the moment when Esmeralda was singing an old Spanish ballad, the words of which she did not understand, but which had dwelt in her ear because the gypsy woman had lulled her to sleep with it when a child. At the sight of that shocking countenance appearing suddenly in the middle of her song, the girl broke it off with an involuntary gesture of affright. The unfortunate ringer fell upon his knees on the threshold, and clasped with a suppliant look his great shapeless hands. "Oh!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, "go on, I entreat you, and don't send me away." She was unwilling to pain him; and so, all trembling, she resumed her romance. Her fright, however, dissipated by degrees, and she abandoned herself wholly to the expression of the plaintive air she was singing. He, the while, had remained upon his knees, with his hands clasped as in prayer—attentive—hardly drawing his breath—his look fixed upon the beaming eyes of the gypsy. It seemed as if he was reading her song in those eyes.

At another time, again, he came to her with a look of awkwardness and timidity.

THE SANCTUARY ROOM.

"Listen," said he, with an effort; "I have something to say to you." She made him a sign that she was listening. Then he began to sigh, half opened his lips, seemed for a moment to be on the point of speaking, then looked her in the face, made a negative motion with his head, and slowly withdrew, with his hand pressed to his forehead, leaving the gypsy girl in amazement.

Among the grotesque figures carved upon the wall, there was one for which he had a particular affection, and with which he often seemed to be exchanging fraternal looks. On one occasion, the gypsy heard him saying to it:

"Oh! why am I not made of stone like thee!"

At length, one morning, Esmeralda, having advanced to the verge of the roof, was looking into the Place, over the sharp ridge of the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond. Quasimodo was present, behind her. He used so to place himself of his own accord, in order to spare the young girl as much as possible the disagreeableness of seeing him. Suddenly the gypsy started, a tear and a flash of joy shone at once in her eyes; she knelt down on the edge of the roof, and stretched out her arms in anguish toward the Place, crying out, "Phœbus! oh come! come hither! one word! but one word, in heaven's name! Phœbus! Phœbus!" Her voice, her face, her gesture, her whole figure had the heart-rending aspect of a shipwrecked mariner making the signal of distress to some gay vessel passing in the distant horizon in a gleam of sunshine.

Quasimodo leaned over toward the Place, and saw that the object of this tender and agonizing prayer was a young man, a captain, a handsome cavalier, all glittering in arms and gay attire, who was passing by caracoling in the square beneath, and saluting with his plume a handsome young lady smiling at her balcony. The officer, however, did not hear the call of the unfortunate girl, for he was too far off.

But the poor deaf ringer heard it. A deep sigh heaved his breast; he turned round; his heart was swelled with all the tears which he restrained from flowing; his hands, clenched convulsively, struck against his head, and when he drew them away there came with each of them a handful of his rough red hair.

The gypsy girl was paying no attention to him. He said, in an undertone, grinding his teeth:

"Damnation! So that's how a man should be; he need only be handsome outside!"

Meanwhile, she had remained upon her knees, crying out with extraordinary agitation:

"Oh, there! he's getting off his horse. He's going into that house.

—Phœbus!—He does not hear me.—Phœbus!—What a wicked woman that is to talk to him at the same time that I do.—Phœbus! Phœbus!"

The deaf man had his eye upon her all the while. He understood this pantomime. The poor ringer's eyes filled with tears, but he let not one of them fall. All at once he pulled her gently by the extremity of the sleeve. She turned round. He had assumed a tranquil air, and said to her:

"Should you like me to go and fetch him?"

She uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Oh, yes, go! go! run! quick! that captain, that captain, bring him to me and I'll love you!"

She clasped his knees. He could not help shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I'll bring him to you," said he, in a faint voice. Then he turned his head, and strode hastily to the staircase, his heart bursting with sobs.

When he reached the Place, he found only the fine horse fastened at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier; the captain had just entered. He looked up to the roof of the church; Esmeralda was still there, at the same spot, in the same posture. He made her a melancholy sign of the head; then set his back against one of the posts of the porch of the mansion, determined to wait until the captain came out.

It was, at the Logis Gondelaurier, one of those gala days that precede a marriage; Quasimodo saw many people enter, and nobody come away. Now and then he looked up to the roof of the church, and he saw that the gypsy girl did not stir from her place any more than himself. There came a groom, who untied the horse, and led him to the stable of the mansion.

The whole day was passed in this manner, Quasimodo against the post, Esmeralda upon the roof, and Phœbus, no doubt, at the feet of Fleur-de-Lys.

At length night came, a dark, moonless night. In vain did Quasimodo fix his eye upon Esmeralda; she soon faded into something white glimmering in the twilight, then quite disappeared from his view. All had vanished, all was black. Quasimodo now saw the light shining through the windows from top to bottom of the front of the Logis Gondelaurier; he saw the other windows of the Place lit up one after another; one after another, too, he saw the light disappear from them till every one was dark, for he remained the whole evening at his post. The officer did not come away. When the latest passengers had returned home, when all the windows of the other houses were darkened,

Quasimodo remained entirely alone, entirely in the dark. There were not then any lamps in the Parvis of Notre-Dame.

However, the windows of the Logis Gondelaurier remained lighted, even after midnight. Quasimodo, motionless and attentive, saw passing to and fro behind the many-colored panes a multitude of lively dancing shadows. Had he not been deaf, in proportion as the murmur of slumbering Paris died away, he would have heard more and more distinctly, from within the Logis Gondelaurier, the sounds of an evening entertainment, of laughter, and of music.

About one in the morning the company began to depart. Quasimodo, wrapped in darkness, looked at them all as they passed under the flambeau-lighted porch, but none of them was the captain.

He was full of melancholy thoughts; now and then he looked up into the air, like one weary of waiting. Great black clouds, heavy, torn, riven, were hanging like raged festoons of crape under the starry arch of night.

At one of those moments he suddenly saw the long folding window that opened upon the balcony, whose stone balustrade projected above him, mysteriously open. The light glazed door admitted two persons through it upon the balcony, then softly closed behind them. They were a male and a female figure. It was not without difficulty that Quasimodo, in the dark, could recognize in the man the handsome captain, in the woman the young lady whom he had seen in the morning bidding the officer welcome from the same balcony. The Place was perfectly dark, and a double crimson curtain, which had fallen behind the glass door at the moment it had closed, intercepted almost every ray of light from the apartment within.

The young man and woman, as far as our deaf spectator could judge without hearing a word of what they said, appeared to abandon themselves to a very tender tête-à-tête. The young lady seemed to have permitted the officer to encircle her waist with his arm, and was gently resisting a kiss.

Quasimodo witnessed from below this scene, the more attractive as it was not intended to be witnessed. He contemplated that happiness, that beauty with feelings of bitterness. After all, nature was not altogether silent in the poor devil, and his nervous system, strangely distorted as it was, was yet susceptible of excitement like another man's. He thought of the wretched share which Providence had dealt him; that woman, that the pleasures of love, were destined everlastingly to pass under his eyes without his ever doing more than witness the felicity of others. But that which pained him most of all in this spectacle, that which mingled indignation with his chagrin, was to think what

the gypsy girl would suffer were she to behold it. True it was that the night was very dark, that Esmeralda, if she had remained at the same place, as he doubted not she had, was very far off, and that it was all that he himself could do to distinguish the lovers on the balcony—this consoled him.

Meanwhile the conversation above became more and more animated. The young lady seemed to be entreating the officer to solicit nothing more from her. All that Quasimodo could distinguish was the fair clasped hands, the mingled smiles and tears, and the uplifted eyes of the young woman, and the eyes of the captain fixed ardently upon her.

Fortunately for the young lady, whose resistance was growing weaker, the door of the balcony suddenly reopened, and an old lady made her appearance, whereupon the young one looked confused, the officer chagrined, and they all three went in again.

A minute afterward a horse came prancing under the porch, and the brilliant officer, wrapped in his night cloak, passed rapidly before Quasimodo.

The ringer let him turn the corner of the street, and then ran after him, with his monkey nimbleness, shouting, "Ho! there! captain!"

The captain stopped his horse.

"What does the rascal want with me?" said he, espying in the dark that sort of out-of-the-way figure running hobblingly toward him.

Meanwhile Quasimodo had come up to him, and boldly taken his horse by the bridle, saying, "Follow me, captain; there's somebody here that wants to speak to you."

"Corne-Mahom!" grumbled Phœbus, "here's a villainous ragged bird that I think I've seen somewhere before. Hollo! master! won't you leave hold of my bridle?"

"Captain," answered the deaf man, "aren't you asking me who it is?"

"I tell thee to let go my horse," returned Phœbus impatiently. "What does the fellow want hanging at my charger's rein? Dost thou take my horse for a gallows?"

Quasimodo, so far from leaving hold of the horse's bridle, was preparing to make him turn round. Unable to explain to himself the captain's resistance, he hastily said to him:

"Come along, captain; it's a woman that's waiting for you;" then, with an effort, he added, "a woman that loves you."

"A rare scoundrel!" said the captain, "that thinks me obliged to go after every woman that loves me, or says she does. And then, if she

is but like thee, thou owl-faced villain! Tell her that sent thee that I'm going to be married, and that she may go to the devil."

"Hark ye!" cried Quasimodo, thinking to overcome his hesitation with a single word; "come along, my lord; it's the gypsy girl that you know of."

This word did in fact make a great impression upon Phœbus, but it was not that which the deaf man expected from it. It will be remembered that our gallant officer had retired from the balcony with Fleur-de-Lys a few minutes before Quasimodo delivered the penitent out of the hands of Charmolue. Since then, in all his visits at the Logis Gondelaurier, he had been very careful to avoid mentioning that young woman, the recollection of whom, after all, was painful to him, and Fleur-de-Lys, on her part, had not deemed it politic to tell him that the gypsy girl was living. So Phœbus believed poor *Similar*, as he called her, to have been dead for a month or two. To which we must add that the captain had been thinking for a few moments of the profound darkness of the night, the supernatural ugliness and sepulchral voice of the messenger, that it was past midnight, that the street was as solitary as it had been the evening that the spectre monk had accosted him, and that his horse snorted at the sight of Quasimodo.

"The gypsy girl!" cried he, almost in a fright. "How now! Art thou come from the other world?" and so saying he laid his hand upon his dagger-hilt.

"Quick! quick!" said the deaf man, striving to turn the horse round; "this way!"

Phœbus struck him a violent blow in the chest with the point of his boot.

Quasimodo's eye sparkled. He made a movement to throw himself upon the captain. But checking himself, he said:

"Ah! how happy you are to have some one that loves you!"

He laid strong emphasis upon the words some one, and leaving hold of the horse's bridle, he said:

"Go your way."

Phœbus spurred off, swearing. Quasimodo watched him plunge into the dark shades of the street.

"Oh!" whispered the poor deaf creature to himself, "to refuse that!"

He returned into Notre-Dame, lighted his lamp, and went up the tower again. As he had supposed, the gypsy girl was still at the same spot. The moment she perceived him coming she ran to meet him.

"Alone!" cried she, clasping her beautiful hands in agony.

"I could not find him again," said Quasimodo coolly.

"You should have waited for him all night," returned she passionately.

He observed her angry gesture, and understood the reproof.

"I'll watch him better another time," said he, hanging down his head.

"Get you gone," said she.

He left her. She was dissatisfied with him. He had preferred being chided by her, to giving her greater affliction. He had kept all the grief to himself.

From that day forward, the gypsy saw no more of him; he came no longer to her cell. Now and then, indeed, she caught a distant glimpse of the ringer's countenance looking mournfully upon her from the top of one of the towers; but as soon as she perceived him, he constantly disappeared.

We must admit that she was little afflicted by the voluntary absence of the poor hunchback. At the bottom of her heart, she felt obliged to him for it. Nor was Quasimodo himself under any delusion about the matter.

She saw him no more, but she felt the presence of a good genius about her. Her provisions were renewed by an invisible hand during her sleep. One morning she found against her window a cage of birds. Over her cell there was a piece of sculpture that frightened her. She had repeatedly testified this in Quasimodo's presence. One morning (for all these things were done in the night-time) she saw it no longer, it had been broken off. He who had climbed up to that piece of carving, must have risked his life.

Sometimes, in the evening, she heard the voice of one concealed by the blinds of the steeple, singing, as if to lull her to sleep, a melancholy and fantastic song, without rhyme or rhythm, such as a deaf man might make:

Oh, look not at the face,
Young maid, look at the heart;
The heart of a handsome man is often deformed;
There are some hearts will hold no love a long while.

Young maid, the pine's not fair to see,
Not fair to see as the poplar is,
But it keeps its leaves in winter-time.

Alas! it's vain to talk of that—
What is not fair ought not to be;
Beauty will only beauty love,
April looks not on January.

Beauty is perfection,
Beauty can do all,
Beauty is the only thing that does not live by halves.

The crow flies but by day;
The owl flies but by night;
The swan flies night and day.

On waking one morning, she saw in her window two bunches of flowers; one of them in a glass vessel, very beautiful and brilliant, but cracked; it had let all the water escape, and the flowers it contained

were faded. The other vessel was of earthenware, rude and common, but had kept all the water, so that its flowers remained fresh and blooming.

We know not whether she did it intentionally, but Esmeralda took the faded nosegay and wore it all day in her bosom.

That day she did not hear the voice from the tower sing.

She felt little concern about it. She passed her days in caressing Djali, watching the door of the Logis Gondelaurier, talking low to herself about Phœbus, and crumbling her bread to the swallows.

And then she had altogether ceased to see or to hear Quasimodo. The poor ringer seemed to have departed from the church. One night, however, as she lay awake, thinking of her handsome captain, she heard a strong breathing near her cell. She rose up affrighted, and saw, by the moonlight, a shapeless mass lying across the front of her door. It was Quasimodo sleeping there upon the stones.

CHAPTER V

THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR

MEANWHILE public rumor had acquainted the archdeacon with the miraculous manner in which the gypsy girl had been saved. When he learned this, he felt he knew not what. He had reconciled his mind to the thought of Esmeralda's death, and so he had become calm; he had gone to the bottom of the greatest grief possible. The human heart (Dom Claude had meditated upon these matters) cannot contain more than a certain quantity of despair. When the sponge is thoroughly soaked, the sea may pass over it without its imbibing one tear more.

Now, Esmeralda being dead, the sponge was thoroughly soaked; all was over for Dom Claude upon this earth. But to feel that she was alive, and Phœbus too, that was the recommencement of torture, of pangs, of alternations, of life, and Dom Claude was weary of all that.

When this piece of intelligence reached him, he shut himself up in his cloister cell. He appeared neither at the conferences of the chapter, nor at the services in the church. He shut his door against every one, even against the bishop. He kept himself thus immured for several weeks. He was thought to be ill, and so indeed he was.

What was he doing, shut up thus? With what thoughts was the unfortunate man contending? Was he making a final struggle against his formidable passion? Was he combining some final plan of death for her and perdition for himself?

His Jehan, his cherished brother, his spoiled child, came once to his door, knocked, swore, entreated, announced himself ten times over; but Claude kept the door shut.

He passed whole days with his face close against the casement of his window. From that window, situated in the cloister, he could see

the cell of Esmeralda; he often saw herself, with her goat—sometimes with Quasimodo. He remarked the deaf wretch's assiduities, his obedience, his delicate and submissive behavior to the gypsy girl. He recollected, for he had a good memory, and memory is the tormentor of the jealous, he recollected a singular look which the ringer had cast upon the

dancing-girl on a certain evening. He asked himself what motive could have urged Quasimodo to save her. He was an eye-witness to a thousand little scenes that passed between the gypsy and the ringer; the action of which, as seen at that distance and commented on by his passion, he thought very tender. He had his misgivings with respect to feminine capriciousness. Then he felt confusedly arising within him

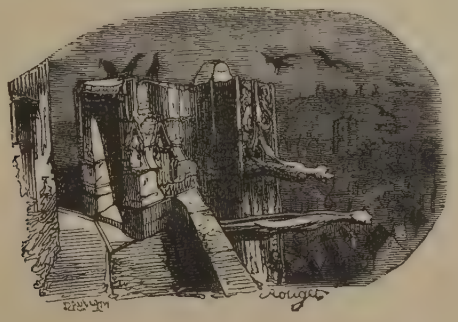
a jealousy such as he had never anticipated, a jealousy that made him redden with shame and indignation. "As for the captain," thought he, "that might pass—but this one!" And the idea quite overpowered him.

His nights were dreadful. Since he had learned that the gypsy girl was alive, all those cold images of spectres and the grave, which had beset him for a whole day, had vanished from his spirit, and the flesh began again to torment him.

Each night his delirious imagination represented to him Esmeralda in all the attitudes that had most strongly excited his passion. He beheld her leaning faint upon the poniarded captain, her eyes closed, her fair naked neck crimsoned with the blood of Phœbus, at that moment of wild delight at which the archdeacon had imprinted on her pale lips that kiss of which the unfortunate girl, half dying as she was, had felt the burning pressure. Again, he beheld her undressed by the savage hands of the torturers, letting them thrust all naked into the horrid iron-screwed boot her little foot, her round and delicate leg, her white and supple knee; and then he saw that ivory knee alone appearing, all below it being enveloped in Torterue's horrible apparatus. And again, he figured to himself the young girl, in her slight chemise, with the rope about her neck, with bare feet and uncovered shoulders, as he had seen her on the day of penance. These voluptuous images made him clench his hands, and sent a shiver through his spine.

One night in particular they so cruelly inflamed his priestly virgin blood, that he tore his pillow with his teeth, leaped out of bed, threw a surplice over his night-gown, and went out of his cell with his lamp in his hand, half naked, wild, with fire in his eyes.

He knew where to find the key of the Red Door, opening from the cloister into the church; and, as the reader is aware, he always carried about him a key of the tower staircase.



CHAPTER VI

SEQUEL TO THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR

THAT night Esmeralda had fallen asleep in her little chamber, full of forgetfulness, of hope, and of flattering thoughts. She had been sleeping for some time, dreaming, as usual, of Phœbus; when she thought she heard some noise about her. Her sleep was light and airy, the sleep of a bird; the slightest thing awakened her. She opened her eyes. The night was very dark. Yet she discerned at the little window a face looking in upon her—there was a lamp which cast its light upon this apparition. The moment that it perceived itself to be observed by Esmeralda, that face blew out the lamp. Nevertheless, the young girl had caught a glimpse of its features; her eyelids dropped with terror.

"Oh!" said she in a faint voice, "the priest!"

All her past misfortune flashed upon her mind, and she fell back frozen with horror upon her bed.

A moment after, she felt a contact the whole length of her body, which made her shudder so violently that she started and sat up in bed wide awake and furious. The priest had glided up to her, and threw both his arms around her.

She strove to cry out, but could not.

"Begone, monster! begone, murderer!" said she, in a voice low and faltering with anger and dread.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured the priest, pressing his burning lips to her shoulders.

She seized his bald head between her hands by its remaining hairs, and strove to repel his kisses as if he had been biting her.

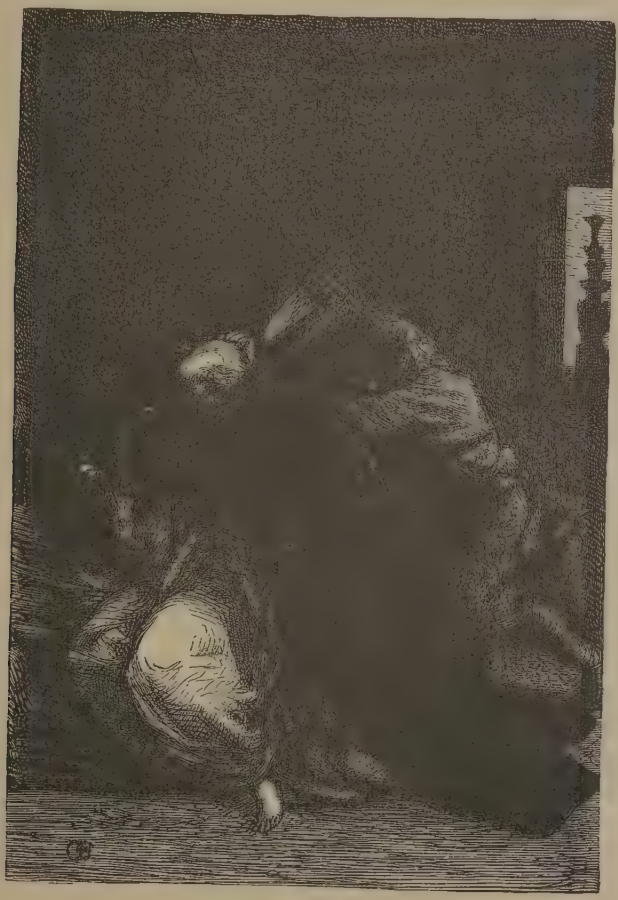
"Mercy!" repeated the wretched man. "Didst thou but know what

is my love for thee! It is fire! It is molten lead! It is a thousand daggers in my heart!"

And he held back both her arms with superhuman strength.

Quite desperate, "Let me go," she cried, "or I spit in your face!"

He left hold.



"Vilify me, strike me, do what thou wilt!" said he, "but, oh, have mercy, and love me!"

Then she struck him with the fury of a child. She drew up her pretty hands to tear his face. "Begone, demon!"

"Love me! love me! love me! for pity's sake!" cried the poor priest, answering her blows with his unwelcome caresses.

All at once she felt that he was overpowering her.

"There must be an end of this," said he, grinding his teeth.

She felt herself conquered, palpitating, crushed in his arms and in his power. She felt a lascivious hand wandering over her. She made a last effort, crying, "Help me! help me! a vampire! a vampire!"

But nothing came. Only Djali was awake and bleated with anguish.

"Silence!" said the panting priest.

Suddenly, in the midst of her struggling, the gypsy's hand came in contact with something cold and metallic. It was Quasimodo's whistle. She seized it with a convulsion of hope, put it to her lips, and blew with all her remaining strength. The whistle sounded clear, shrill, and piercing.

"What's that?" said the priest.

Almost at the same instant he felt himself dragged away by a vigorous arm. The cell was dark; he could not clearly distinguish who it was that held him thus; but he heard some one's teeth chattering with rage, and there was just light enough scattered in the darkness for him to see shining over his head a large cutlass blade.

The priest thought he could discern the form of Quasimodo. He supposed it could be no one else. He recollected having stumbled, in entering, against a bundle of something that was lying across the doorway outside. Yet, as the new-comer uttered not a word, he knew not what to think. He threw himself upon the arm that held the cutlass, crying out, "Quasimodo!" forgetting, at that moment of distress, that Quasimodo was deaf.

In a trice the priest was thrown upon the floor, and felt a knee of lead weighing upon his breast. By the angular impression of that knee he recognized Quasimodo. But what was he to do? how was he to make himself known to the other? Night made the deaf man blind.

He was lost. The young girl, pitiless as an enraged tigress, interfered not to save him. The cutlass was approaching his head, the moment was critical. Suddenly his adversary appeared seized with hesitation. "No blood upon her!" said he, in an under voice. It was, in fact, the voice of Quasimodo.

Then the priest felt the great hand dragging him by the foot out of the cell; he was to die outside. Luckily for him, the moon had been risen for a few moments.

When they had crossed the threshold of the chamber, its pale rays fell upon the features of the priest. Quasimodo looked in his face; a tremor came over him; he quitted his hold of the priest and shrank back.

The gypsy girl, having come forward to the door of her cell, was surprised to see them suddenly change parts; for now it was the priest that threatened, and Quasimodo was the suppliant.

The priest, heaping gestures of anger and reproof upon the deaf man, motioned to him passionately to withdraw.

The deaf man cast down his eyes; then came and knelt before the gypsy girl's door. "Monseigneur," said he, in a tone of gravity and resignation, "afterwards you will do what you please—but kill me first."

So saying, he presented his cutlass to the priest; and the priest, who had lost all command of himself, was going to seize it. But the girl was quicker than he; she snatched the cutlass out of Quasimodo's hands, and burst into a frantic laugh. "Approach!" said she to the priest.

She held the blade aloft. The priest hesitated. She would certainly have struck.

"You dare not approach now, you coward," she resumed.

Then she added, in a pitiless accent, and well knowing that it would be plunging a red-hot iron into the heart of the priest, "Ha! I know that Phœbus is not dead."

The priest gave Quasimodo a kick, which threw him down upon the stones; and then plunged back, all trembling with rage, under the vault of the staircase.

When he was gone, Quasimodo picked up the whistle that had just saved the gypsy girl.

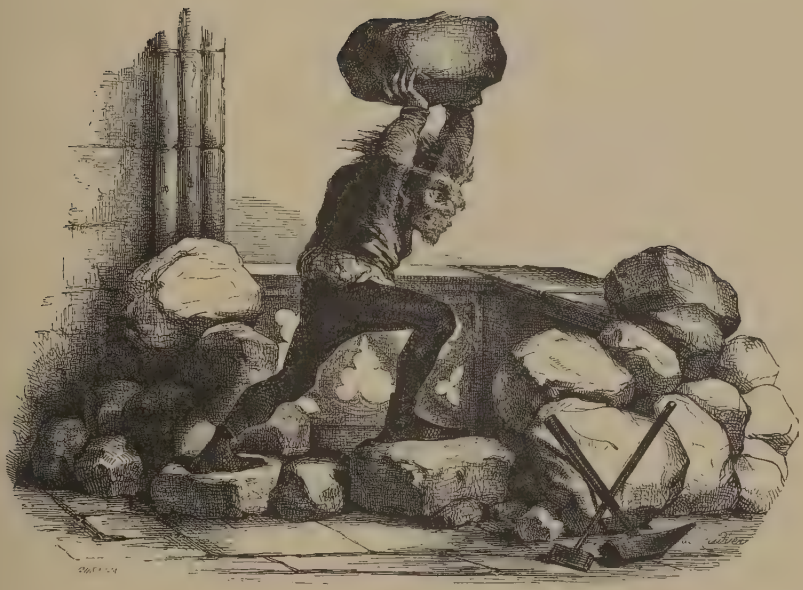
"It was growing rusty," said he, as he gave it to her, and then he left her to herself.

The young girl, quite overpowered by this violent scene, fell exhausted upon her couch, and began to sob and weep bitterly; again her horizon was growing dismal.

As for the priest, he had groped his way back into his cell.

Beyond all question, Dom Claude was jealous of Quasimodo!

He repeated pensively to himself his fatal sentence: "No one shall have her."



BOOK X

CHAPTER I

GRINGOIRE HAS SEVERAL BRIGHT IDEAS ONE AFTER THE OTHER IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS

FROM the time that Pierre Gringoire had seen the turn that all this affair was taking, and that hanging by the neck, and other disagreeables, were decidedly in store for the principal characters of this drama, he had felt no anxiety to take part in it. The Truands, amongst whom he had remained, considering as he did that, after all, they were the best company in Paris, the Truands had continued to feel interested for the gypsy girl. He thought that very natural in people who, like herself, had nothing but Charmolue and Torterue in prospect, and did not, like him, Gringoire, mount aloft in the regions of imagination between the wings of Pegasus. He had learned from their discourse that his bride of the broken pitcher had found refuge in Notre-Dame, and he was very glad of it. But he did not even feel tempted to go and see her there. He sometimes thought of the little goat, and that was all. In the day-time, he performed mountebank tricks to get his bread; and, at night, he was

elaborating a paper against the Bishop of Paris, for he remembered being drenched by his mill-wheels, and bore malice against him for it. He was also engaged in writing a commentary upon the fine work of Baudry-le-Rouge, Bishop of Noyon and Tournay, *De cupa petrarum*, which had given him a violent inclination for architecture, a propensity which had supplanted in his breast his passion for hermetics, of which, too, it was but a natural consequence, seeing that there is an intimate connection between the hermetical philosophy and stone-work. Gringoire had passed from the love of an idea to the love of the form of that idea.

One day he had stopped near the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, at the corner of a building called *le For-l'Evêque*, which was opposite another called *le For-le-Roi*. There was at this For-l'Evêque a beautiful chapel of the fourteenth century, the chancel of which was toward the street; Gringoire was examining devoutly its external sculpture. It was one of those moments of selfish, exclusive, and supreme enjoyment, in which the artist sees nothing in the world but his art, and the world itself in that art. All at once, he felt a hand placed heavily on his shoulder; he turned round; it was his old friend, his old master, the archdeacon.

He was quite confounded. It was long since he had seen the archdeacon; and Dom Claude was one of those grave and ardent beings a meeting with whom always disturbs the equilibrium of a skeptical philosopher.

The archdeacon, for some moments, kept silence, during which Gringoire had leisure to observe him. He found Dom Claude much altered, pale as a winter morning; his eyes hollow, his hair almost white. The priest was the first to break this silence, by saying, in a calm but freezing tone:

"How are you, Master Pierre?"

"As to my health," answered Gringoire, "why, you may say it's so so. On the whole, pretty good. I do not take too much of anything. You know, master, the secret of being well, according to Hippocrates—*id est: cibi, potus, somni, venus, omnia moderata sint.*"

"You have no care, then, Master Pierre?" resumed the archdeacon, looking steadfastly at Gringoire.

"'Faith, not I!"

"And what are you doing now?"

"You see, master, I am examining the cutting of these stones, and the style in which this bas-relief is thrown out."

The priest began to smile, but with that bitter smile which raises only one of the extremities of the mouth. "And that amuses you?"

"It's paradise!" exclaimed Gringoire. And, leaning over the sculpture with the fascinated air of a demonstrator of living phenomena—"Now, for example, do you not think that that scene metamorphosis, deeply undercut, is executed with a great deal of skill, delicacy, and patience? Look at that small column; was ever capital entwined with leaves more graceful or more exquisitely touched by the chisel? Here are three alto-relievos by Jean Maillevin. They are not the finest specimens of that great genius. Nevertheless, the simplicity, the sweetness of those faces, the sportiveness of the attitudes and the draperies, and that undefinable charm which is mingled with all the imperfections, make the miniature figures so very light and delicate, perhaps even too much so. You do not find it interesting?"

"Oh, yes!" said the priest.

"And if you were to see the interior of the chapel!" continued the poet, with his loquacious enthusiasm. "Sculpture in all directions! It's as full as the heart of a cabbage! The style of the chancel is most heavenly; and so peculiar that I have never seen anything like it anywhere else!"

Dom Claude interrupted him:

"You are happy, then?"

"Upon my honor, yes! At one time I loved women, then animals; now I love stones. They are quite as amusing as animals or women, and not so false."

The priest passed his hand across his forehead. It was a gesture habitual with him.

"Indeed!"

"Hark you," said Gringoire; "one has one's enjoyments." He took the arm of the priest, who yielded to his guidance, and led him under the staircase turret of the For-l'Evêque. "There's a staircase!" he exclaimed. "Whenever I see it I am happy. That flight of steps is the most simple and the most uncommon in Paris, every step is hollowed underneath. Its beauty and simplicity consist in the circumstance of the steps, which are a foot broad or thereabouts, being interlaced, mortised, jointed, enchained, enchased, set one in the other, and biting into each other, in a way that's truly both substantial and pretty."

"And you desire nothing?" said the priest.

"No!"

"And you regret nothing?"

"Neither regret nor desire. I have arranged my mode of life."

"What man arranges," said Claude, "circumstances disarrange."

"I am a Pyrrhonian philosopher," answered Gringoire, "and I hold everything in equilibrium."

"And how do you earn your living?"

"I still write epopees and tragedies now and then; but what brings me in the most is that industrious talent of mine which you are aware of, master, carrying pyramids of chairs on my teeth."

"A low occupation for a philosopher!"

"It's equilibrium, though," said Gringoire. "When one gets an idea in one's head, one finds it in everything."

"I know it," answered the archdeacon.

After a short silence, the priest continued:

"And yet you are poor enough?"

"Poor—yes—but not unhappy."

At that moment the sound of horses was heard; and our two interlocutors saw filing off at the end of the street a company of the king's archers, with their lances raised, and an officer at their head. The cavalcade was brilliant, and its march resounded on the pavement.

"How you look at that officer!" said Gringoire to the archdeacon.

"I think I know him!" was the reply.

"How do you call him?"

"I believe," said Claude, "his name is Phœbus de Chateaupers."

"Phœbus! a curious sort of a name! There's Phœbus, too, Count of Foix. I recollect I knew a girl once who never swore by any other name."

"Come hither," said the priest, "I have something to say to you."

Since the passing of that troop, a degree of agitation was perceptible through the frozen exterior of the archdeacon. He walked on. Gringoire followed him, accustomed to obey him, like all who had once approached that being so commanding. They reached in silence the Rue des Bernardins, which was pretty clear of people. Dom Claude stopped.

"What have you to say to me, master?" asked Gringoire.

"Do you not think," answered the archdeacon, with an air of profound reflection, "that the dress of those cavaliers whom we have just seen, is handsomer than yours and mine?"

Gringoire shook his head.

"No—'faith, I like my red and yellow vest better than those iron and steel scales. A pleasant sort of thing, to make a noise in going along like the Iron-wharf in an earthquake!"

"Then, Gringoire, you have never envied those fine fellows in their warlike hoquetons?"

"Envied what, monsieur the archdeacon? their strength, their armor, their discipline? Give me rather philosophy and independence in rags. I would rather be the head of a fly than the tail of a lion."

"That's singular," said the musing priest. "A fine uniform is a fine thing nevertheless."

Gringoire, seeing him pensive, left him to go and admire the porch of a neighboring house. He returned, clapping his hands.

"If you were less occupied with the fine clothes of the soldiers, monsieur the archdeacon, I would beg you to go and see that doorway. I have always said that the Sieur Aubry's house has the finest entrance that ever was seen."

"Pierre Gringoire," said the archdeacon, "what have you done with the little gypsy dancing-girl?"

"Esmeralda? You change the conversation very abruptly."

"Was she not your wife?"

"Yes, by dint of a broken pitcher. We were in for it for four years. By-the-by," added Gringoire, looking at the archdeacon with a half-bantering air, "you think of her still, then?"

"And you—do you no longer think of her?"

"Not much. I have so many things!—My God, how pretty the little goat was!"

"Did not that Bohemian girl save your life?"

"Egad, that's true."

"Well—what became of her? what have you done with her?"

"I can't tell you. I believe they've hanged her."

"You believe?"

"I'm not sure. When I saw there was hanging in the case, I kept out of the business."

"And that's all you know about her?"

"Stay. I was told she had taken refuge in Notre-Dame, and that she was there in safety, and I am delighted at it, and I've not been able to find out whether the goat escaped with her, and that's all I know about the matter."

"I will tell you more about it," cried Dom Claude; and his voice, till then low, deliberate, and hollow, had become like thunder. "She has indeed taken refuge in Notre-Dame. But in three days justice will drag her again from thence, and she will be hanged at the Grève. There is a decree of the parliament for it!"

"That's a pity," said Gringoire.

The priest in a moment had become cool and calm again.

"And who the devil," continued the poet, "has taken the trouble to solicit a sentence of redintegration? Could they not leave the parliament alone? Of what consequence can it be that a poor girl takes shelter under the buttresses of Notre-Dame among the swallows' nests?"

"There are Satans in the world," answered the archdeacon.

"That's a devilish bad piece of work," observed Gringoire.

The archdeacon resumed, after a short silence:

"She saved your life, then?"

"Among my good friends the Truands, I was within an inch of being hanged. They would have been sorry for it now."

"Will you then do nothing for her?"

"I should rejoice to be of service, Dom Claude; but if I were to bring a bad piece of business about my ears!"

"What can it signify?"

"The deuce! what can it signify! You are very kind, master! I have two great works begun."

The priest struck his forehead. In spite of his affected calmness, from time to time a violent gesture revealed his inward struggles.

"How is she to be saved?"

"Master," said Gringoire, "I will answer you—*Il padelt*—which means in the Turkish, '*God is our hope!*'"

"How is she to be saved?" repeated Dom Claude, ruminating.

Gringoire, in his turn, struck his forehead.

"Hark you, master, I have some imagination, I will find expedients for you. What if we were to entreat the king's mercy?"

"Mercy! of Louis XI.!"

"Why not?"

"Go take from the tiger his bone!"

Gringoire began to seek for other expedients.

"Well—stay—shall I address a memorial to the matrons, declaring that the girl is pregnant?"

At this the priest's sunken eyeballs glared.

"Pregnant! fellow! do you know anything about it?"

Gringoire was terrified at his manner. He hastened to say: "Oh, not I. Our marriage was a regular *foris-maritagium*. I'm altogether out of it. But at any rate one should obtain a respite."

"Madness! infamy! hold thy peace!"

"You are wrong to be angry," muttered Gringoire. "One gets a respite—that does no harm to anybody, and it puts forty deniers parisis into the pockets of the jury of matrons, who are poor women."

The priest heard him not.

"She must go from thence, nevertheless," murmured he. "The sentence is to be put in force within three days. Otherwise, it would not be valid. That Quasimodo! Women have very depraved tastes!" He raised his voice: "Master Pierre, I have well considered the matter. There is but one means of saving her."

"And what is it? For my part, I see none."

"Hark ye, Master Pierre; remember that you owe your life to her. I will tell you candidly my idea. The church is watched day and night; no one is allowed to come out but those who have been seen to go in. Thus you can go in. You shall come, and I will take you to her. You will change clothes with her. She will take your doublet, and you will take her petticoat."

"So far so good," observed the philosopher; "and what then?"

"What then? Why, she will go out in your clothes, and you will remain in hers. You may get hanged, perhaps, but she will be saved."

Gringoire scratched his ear with a very serious air.

"Well!" said he, "that's an idea would never have come into my head of itself."

At Dom Claude's unexpected proposal, the open and benignant countenance of the poet had become instantaneously overcast, like a smiling Italian landscape when an unlucky gust of wind suddenly dashes a cloud across the sun.

"Well, Gringoire—what say you to the plan?"

"I say, master, that I shall not be hanged, perhaps, but that I shall be hanged indubitably."

"That does not concern us."

"The plague!" said Gringoire.

"She saved your life. It's a debt you have to pay."

"There are many others I don't pay."

"Master Pierre, it must absolutely be so."

The archdeacon spoke imperiously.

"Hark you, Dom Claude," answered the poet in great consternation. "You cling to that idea, and you are wrong. I don't see why I should get myself hanged instead of another."

"What can you have to attach you so strongly to life?"

"Ah! a thousand reasons."

"What are they, pray?"

"What are they? The air, the sky, the morning, the evening, the moonlight, my good friends the Truands, our merry-making with the old women, the fine architecture of Paris to study, three great books to write, one of them against the bishop and his mills, more than I can tell. Anaxagoras used to say he had come into the world to admire the sun. And then, I have the felicity of passing the whole of my days, from morning till night, with a man of genius, no other than I myself, and that's very agreeable."

"Oh, thou head, fit only to make a rattle of!" muttered the archdeacon. "Speak, then; who preserved that life thou makest out to be so charming? To whom art thou indebted for the privilege of breath-

ing that air, of seeing that sky, of being still able to amuse thy lark-like spirit with trash and fooleries? Had it not been for her, where wouldst thou be? Thou wilt have her die then, she through whom thou livest; thou wilt have her die, that creature so lovely, so sweet, so adorable, a creature necessary to the light of the world, more divine than divinity itself; while thou, half sage, half fool, a mere sketch of something, a sort of vegetable which fancies it walks and thinks, wouldst continue to live with the life thou hast stolen from her, as useless as a taper at noonday! Come, Gringoire, a little pity! be generous in thy turn; she has set the example."

The priest was vehement. Gringoire listened to him at first with an air of indecision, then became moved, and concluded with making a tragical grimace which likened his wan countenance to that of a newborn child in a fit of the colic.

"You are very pathetic!" said he, wiping away a tear. "Well! I'll think of it. That's an odd idea of yours. After all," pursued he, after a moment's silence, "who knows? perhaps they'll not hang me; there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. When they find me in that box, so grotesquely muffled, in cap and petticoat, perhaps they'll burst out laughing. And if they do hang me, what then? The rope—that's a death like any other. Or rather, it is not a death like any other. It's a death worthy of the sage who has been wavering all his life, a death which is neither fish nor flesh, like the mind of the true skeptic, a death fully marked with Pyrrhonism and hesitation, which holds the medium between heaven and earth, which leaves you in suspense. It's the death of a philosopher, and I was predestined to it, perhaps. 'Tis fine to die as one has lived——"

The priest interrupted him: "Is it agreed?"

"What is death, after all?" continued Gringoire, heroically. "A disagreeable moment, a turnpike gate, the passage from little to nothing. Some one having asked Cercidas of Megalopolis, whether he could die willingly, 'Why should I not?' answered he; 'for after my death, I shall see those great men, Pythagoras among the philosophers, Hecatæus among the historians, Homer among the poets, Olympus among the musicians!'"

The archdeacon held out his hand to him. "Then it's settled? you will come to-morrow?"

This gesture brought Gringoire back to reality.

"'Faith no!" said he, with the tone of a man just awaking. "Be hanged; it's too absurd! I will not."

"Fare you well, then;" and the archdeacon added between his teeth, "I shall find thee again."

"I don't wish that devil of a man to find me again so," thought Gringoire; and he ran after Dom Claude.

"Stay, monsieur the archdeacon," said he; "old friends should not fall out. You take an interest in that girl, my wife, I mean. That's all right. You have thought of a stratagem for getting her safe out of Notre-Dame; but your plan is extremely unpleasant to me, Gringoire. Now, if I could suggest another myself!—I beg to say, a most luminous inspiration has just come over me. If I had an expedient for extricating her from her sorry plight, without compromising my neck in the smallest degree with a slip knot, what would you say?—would not that suffice you? Is it absolutely necessary that I should be hanged to satisfy you?"

The priest was tearing the buttons from his cassock with impatience. "Thou everlasting stream of words! What is your plan?"

"Yes," continued Gringoire, talking to himself, and touching his nose with his forefinger in sign of deep cogitation—"that's it! The Truands are fine fellows! The tribe of Egypt love her! They will rise at the first word! Nothing easier! A bold stroke. By means of the disorder, they will easily carry her off! To-morrow evening. Nothing would please them better."

"The means!—speak!" said the priest, shaking him.

Gringoire turned majestically toward him: "Let me alone!—you see I am composing!" He reflected again for a few seconds; then began to clap his hands at his thought, exclaiming, "Admirable!—certain success!"

"The means?" repeated Claude, angrily.

Gringoire was radiant.

"Come hither," said he—"Let me tell you in a whisper. It's a counterplot that's really capital, and that will get us all out of the scrape. Egad! you must allow I'm no simpleton!"

He stopped short.

"Ah! and the little goat; is she with the girl?"

"Yes, the devil take thee!"

"Why, they would have hanged her too, wouldn't they?"

"What's that to me?"

"Yes, they would have hanged her. They hanged a sow last month, sure enough. The executioner likes that, he eats the animal after. To think of hanging my pretty Djali! poor little lamb!"

"A curse upon thee!" cried Dom Claude. "The hangman is thyself. What means of safety hast thou found, fellow! Wilt thou never be delivered of thy scheme?"

"Softly, master! You shall hear."

Gringoire leaned aside and spoke very low in the archdeacon's ear, casting an anxious look from one end of the street to the other, where, however, no one was passing. When he had done, Dom Claude took his hand, and said, coolly, "'Tis well. Till to-morrow fare you well."

"Till to-morrow," repeated Gringoire; and while the archdeacon withdrew one way, he went off the other, saying low to himself: "This is a grand affair, Monsieur Pierre Gringoire. Never mind—it's not to be said that because one's of little account one's to be frightened at a great undertaking. Biton carried a great bull on his shoulders—wagtails, linnets and buntings, across the ocean."

CHAPTER II

TURN VAGABOND!

ON re-entering the cloister, the archdeacon found at the door of his cell his brother, Jehan du Moulin, who was waiting for him, and who had whiled away the tediousness of expectation by drawing on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, a profile of his elder brother, embellished with a nose of immoderate dimensions.

Dom Claude scarcely looked at his brother; he was full of other ruminations. That joyous roguish countenance, the irradiation of which had so often cleared away the gloom from the physiognomy of the priest, had now no power to dissipate the mist which was each day gathering thicker and thicker over that corrupt, mephitic, and stagnant soul.

"Brother," said Jehan timidly, "I am come to see you."

The archdeacon did not so much as raise his eyes toward him.

"What next?"

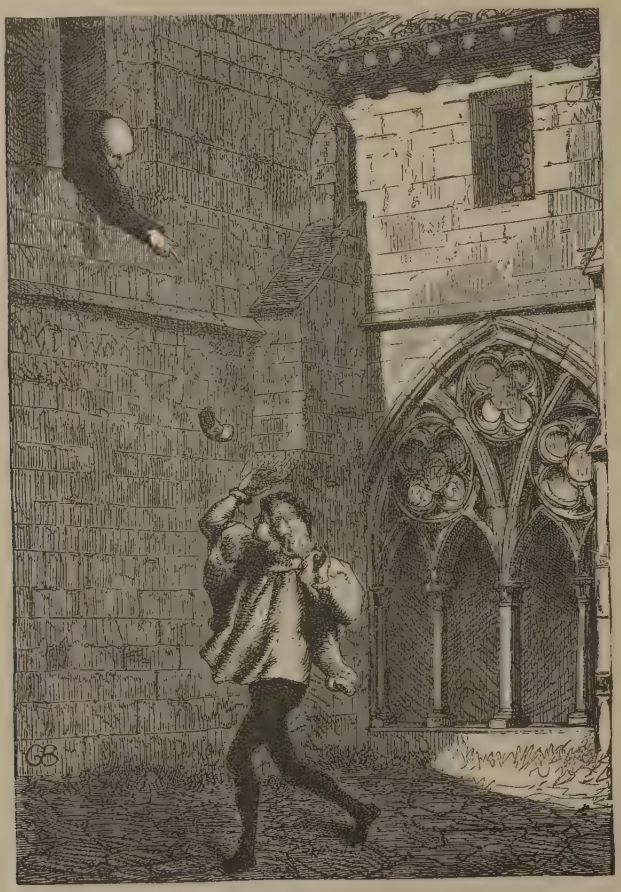
"Brother," continued the hypocrite, "you are so good to me, and give me such excellent advice, that I always come back to you."

"And then?"

"Alas! brother, you were very right when you used to say to me: 'Jehan! Jehan, *cessat doctorum doctrina, discipulorum disciplina.* Jehan, be prudent. Jehan, be studious. Jehan, do not go out of college at night without lawful occasion and leave of the master. Do not beat the Picards. *Noli, Joannes, verberare Picardos.* Do not grow old like an unlettered ass, *quasi asinus illiteratus*, amidst the litter of the schools. Jehan, go every evening to chapel, and sing an anthem with a verse and prayer to our lady the glorious Virgin Mary.' Alas! how excellent was that advice!"

"And what then?"

"Brother, you see before you a guilty wretch, a criminal, a miscreant, a libertine, a monster! My dear brother, Jehan has treated your gracious counsels as grass and straw, fit only to be trampled under foot. Well am I chastised for it, and God Almighty is exceeding just. So long as I had money, I spent it in feasting, folly, and joviality. Oh!



how grim-faced and vile to look back upon, is that debauchery which appears so charming in prospect! Now I have not a single blanc left; I have sold my table-cloth, my shirt, and my towel. A merry life no longer! the bright taper is extinguished, and nothing is left me but its noisome snuff, which stinks under my nostrils. The girls mock at me. I drink water. I am tormented with remorse and creditors."

"Go on," said the archdeacon.

"Alas! dearest brother, I would fain lead a better life. I come to you full of contrition. I am penitent. I confess my faults. I beat my breast with heavy blows. You are very right to wish I should one day become a licentiate and sub-monitor of the Torchi College. I now feel a remarkable vocation for that office. But I have no ink left, I must buy some; I have no pens left, I must buy some; I have no paper left, no books left, I must buy some. I have a great need of a little money for those purposes; and I come to you, brother, with my heart full of contrition."

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said the scholar. "A little money."

"I have none."

The scholar then said, with an air at once grave and decided: "Well, brother, I am sorry to inform you that I have received from other quarters very advantageous offers and proposals. You will not give me any money?—No?—In that case I will turn Truand."

On pronouncing this monstrous word, he assumed the port of an Ajax expecting to see the thunderbolt fall on his head.

The archdeacon said to him coolly:

"Turn Truand then."

Jehan made him a low bow, and re-descended the cloister staircase, whistling.

Just as he was passing through the court of the cloisters, under the window of his brother's cell, he heard that window open, raised his head, and saw the archdeacon's severe face looking through the opening.

"Get thee to the devil!" said Dom Claude; "this is the last money thou shalt have of me."

So saying, the priest threw out a purse to Jehan, which raised a large lump on his forehead, and with which he set off, at once angry and pleased, like a dog that has been pelted with marrow-bones.

CHAPTER III

VIVE LA JOIE!

THE reader will not, perhaps, have forgotten that a part of the Court of Miracles was enclosed within the ancient walls of the Town, a great number of the towers of which were beginning, at that time, to fall into decay. One of these towers had been converted into a place of entertainment by the Truands. There was a cabaret or public-house on the lowest floor, and the rest was carried on in the upper stories. This tower was the point the most alive, and consequently the most hideous, of the Truandry. It was a sort of monstrous hive, which was humming day and night. At night, when all the remainder of the rabble were asleep—when not a lighted window was to be seen in the dingy fronts of the houses in the square—when not a sound was heard to issue from its innumerable families, from those swarms of thieves, loose women, and stolen or bastard children—the joyous tower might always be distinguished by the noise which proceeded from it, by the crimson light which, gleaming at once from the air-holes, the windows, the crevices in the gaping walls, escaped, as it were, from every pore.

The cellar, then, formed the public-house. The descent to it was through a low door and down a steep staircase. Over the door there was, by way of sign, a marvelous daub representing new-coined sols and dead chickens, with this punning inscription underneath: *Aux sonneurs pour les trépassés*—that is, "The ringers for the dead."

One evening, at the moment when the curfew bell was ringing from all the steeples in Paris, the sergeants of the watch, had they been permitted to enter the formidable Court of Miracles, might have remarked that still greater tumult than usual was going on in the tavern of the Truands, that they were drinking deeper and swearing louder. Without,

in the square, were a number of groups, conversing in low tones as if some great plot was hatching; and here and there a fellow, squatted down, was sharpening a wicked knife-blade upon a stone.

Meanwhile, in the tavern itself, wine and gaming diverted the minds of the Truandry so powerfully from the ideas which had occupied

them that evening, that it would have been difficult to have divined from the conversation of the drinkers what was the affair in agitation. Only they had a gayer appearance than usual, and between the legs of each of them was seen glittering some weapon or other, a pruning-hook, an axe, a large backsword, or the crook of an old hackbut.

The apartment, of a circular form, was very spacious; but the

tables were so close together and the tipplers so numerous, that the whole contents of the tavern, men, women, benches, beer-jugs, the drinkers, the sleepers, the gamblers, the able-bodied, the crippled, seemed thrown pell-mell together, with about as much order and arrangement as a heap of oyster shells. A few greasy candles were burning upon the tables; but the grand luminary of the tavern, that which sustained in the pot-house the character of the chandelier in an opera-house, was the fire. That cellar was so damp that the fire was never allowed to go out in it even in the height of summer; an immense fire-place, with a carved mantel-piece, and thick-set with heavy iron dogs and kitchen utensils, had in it, then, one of those large fires composed of wood and turf, which, at night, in a village street on the Continent, cast so red a reflection through the windows of some forge upon the wall opposite. A large dog, gravely seated in the ashes, was turning before the glowing fuel a spit loaded with different sorts of meat.

In spite of the confusion, after the first glance, amid this multitude three principal groups might be distinguished, pressing around three several personages with whom the reader is already acquainted. One of these personages, fantastically bedizened with many an Oriental gaud, was Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia. The old rogue was seated on the table, with his legs crossed and his finger in the air, exhibiting, in a loud voice, his skill in white and black magic, to many a gaping face which surrounded him. Another set were gathering thick around our old friend, the valiant King of Thunes, armed to the teeth; and Clopin Trouillefou, with a very serious air and in a low voice, was superintending the ransacking of an enormous cask full of arms, staved wide open before him, from which were issuing in profusion axes, swords, steel caps, coats of mail, corselets, lance and pike heads, cross-bow bolts and arrows, like apples and grapes out of a cornucopia. Each one was taking something from the heap; one a morion, another a long rapier, and a third, the cross-handled *misericorde* or small dagger. The children themselves were arming; and even the veriest cripples without either legs or thighs, all barbed and cuirassed, were moving about on their seats between the legs of the drinkers, like so many large beetles.

And lastly, a third audience, the most noisy, the most jovial, and the most numerous of all, were crowding the benches and tables, from the midst of which a flute-like voice, haranguing and swearing, proceeded from under a heavy suit of armor all complete from the casque to the spurs. The individual who had thus screwed himself up in full panoply, was so lost under his warlike trappings that nothing was seen of his person but a red, impudent, turned-up nose, a lock of fair hair,

red lips, and a pair of bold-looking eyes. His belt was full of daggers and poniards; a large sword hung by his side; a rusty cross-bow was on his left, and an immense wine-pot before him: besides a strapping disheveled wench seated on his right. All the mouths around him were laughing, swearing, and drinking.

Add to these twenty secondary groups; the waiters, male and female, running backward and forward with pitchers on their heads; the gamesters stooping over the balls, the shuffle-board, the dice, the fox-and-geese, the exciting game of the tringlet; quarrels in one corner, kisses in another; and some idea may then be formed of the whole collective scene; over which wavered the light of a great flaming fire, making a thousand grotesque and enormous shadows dance upon the tavern walls.

With respect to noise, the place might be likened to the interior of a bell in full peal.

The great dripping-pan before the fire, in which a shower of grease was crackling from the spit, filled up, with its unintermitted yelping, the intervals of those thousand dialogues which crossed each other in all directions from one side to another of the great circular room.

Amidst all this uproar there was, quite at one side of the tavern, upon the bench within the great open fire-place, a philosopher meditating, with his feet in the ashes, and his eyes upon the burning brands. It was Pierre Gringoire.

"Come! quick! make haste! get under arms! we must march in an hour," said Clopin Trouillefou to his Argotiers.

A girl was humming an air:

> "Father and mother, good-night;
> The latest up bank the fire."

Two card players were disputing.

"Knave," cried the reddest-faced of the two, shaking his fist at the other. "I'll mark thee in clubs! Thou mightst go and take Mistigri's place in our lord the king's own card party."

"O Lord!" bawled one whom his nasal pronounciation showed to be a Norman, "we're all heaped together here like the saints at Caillouville!"

"My lads," said the Duke of Egypt to his auditory, speaking in an affected canting tone, "the witches of France go to the sabbath without ointment, broom-stick, or anything to ride on, with a few magical words only. The witches of Italy have always a he-goat that waits for them at their door. All of them are bound to go out up the chimney."

The voice of the young fellow armed cap-à-pie was heard above the general hum.

"Noël! Noël!" cried he, "so this is my first day in armor! A Truand! I'm a Truand, ventre de Christ! Fill my glass. Friends, my name is Jehan Frollo du Moulin, and I'm a gentleman. It's my opinion that if God were a gendarme, he'd turn housebreaker. Brethren, we're going upon a noble expedition. We're of the valiant. Besiege the church, force the doors, bring away the pretty girl, save her from the judges, save her from the priests, dismantle the cloister, burn the bishop in his house, all that we shall do in less time than a burgomaster takes to eat a spoonful of soup. Our cause is just, we'll plunder Notre-Dame, and that's all about it. We'll hang Quasimodo. Do you know Quasimodo, mesdemoiselles? Have you ever seen him work himself out of breath upon the big bell on a Whitsun holiday? Corne du Père! but it's very fine. You'd say it was the devil mounted upon a great gaping muzzle. Hark ye, my friends, I'm a Truand from the bottom of my heart, I'm an Argotier in my soul, I'm a Cagou born. I was very rich, and I've spent all I had. My mother wanted to make me an officer; my father, a sub-deacon; my aunt, a councilor of the inquests; my grandmother, king's prothonotary; my great aunt, treasurer of the short robe; but I would make myself a Truand. I told my father so, and he spit his malediction in my face. I told my mother so, and she, poor old lady, began to cry and slobber like that log upon that iron dog there. Let's be merry! I'm a very Bicètre in myself. Landlady, my dear, some more wine! I've got some money left yet. But mind, I'll have no more of that Surène wine, it hurts my throat. I'd as lief gargle myself, cor-bœuf, with a basket!"

Meanwhile, the company around applauded with boisterous laughter; and, finding that the tumult was redoubling around him, the scholar exclaimed:

"Oh, what a glorious noise! *Populi debacchantis populosa debacchatio!*" Then he began to sing out, with an eye as if swimming in ecstasy, and the tone of a canon leading the vesper chant: "*Quæ cantica! quæ organa! quæ cantilenæ! quæ melodiæ hic sine fine decantantur! Sonant melliflua hymnorum organa, suavissima angelorum melodia, cantica canticorum mira!*"—He stopped short. "Hey, you there, the devil's own barmaid; let me have some supper."

There was a moment of something approaching to silence, during which the shrill voice of the Duke of Egypt was heard in its turn, instructing his Bohemians in the mysteries of the black art.

"The weasel," said he, "goes by the name of Aduine; a fox is called Blue-foot, or the Woodranger; a wolf, Gray-foot or Gilt-foot; a bear,

the Old one, or the Grandfather. A gnome's cap makes one invisible, and makes one see invisible things. Whenever a toad is to be baptized, it ought to be dressed in velvet, red or black, with a little bell at its neck and one at its feet. The godfather holds it by the head, and the godmother by the hinder parts. It's the demon Sidragasum that has the power of making girls dance naked."

"By the mass!" interrupted Jehan, "then I should like to be the demon Sidragasum!"

Meanwhile, the Truands continued to arm, whispering to one another at the other side of the tavern.

"That poor Esmeralda!" exclaimed one of the gypsy men; "she's our sister; we must get her out of that place."

"So she's still at Notre-Dame, is she?" asked a Marcandier with a Jewish look.

"Yes, pardieu!" was the reply.

"Well, comrades," resumed the Marcandier; "to Notre-Dame then! All the more, because there, in the chapel of Saints Féréol and Ferrution, there are two statues, the one of St. John the Baptist, the other of St. Anthony, of solid gold, weighing together seventeen gold marks and fifteen esterlins; and the pedestals, of silver gilt, weigh seventeen marks five ounces. I know it, for I'm a goldsmith."

Here they served up Jehan his supper. He called out, throwing himself back upon the bosom of the girl that sat by him:

"By Saint Voult-de-Lucques, called by the people Saint Goguelu, now I'm perfectly happy. I see a blockhead there, straight before me, that's looking at me with a face as smooth as an archduke. Here's another, at my left hand, with teeth so long that one can't see his chin. And then, I'm like the Maréchal de Gié at the siege of Pontoise; I've my right resting upon a mamelon. Ventre-Mahom! comrade! you look like a tennis-ball merchant—and you come and sit down by me; I'm noble, my friend; and trade's incompatible with nobility. Get thee away. Hollo! you, there! don't fight! What! Baptiste Croque-Oison! with a fine nose like thine; wilt thou go and risk it against that blockhead's great fists? You simpleton! *Non cuiquam datum est habere nasum.* Truly, thou'rt divine, Jacqueline Rouge-Oreille! it's a pity thou hast no hair on thy head! Hollah! do you hear? My name's Jehan Frollo, and my brother's an archdeacon—the devil fly away with him! All that I tell you's the truth. By turning Truand I've jocundly given up one half of a house situate in Paradise, which my brother had promised me—*dimidiam domum in paradiso*—those are the very words. I've a fief in the Rue Tirechappe—and all the women are in love with me—as true as it is that St. Eloi was an excellent goldsmith, and that the five trades of

the good city of Paris are the tanners, the leather-dressers, the baldric-makers, the purse-makers, and the cordwainers; and that St. Laurence was broiled over egg-shells. I swear to you, comrades,

For full twelve months I'll taste no wine,
If this be any lie of mine!

"My charmer, it's moonlight. Just look there, through that air-hole, how the wind rumples those clouds—just as I do thy gorgerette! Girls, snuff the candles and the children. Christ et Mahom, what am I eating now, in the name of Jupiter? Hey, there, old jade! the hairs that are not to be found on thy wenches' heads, we find in the omelets. Do you hear, old woman? I like my omelets bald. The devil flatten thy nose! A fine tavern of Beelzebub is this—where the wenches comb themselves with the forks!"

And thereupon he broke his plate upon the floor, and began to sing out with all his might:

"Et je n'ai moi,
Par la Sang-Dieu!
Ni foi, ni loi,
Ni feu, ni lieu,
Ni roi,
Ni Dieu!"

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou had finished his distribution of weapons. He went up to Gringoire, who seemed absorbed in profound reverie, with his feet against one of the iron dogs in the fire-place.

"Friend Pierre," said the King of Thunes, "what the devil art thou thinking about?"

Gringoire turned round to him with a melancholy smile.

"I'm fond of the fire, my dear lord, not for any such trivial reason as that the fire warms our feet or boils our soup, but because it throws out sparks. Sometimes I pass whole hours in looking at the sparks. I discover a thousand things in those stars that sprinkle the dark back of the chimney-place. Those stars themselves are worlds."

"Thunder, if I understand thee," said the Truand. "Dost thou know what o'clock it is?"

"I don't know," answered Gringoire.

Clopin then went up to the Duke of Egypt.

"Comrade Mathias," said he, "this is not a good time we've hit upon. They say King Louis the Eleventh's at Paris."

"The more need to get our sister out of his clutches," answered the old gypsy.

"You speak like a man, Mathias," said the King of Thunes. "Besides, we shall do the thing well enough. There's no resistance to fear

ORGY OF THE TRUANDS.

in the church. The canons are like so many hares, and we're in force. The parliament's men will be finely balked when they come there for her to-morrow. *Boyaux du Pape!* I wouldn't have them hang the pretty girl!"

Clopin then went out of the cabaret.

Meantime, Jehan was crying out in a voice hoarse with bawling:

"I drink, I eat, I'm drunk, I'm Jupiter!—Hey! you there, Pierre l'Assommeur, if you look at me in that way again, I'll fillip the dust off your nose."

Gringoire, on the other hand, startled from his meditations, had set himself calmly to contemplate the passionate, clamorous scene around him, and muttered between his teeth: "*Luxuriosa res vinum et tumultuosa ebrietas.* Ah, what good reason have I to abstain from drinking! and how excellent is the saying of St. Benedict: *Vinum apostatare facit etiam sapientes!*"

At that moment Clopin re-entered, and cried out in a voice of thunder:

"Midnight!"

At this word, which operated upon the Truands as the order "boot-and-saddle," upon a regiment halting, the whole of them—men, women, and children—rushed out of the tavern, with a great clatter of arms and iron implements.

The moon was obscured by clouds.

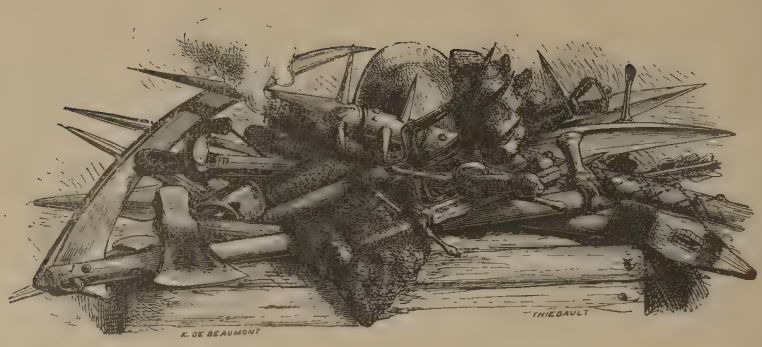
The Court of Miracles was entirely dark. Not a single light was to be seen in it; but it was far from being solitary. There was discernible in it a great crowd of men and women talking to one another in a low voice. The hum of this multitude was to be heard, and all sorts of weapons were to be seen glittering in the darkness. Clopin mounted upon a large stone.

"To your ranks, Argot!" cried he; "to your ranks, Egypt! to your ranks, Galilee!"

Then there was a movement in the darkness. The immense multitude seemed to be forming in column. In a few minutes the King of Thunes again raised his voice:

"Now, silence! to march through Paris. The password is, *Petite flambe en bagnenaud.* The torches must not be lighted till we get to Notre-Dame. March!"

And in ten minutes after, the horsemen of the night-watch were flying terrified before a long procession of men descending in darkness and silence toward the Pont-au-Change, through the winding streets that intersect in every direction the close-built neighborhood of the Halles.



CHAPTER IV

AN AWKWARD FRIEND

THAT same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last round through the church. He had not remarked, at the moment when he was closing the doors, that the archdeacon had passed near him and had displayed a degree of ill-humor at seeing him bolt and padlock with care the enormous iron bars which gave to their large folds the solidity of a wall. Dom Claude appeared still more abstracted than usual. Moreover, since the nocturnal adventure of the cell, he was constantly ill-treating Quasimodo; but in vain he used him harshly, even striking him sometimes; nothing could shake the submission, the patience, the devoted resignation of the faithful ringer. From the archdeacon he could endure anything, ill-language, menaces, blows, without murmuring a reproach, without uttering a complaint. At most he would follow Dom Claude anxiously with his eye, as he ascended the staircase of the towers; but the archdeacon had of himself abstained from again appearing before the gypsy girl.

That night, then, Quasimodo, after casting one look toward his poor forsaken bells, Jacqueline, Marie, and Thibauld, ascended to the top of the northern tower, and there, placing his well-closed dark lantern on the leads, set himself to contemplate Paris. The night, as we have already said, was very dark. Paris, which, comparatively speaking, was not lighted at that period, presented to the eye a confused heap of black masses, intersected here and there by the silvery windings of the Seine. Not a light could Quasimodo see except from the window of a distant edifice, the vague and gloomy profile of which was distin-

guishable, rising above the roofs in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine. There, too, was some one wakeful.

While his only eye was thus hovering over that horizon of mist and darkness, the ringer felt within himself an inexpressible anxiety. For several days he had been upon the watch. He had seen constantly wandering around the church, men of sinister aspect, who never took off their eyes from the young girl's asylum. He feared lest some plot should be hatching against the unfortunate refugee. He fancied that she was an object of popular hatred as well as himself, and that something might probably very shortly happen. Thus he remained on his tower, on the lookout, *révant dans son révoir*, as Rabelais says, his eye by turns cast upon the cell and upon Paris, keeping safe watch like a trusty dog, with a thousand suspicions in his mind.

All at once, while he was reconnoitering the great city with that eye which nature, as if by way of compensation, had made so piercing that it almost supplied the deficiency of other organs in Quasimodo, it struck him that there was something unusual in the appearance of the outline of the quay of the Vielle Pelleterie, that there was some movement upon that point, that the line of the parapet which stood out black against the whiteness of the water was not so straight and still like that of the other quays, but that it undulated before the eye like the waves of a river, or the heads of a crowd in motion.

This appeared strange to him. He redoubled his attention. The movement seemed to be coming toward the city. No light was to be seen. It remained some time on the quay, then flowed off it by degrees, as if whatever was passing along was entering the interior of the island; then it ceased entirely, and the line of the quay became straight and motionless again.

Just as Quasimodo was exhausting himself in conjectures, it seemed to him that the movement was reappearing in the Rue du Parvis, which runs into the City perpendicularly to the front of Notre-Dame. In fine, notwithstanding the great darkness, he could see the head of a column issuing from that street, and in an instant a crowd spreading over the square, of which he could distinguish nothing further than that it was a crowd.

This spectacle was one of terror. It is probable that that singular procession which seemed so anxious to conceal itself in profound darkness, observed a silence no less profound. Still some sound must have escaped from it, were it only the pattering of feet. But even this noise did not reach the deaf ringer; and that great multitude of which he could scarcely see anything, from which he could hear nothing, and which, nevertheless, was walking and in agitation so near him, produced on

him the effect of an assemblage of the dead, mute, impalpable, lost in vapor. He seemed to see advancing toward him a mist peopled with men, to see shades moving in the shade.

Then his fears returned; the idea of an attempt against the gypsy girl presented itself again to his mind. He had a vague feeling that he was about to find himself in a critical situation. In this crisis he held counsel with himself, and his reasoning was more just and prompt than might have been expected from a brain so ill-organized. Should he awaken the gypsy girl? assist her to escape? Which way? The streets were beset; behind the church was the river; there was no boat, no egress! There was but one measure to be taken: to meet death on the threshold of Notre-Dame; to resist at least until some assistance came, if any were to come, and not to disturb the sleep of Esmeralda. The unhappy girl would be awake time enough to die. This resolution once taken, he proceeded to reconnoiter the enemy more calmly.

The crowd seemed to be increasing every moment in the Parvis. He concluded, however, that very little noise was made, since the windows of the streets and the square remained closed. All at once a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches were waved above the heads, shaking their tufts of flame in the deep shade. Quasimodo then saw distinctly in commotion, in the Parvis, a frightful troop of men and women in rags, armed with scythes, pikes, pruning-hooks, partisans, their thousand points all sparkling. Here and there black pitchforks formed horns to those hideous visages. He had a confused recollection of that populace, and thought he recognized all the heads which, a few months before, had saluted him Pope of the Fools. A man holding a torch in one hand and a cowhide in the other mounted a boundary-stone and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time the strange army performed some evolutions, as if taking post around the church. Quasimodo took up his lantern and descended to the platform between the towers, to observe more closely and to deliberate on the means of defense.

Clopin Trouillefou, having arrived before the principal door of Notre-Dame, had, in fact, placed his troops in battle array. Although he did not anticipate any resistance, yet, like a prudent general, he wished to preserve such a degree of order as would, in case of need, enable him to face a sudden attack of the watch or the Eleven Score. He had accordingly drawn out his brigade in such a manner that, seen from on high and at a distance, it might have been taken for the Roman triangle of the battle of Ecnoma, the boar's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle was formed along the back of the square, so as to bar the entrance to the

Rue du Parvis; one of the sides looked toward the Hôtel Dieu, the other toward the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou had placed himself at the point, with the Duke of Egypt, our friend Jehan, and the boldest of the sabouleux.

An enterprise such as the Truands were now attempting against Notre-Dame was no uncommon occurrence in the cities of the Middle Ages. What we in our day call police, did not then exist. In populous towns, in capitals especially, there was no central power, sole and commanding all the rest. Feudality had constructed those great municipalities after a strange fashion. A city was an assemblage of innumerable lordships, which divided it into compartments of all forms and sizes. From thence arose a thousand contradictory establishments of police, or rather no police at all. In Paris, for example, independently of the hundred and forty-one lords claiming censive dues, there were twenty-five claiming justice and censive—from the Bishop of Paris, who had one hundred and five streets, to the Prior of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, who had only four. All these feudal justiciaries only recognized nominally the paramount authority of the king. All had right of high-way-keeping. All were their own masters. Louis XI., that indefatigable workman who commenced on so large a scale the demolition of the feudal edifice, carried on by Richelieu and Louis XIV. to the advanvantage of the royalty, and completed by Mirabeau to the advantage of the people—Louis XI. had indeed striven to burst this network of seigneuries which covered Paris, by throwing violently athwart it two or three ordinances of general police Thus, in 1465, the inhabitants were ordered to light candles in their windows at nightfall, and to shut up their dogs, under pain of the halter. In the same year they were ordered to close the streets in an evening with iron chains, and forbidden to carry daggers or other offensive weapons in the streets at night. But in a short time all these attempts at municipal legislation fell into disuse. The townspeople allowed the candles at their windows to be extinguished by the wind, and their dogs to stray; the iron chains were only stretched across in case of siege; and the prohibition against carrying daggers brought about no other changes than that of the name of the Rue Coupe-gueule into Rue Coupe-gorge, which, to be sure, was a manifest improvement. The old framework of the feudal jurisdictions remained standing—an immense accumulation of bailiwicks and lordships, crossing one another in all directions throughout the city, straitening and entangling each other, interwoven with each other, and projecting one into another—a useless thicket of watches, under-watches, counter-watches, through the midst of which the armed hand of brigandage, rapine, and sedition was constantly passing. Thus it was no unheard-of

event, in this state of disorder, for a part of the populace to lay violent hands on a palace, a hotel, or any ordinary mansion, in the quarters the most thickly inhabited. In most cases, the neighbors did not interfere in the affair unless the pillage reached themselves. They stopped their ears against the report of the musketry, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle exhaust itself with or without the watch; and the next day it would be quietly said in Paris, "Last night, Etienne Barbette had his house forced;" or, "The Maréchal de Clermont was laid hold of," etc. Hence, not only the royal residences—the Louvre, the Palais, the Bastile, the Tournelles—but such as were simply seigneurial, the Petite-Bourbon, the Hôtel-de-Sens, the Hôtel d'Angoulême, etc.—had their battlemented walls and their machicolated gates. The churches were protected by their sanctity. Some of them, nevertheless, among which was Notre-Dame, were fortified. The Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Près was castellated like a baronial mansion, and more weight of metal was to be found there in bombards than in bells. This fortress was still to be seen in 1610, but now barely the church remains.

To return to Notre-Dame.

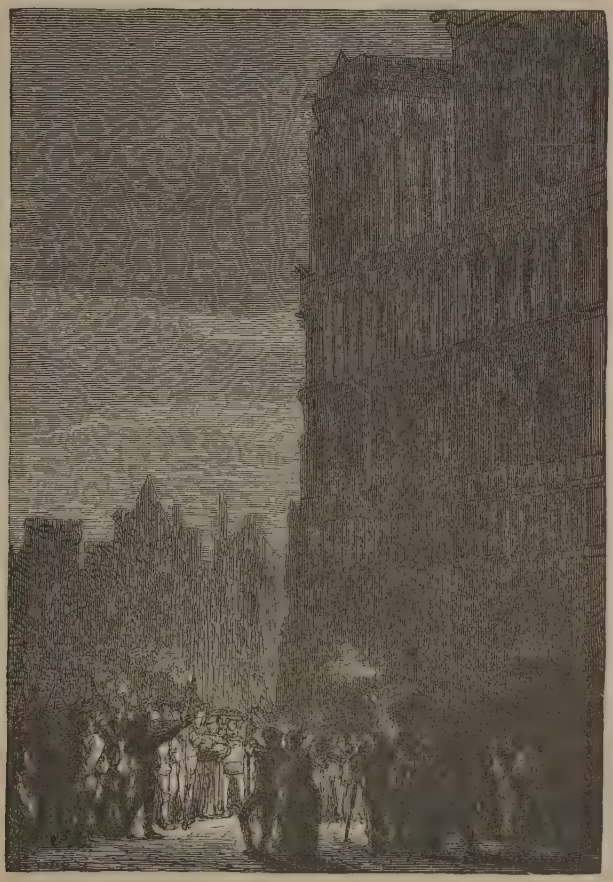
When the first arrangements were completed—and we must say to the honor of Truand discipline, that Clopin's orders were executed in silence and with admirable precision—the worthy leader mounted the parapet of the Parvis, and raised his hoarse and sullen voice, his face turned toward Notre-Dame, and shaking his torch, the light of which, agitated by the wind and veiled at intervals by its own smoke, made the glowing front of the church by turns appear and disappear before the eye:

"Unto thee, Louis de Beaumont, Bishop of Paris, councilor in the court of parliament: thus say I, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Thunes, Grand-Coësre, Prince of Argot, Bishop of the Fools: Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken refuge in thy church. Thou art bound to give her shelter and safeguard. Now, the court of parliament wants to take her thence, and thou consentest to it; so that she would be hanged to-morrow at the Grève, if God and the Truands were not at hand. We come to thee, then, bishop. If thy church is sacred, our sister is so, too; if our sister is not sacred, neither is thy church. Wherefore we summon thee to give up the girl, if thou wilt save thy church; or we will take the girl, and will plunder the church. Which will be well and good. In witness whereof, I here set up my standard. And so, God have thee in His keeping, Bishop of Paris."

Quasimodo, unfortunately, could not hear these words, which were uttered with a sort of sullen savage majesty. A Truand presented the

standard to Clopin, who gravely planted it between two of the paving-stones. It was a pitchfork, from the prongs of which hung, all bloody, a quarter of carrion meat.

This done, the King of Thunes turned about, and cast his eyes over



his army, a ferocious multitude whose eyes glared almost as much as their pikes. After a moment's pause:

"Forward, boys!" cried he. "To your work, Hutins."

Thirty stout men, square-limbed, and with pick-lock faces, stepped out from the ranks, with hammers, pincers, and iron crows on their shoulders. They advanced toward the principal door of the church; ascended the steps; and directly they were to be seen stooping down

under the pointed arches of the portal, heaving at the door with pincers and levers. A crowd of Truands followed them, to assist or look on; so that the whole eleven steps were covered with them.

The door, however, stood firm. "Diable! but she's hard and headstrong," said one. "She's old, and her gristles are tough," said another. "Courage, my friends!" cried Clopin. "I'll wager my head against a slipper that you'll have burst the door, brought away the girl, and undressed the great altar, before there's one beadle of 'em all awake. There—I think the lock's going."

Clopin was interrupted by a frightful noise which at that moment resounded behind him. He turned round; an enormous beam had just fallen from on high, crushing a dozen of the Truands upon the church steps, and rebounding upon the pavement with the sound of a piece of artillery; breaking here and there the legs of others among the vagabond crowd, which shrunk away from it with cries of terror. In a trice the confined inclosure of the Parvis was empty. The Hutins, though protected by the deep retiring arches of the doorway, abandoned the door, and Clopin himself fell back to a respectful distance from the church.

"Egad, I've had a narrow escape!" cried Jehan; "I felt the wind of it, tête-bœuf! but Pierre the Knocker-down is knocked down at last."

The astonishment mingled with dread which fell upon the brigands with this unaccountable piece of timber is indescribable. They remained for some minutes gazing fixedly upward, in greater consternation at this piece of wood than they would have been at twenty thousand king's archers.

"Satan!" growled the Duke of Egypt, "but this smells of magic!"

"It's the moon that's been throwing that log at us," said Andry-le-Rouge.

"Why," remarked François Chanteprune, "you know, they say the moon's a friend of the Virgin's."

"Mille-papes!" exclaimed Clopin, "you're all simpletons together." Yet he knew not how to account for the fall of the beam.

All this while nothing was distinguishable upon the grand front of the building, to the top of which the light from the torches did not reach. The ponderous beam lay in the middle of the Parvis; and groans were heard from the miserable wretches who had received its first shock, and been almost cut in two upon the angles of the stone steps.

At last the King of Thunes, his first astonishment being over, hit upon an explanation which his comrades thought plausible.

"Gueule-Dieu!" said he, "are the canons making a defense? If that be it, then sack it, sack the place!"

"Sack it!" repeated the mob with a furious hurrah; and they made a general discharge of cross-bows and hackbuts against the front of the church.

This report awoke the peaceable inhabitants of the neighboring houses; several window-shutters were seen to open; and nightcaps and hands holding candles appeared at the casements.

"Fire at the windows!" cried Clopin. The windows were immediately shut again, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a bewildered look upon that scene of glare and tumult, went back trembling to their wives, asking themselves whether it was that the witches now held their sabbath in the Parvis Notre-Dame or that they were assaulted by the Burgundians as in the year sixty-four. Then the men thought of robbery, the women of rape, and all trembled.

"Sack it!" repeated the Argotiers; but they dared not approach. They looked first at the church and then at the marvelous beam. The beam lay perfectly still; the edifice kept its calm and solitary look; but something froze the courage of the Truands.

"To your work, Hutins!" cried Trouillefou. "Come, force the door."

Nobody advanced a step.

"Barbe et ventre!" said Clopin; "here are men afraid of a rafter!"

An old Hutin now addressed him.

"Captain, it's not the rafter that we care about; it's the door, that's all overlaid with iron bars. The pincers can do nothing with it."

"What should you have, then, to burst it open with?" asked Clopin.

"Why, we should have a battering-ram."

The King of Thunes ran bravely up to the formidable piece of timber, and set his foot upon it. "Here's one!" cried he; "the canons have sent it you;" and, making a mock reverence to the cathedral, "Thank you, canons," he added.

This bravado had great effect—the spell of the beam was broken. The Truands recovered courage; and soon the heavy timber, picked up like a feather by two hundred vigorous arms, was driven with fury against the great door which it had already been attempted to shake. Seen thus, by the sort of half light which the few scattered torches of the Truands cast over the Place, the long beam, borne along by that multitude of men rushing on with its extremity pointed against the church, looked like some monstrous animal, with innumerable legs, running, head foremost, to attack the stone giantess.

At the shock given by the beam, the half metal door sounded like an immense drum. It was not burst in; but the whole cathedral shook, and the deepest of its internal echoes were awakened.

At the same moment, a shower of great stones began to fall from the upper part of the front upon the assailants.

"Diable!" cried Jehan, "are the towers shaking down their balustrades upon our heads?"

But the impulse was given. The King of Thunes stuck to his text. It was decidedly the bishop making a defense. And so they only battered the door the more furiously, in spite of the stones that were fracturing their skulls right and left.

It must be remarked that these stones all fell one by one; but they followed one another close. The Argotiers always felt two of them at one and the same time, one against their legs, the other upon their heads. Nearly all of them took effect; and already the dead and wounded were thickly strewn, bleeding and panting under the feet of the assailants, who, now grown furious, filled up instantly and without intermission the places of the disabled. The long beam continued battering the door with periodical strokes, the stones to shower down, the door to groan, and the interior of the cathedral to reverberate.

Undoubtedly, the reader has not yet to divine that this unexpected resistance which had exasperated the Truands proceeded from Quasimodo.

Accident had unfortunately favored our deaf hero.

When he had descended upon the platform between the towers, his ideas were all in confusion. He ran to and fro along the gallery for some minutes, like one insane; beholding from on high the compact mass of the Truands ready to rush against the church; imploring the powers celestial or infernal to save the gypsy girl. He once thought of ascending the southern steeple, and sounding the tocsin; but then before the loud voice of Marie could have uttered a single sound, would there not be interval enough for the door of the church to be forced ten times over! It was just the moment at which the Hutins were advancing toward it with their burglarious instruments. What was to be done?

All at once he recollected that some masons had been at work the whole day, repairing the wall, the wood-work, and the roofing of the southern tower. This was a beam of light to him. The wall was of stone; the roofing was of lead; and then there was the wood-work, so prodigious, and so thick-clustering, that it went by the name of the forest.

Quasimodo ran to this tower. The lower chambers of it were, in

fact, full of materials. There were piles of building stone, sheets of lead rolled up, bundles of laths, strong beams already shaped by the saw, heaps of rubbish—in short, an arsenal complete.

Time pressed. The levers and the hammers were at work below. With a strength multiplied tenfold by the feeling of imminent danger, he lifted an end of one of the beams, the heaviest and longest of all. He managed to push it through one of the loopholes; then, laying hold of it again outside the tower, he shoved it over the outer angle of the balustrade surrounding the platform, and let it fall into the abyss beneath.

The enormous beam, in this fall of a hundred and sixty feet, grazing the wall, breaking the sculptured figures, turned several times upon its centre, like one of the two cross arms of a windmill, going by itself. At length it reached the ground; a horrid cry arose; and the dark piece of timber rebounded upon the pavement, like a serpent rearing itself and darting.

Quasimodo saw the Truands scattered by the fall of the beam like ashes by the blowing of a child; and while they fixed their superstitious gaze upon the immense log fallen from the sky, and peppered the stone saints of the portal with a discharge of bolts and bullets, Quasimodo was silently piling up stones and rubbish, and even the masons' bags of tools, upon the verge of that balustrade from which he had already hurled the large timber.

And accordingly, as soon as they began to batter the great door, the shower of great stones began to fall, making them think that the church must be shaking itself to pieces upon their heads.

Any one who could have seen Quasimodo at that moment, would have been affrighted. Independently of the missiles which he had piled up on the balustrade, he had got together a heap of stones upon the platform itself. As soon as the great stones heaped upon the external border were spent, he had recourse to this latter heap. Then he stooped down, rose up, stooped, and rose again, with incredible agility. He thrust his great gnome's head over the balustrade; then there dropped an enormous stone—then another—then another. Now and then he followed some big stone with his eye; and when he saw that it did good execution, he ejaculated a "hum!" of satisfaction.

The beggars, meanwhile, did not lose courage. Already above twenty times had the massive door which they were so furiously assailing, shaken under the weight of their oaken battering-ram, multiplied by the strength of a hundred men. The panels cracked—the carvings flew in splinters—the hinges, at each shock, danced upon their hooks—the planks were forced out of their places—the wood was falling

in dust, bruised between the sheathings of iron. Fortunately for Quasimodo's defense, there was more iron than wood.

Nevertheless he felt that an impression was being made upon the great door. Each stroke of the battering-ram, notwithstanding that he did not hear it, awakened not only the echoes within the church, but a pang of apprehension in his heart. As he looked down upon the Truands, he beheld them full of exultation and of rage, shaking their fists at the dark front of the edifice; and he coveted, for the gypsy girl and himself, the wings of the owls that were flocking away affrighted over his head.

His shower of stones did not suffice to repel the assailants.

It was in this moment of anguish that he fixed his eyes a little below the balustrade from which he had been crushing the Argotiers, upon two long stone gutters which discharged themselves immediately over the grand doorway. The internal orifice of these gutters was in the floor of the platform. An idea occurred to him. He ran and brought a fagot from the little lodge which he occupied as ringer; laid over the fagot a number of bundles of laths and rolls of lead—ammunition of which he had not yet made any use; and, after placing this pile in the proper position as regarded the orifice of the gutters, he set fire to it with his lantern.

While he was thus employed, as the stones no longer fell, the Truands ceased looking up into the air. The brigands, panting like a pack of hounds at baying the wild boar in his lair, were pressing tumultuously round the great door, all disfigured and shapeless from the strokes of the ram, but still erect. They waited in a sort of shuddering anxiety for the grand stroke of all, the stroke which was to burst it in. They were all striving to get nearest, in order to be the first, when it should open, to rush into that well-stored cathedral—a vast repository in which had been successively accumulating the riches of three centuries. They reminded one another, with roars of exultation and greedy desire, of the fine silver crosses, the fine brocade copes, the fine silver gilt monuments, of all the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling holiday displays, the Christmas illuminations with torches, the Easter suns, all those splendid solemnities, in which shrines, candlesticks, pixes, tabernacles, and reliquaries, embossed the altars as it were with a covering of gold and jewels. Certain it is that, at that flattering moment, cagoux and malingreux, archisuppôts and rifodés, were all of them thinking much less about delivering the gypsy girl than about plundering Notre-Dame. Nay, we could even go so far as to believe that, with a good many of them, Esmeralda was merely a pretext—if, indeed, thieves could have need of a pretext.

ATTACK ON NOTRE-DAME.

All at once, at the moment that they were crowding about the battering-ram for a final effort, each one holding in his breath and gathering up his muscles, so as to give full force to the decisive stroke, a howling more terrific yet than that which had burst forth and expired under the fall of the great beam, arose from the midst of them. They who had not cried out, they who were still alive, looked, and saw two jets of melted lead falling from the top of the edifice into the thickest of the crowd. The waves of that human sea had shrunk under the boiling metal, which, at the two points where it fell, had made two black and reeking hollows in the crowd, like the effect of hot water thrown upon snow. There were to be seen dying wretches burned half to a cinder, and moaning with agony. Around the two principal jets, there were drops of that horrible rain falling scatteredly upon the assailants, and entering their skulls like fiery gimlet points.

The outcry was heart-rending. They fled in disorder, throwing down the beam upon the dead bodies—the boldest of them as well as the most timid—and the Parvis was left empty for the second time.

All eyes were now cast upward to the top of the church, and they beheld an extraordinary sight. On the topmost gallery, higher than the great central window, was a great flame ascending between the two steeples, with clouds of sparks—a great flame, irregular and furious, a portion of which, by the action of the wind, was at intervals enveloped in the smoke. Underneath that flame, underneath the trifoliated balustrade showing darkly upon its glare, two monster-headed gutters were vomiting incessantly that burning shower, the silver-trickling of which shone out upon the darkness of the lower part of the grand front. As they approached the ground, the two jets of liquid lead spread out into myriads of drops like water sprinkled from the small holes of a watering-pan. Above the flame the huge towers, of each of which two faces were to be seen in all their sharpness of outline, the one quite black, the other quite red, seemed huger still by all the immensity of shadow which they cast into the sky. Their innumerable sculptured demons and dragons assumed a formidable aspect. The restless flickering light from the unaccountable flame, made them seem as if they were moving. Some of the griffons seemed to be laughing—some of the gargoyles you might have fancied you heard yelping; there were salamanders puffing at the fire—lizards sneezing in the smoke. And among those monsters, thus awakened from their stony slumber by that unearthly flame, by that unwonted clamor, there was some one walking about and seen from time to time to pass before the blazing front of the pile like a bat before a torch.

Assuredly, this strange beacon-light must have awakened the far

woodcutter on the Bicêtre hills, startled to see wavering upon his coppices the gigantic shadows of the towers of Notre-Dame.

The silence of terror now took place among the Truands; during which nothing was heard but the cries of alarm from the canons, shut up in their cloisters and more uneasy than the horses in a burning stable, the stealthy sound of windows opened quick and shut yet quicker, the stir in the interior of the houses and of the Hôtel-Dieu, the wind agitating the flame, the last groans of the dying—and the continued crackling of the shower of boiling lead upon the pavement.

Meanwhile the principal Truands, having retreated under the porch of the Logis Gondelaurier, were there holding a council of war. The Duke of Egypt, seated upon a boundary-stone, was contemplating with religious awe the phantasmagoric pile blazing two hundred feet aloft in the air. Clopin Trouillefou was gnawing his great fists with rage.

"Not possible to get in!" muttered he to himself.

"An old elf of a church!" growled the old Bohemian, Mathias Hungadi Spicali.

"By the Pope's whiskers!" added a gray-headed narquois who had once been in actual service, "but there are two church gutters that spit molten lead at you better than the machicolations at Lectoure!"

"Do you see that demon, going backward and forward before the fire?" cried the Duke of Egypt.

"Par-Dieu!" said Clopin, "it's the damned ringer—it's Quasimodo."

The Bohemian shook his head.

"I tell you, no," said he; "it's the spirit Sabnac, the great marquis, the demon of fortifications. Out of an armed soldier he's been making a lion's head. Sometimes he's mounted on a frightful horse. He turns men into stones, and builds towers of them. He commands fifty legions. It's he, sure enough. I know him again. Sometimes he has on a fine robe of gold, figured after the Turkish fashion."

"Where's Bellevigne-de-l'Etoile?" asked Clopin.

"He's dead," answered a female Truand.

Here Andry-le-Rouge observed, laughing idiotically, "Notre-Dame's finding work for the Hôtel-Dieu."

"Is there no way to force that door, then?" said the King of Thunes, stamping his foot.

Hereupon the Duke of Egypt pointed with a melancholy look to the two streams of boiling lead, which streaked the dark front of the building, looking like two long phosphoric distaffs.

"There have been churches known to defend themselves so," observed he with a sigh. "St. Sophia, at Constantinople—some forty

years ago—threw down to the ground three times, one after another, the crescent of Mahound—just by shaking her domes, which are her heads. William of Paris, that built this here, was a magician."

"And are we to slink away pitifully, then, like so many running footmen?" said Clopin. "What! leave our sister there, for those ugly hooded fellows of canons to hang to-morrow!"

"And the sacristy, where there are cartloads of gold!" said a Truand, with whose name we are sorry to say that we are not acquainted.

"Barbe-Mahom!" exclaimed Trouillefou.

"Let us try once more," rejoined the Truand.

Mathias Hungadi shook his head.

"We shall not get in at the door," said he. "We must find out some seam in the old elf's armor, a hole, a false postern, a joint of some sort or other."

"Who's for it?" said Clopin. "I'll go at it again. By-the-by, where's the little scholar, Jehan, that had cased himself up so?"

"He's dead, no doubt," answered some one, "for nobody hears him laugh."

The King of Thunes knit his brows. "So much the worse!" said he. "There was a stout heart under that iron case. And Master Pierre Gringoire?"

"Captain Clopin," said Andry-le-Rouge, "he stole away before we had got as far as the Pont-aux-Changeurs."

Clopin stamped with his foot. "Gueule-Dieu!" he cried, "that fellow pushed us into this business, and then leaves us here just in the thick of the job. A prating nightcap-helmeted coward!"

"Captain Clopin," cried Andry-le-Rouge, looking up the Rue de Parvis, "here comes the little scholar!"

"Blessed be Pluto!" said Clopin. "But what the devil is he pulling after him?"

It was in fact Jehan, coming up as quick as he found practicable under his ponderous knightly accoutrements, with a long ladder, which he was dragging stoutly over the pavement, more out of breath than an ant which has harnessed itself to a blade of grass twenty times its own length.

"Victory! *Te Deum!*" shouted the scholar. "Here's the ladder belonging to the freight-handlers of St. Landry's wharf."

Clopin went up to him.

"My lad," said he, "what are you going to do, Corne-Dieu! with that ladder?"

"I have it," answered Jehan, panting. "I knew where it was.

Under the shed of the lieutenant's house. There's a girl there, that I'm acquainted with, that thinks me quite a Cupido for beauty. It was through her I tried to get the ladder—and now I have the ladder, Pasque-Mahom! The poor girl came out in her shift to let me in."

"Yes, yes," said Clopin; "but what do you want to do with this ladder?"

Jehan gave him a roguish, knowing look, and snapped his fingers. At that moment he was quite sublime. He had upon his head one of those overloaded helmets of the fifteenth century which affrighted the enemy with their monstrous-looking peaks. The one which he wore was jagged with no less than ten beaks of steel; so that Jehan might have contended for the formidable epithet of δεκέμβολος with the Homeric ship of Nestor.

"What do I want to do with it, august King of Thunes?" said he. "Do you see that row of statues there, that look like blockheads, over the three doorways?"

"Yes. Well?"

"It's the gallery of the Kings of France."

"What's that to me?" said Clopin.

"Wait a bit. At the end of that gallery there's a door that's always on the latch. With this ladder I get up to it, and then I'm in the church."

"Let me get up first, lad," said the other.

"No, comrade; the ladder's mine. Come along, you shall be the second."

"Beelzebub strangle thee!" said Clopin, turning sulky. "I'll not go after anybody."

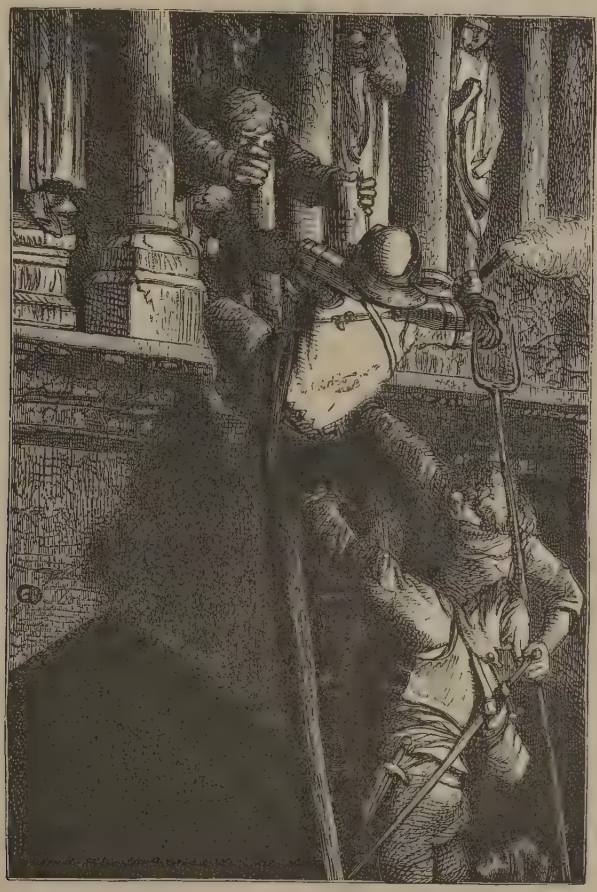
"Then, Clopin, go look for a ladder."

And therewith Jehan set off again across the Place, dragging along his ladder, and shouting:

"Follow me, boys!"

In an instant the ladder was reared up, and the top of it placed against the balustrade of the lower gallery, over one of the side doorways. The crowd of the Truands, raising great acclamations, pressed to the foot of it for the purpose of ascending. But Jehan maintained his right, and was the first that set foot on the steps of the ladder. The passage to be made was a long one. The gallery of the French kings is, at this day, about sixty feet from the ground; to which elevation was, at that period, added the height of the eleven steps of entrance. Jehan ascended slowly, much encumbered with his heavy armor, with one hand upon the ladder and the other grasping his cross-bow. When he was half way up, he cast down a melancholy glance upon the poor

dead Argotiers, strewed upon the steps of the grand portal. "Alas!" said he, "here's a heap of dead worthy the fifth book of the Iliad!" Then he continued his ascent. The Truands followed him. There was one upon each step of the ladder. To see that line of mailed backs thus rise undulating in the dark, one might have imagined it a serpent with



steely scales, rearing itself up to assail the church, but that the whistling of Jehan, who formed its head, was not exactly the serpent-like sound requisite to complete the illusion.

The scholar at length reached the parapet of the gallery, and strode lightly over it, amid the applauses of the whole Truandry. Thus master of the citadel, he uttered a joyful shout—but stopped short all

at once, confounded. He had just discovered, behind one of the royal statues, Quasimodo in concealment, his eye all flashing in the dark.

Before another of the besiegers had time to gain footing on the gallery, the formidable hunchback sprang to the head of the ladder; took hold, without saying a word, of the ends of the two uprights with his two powerful hands; heaved them away from the edge of the balustrade; balanced for a moment, amid cries of anguish, the long bending ladder, covered with Truands from top to bottom; then suddenly, with superhuman strength, he threw back that cluster of men into the Place. For a moment or two the most resolute felt their hearts palpitate. The ladder thus hurled backward with all that living weight upon it, remained perpendicular for an instant, and its inclination seemed doubtful; then it wavered; then, suddenly describing a frightful arc of eighty feet radius, it came down upon the pavement, with its load of brigands, more swiftly than a drawbridge when its chains give way. There arose one vast imprecation, then all was still, and a few mutilated wretches were seen crawling out from under the heap of dead.

A mixed murmur of pain and resentment among the beseigers succeeded their first shouts of triumph. Quasimodo, unmoved, his elbows resting upon the balustrade, was quietly looking on, with the mien of some old long-haired king looking out at his window.

Jehan Frollo, on the other hand, was in a critical situation. He found himself in the gallery with the redoubtable ringer; alone, separated from his companions by eighty feet of perpendicular wall. While Quasimodo was dealing with the ladder, the scholar had run to the postern, which he expected to find on the latch. No such thing. The ringer, as he entered the gallery, had fastened it behind him. Jehan had then hidden himself behind one of the stone kings, not daring to draw breath, but fixing upon the monstrous hunchback a look of wild apprehension—like the man who, upon a time, making love to the wife of a menagerie-keeper, and going one evening to meet her in an assignation, scaled the wrong wall, and suddenly found himself tête-à-tête with a grizzly bear.

For the first few moments the hunchback took no notice of him; but at length he turned his head and drew up his limbs, for the scholar had just caught his eye.

Jehan prepared for a rude encounter; but his deaf antagonist remained motionless; only his face was turned toward the scholar, at whom he continued looking.

"Ho, ho!" said Jehan, "what dost thou look at me for with that one melancholy eye of thine?"

And so saying, the young rogue was stealthily making ready his

cross-bow. "Quasimodo," he cried, "I'm going to change thy surname. They shall call thee the blind."

Jehan let fly the winged shaft, which whistled through the air, and stuck its point into the left arm of the hunchback. This no more disturbed Quasimodo than a scratch would have done his stone neighbor,

King Pharamond. He laid his hand upon the arrow, drew it out of his arm, and quietly broke it over his clumsy knee. Then he dropped, rather than threw, the two pieces on the ground. But he did not give Jehan time to discharge a second shaft. As soon as the arrow was broken, Quasimodo, breathing strongly through his nostrils, bounded like a grasshopper upon the scholar, whose armor this shock of his flattened against the wall.

Then, through that atmosphere in which wavered the light of the torches, was dimly seen a sight of terror.

Quasimodo had grasped in his left hand both the arms of Jehan, who made no struggle, so utterly did he give himself up for lost. With his right hand the hunchback took off, one after another, with ominous deliberation, the several pieces of his armor, offensive and defensive—the sword, the daggers, the helmet, the breastplate, the armpieces—as as if it had been a monkey peeling a walnut. Quasimodo dropped at his feet, piece after piece, the scholar's iron shell.

When the scholar had found himself disarmed and uncased, feeble and naked, in those formidable hands, he did not offer to speak to his deaf enemy; but he fell to laughing audaciously in his face, and singing, with the careless assurance of a boy of sixteen, a popular air of the time:

"Elle est bien habillée,
La ville de Cambrai;
Marafin l'a pillée . . ."

He had not time to finish. Quasimodo was now seen standing upon the parapet of the gallery, holding the scholar by the feet with one hand only, and swinging him round like a sling over the external abyss. Then a noise was heard like some box made of bone dashing against a wall; and something was seen falling, but it stopped a third part of the way down, being arrested in its descent by one of the architectural projections. It was a dead body which remained suspended there, bent double, the loins broken, and the skull empty.

A cry of horror arose from the Truands.

"Revenge!" cried Clopin. "Sack! sack!" answered the multitude. "Assault! assault!"

Then there was a prodigious howling, mixed up of all languages, all dialects, and all tones of voice. The poor scholar's death inspired the crowd with a frantic ardor. They were seized with shame and resentment at having been so long kept in check, before a church, by a hunchback. Their rage found them ladders, multiplied their torches, and in a few minutes Quasimodo, in confusion and despair, saw a frightful swarm ascending from all sides, to the assault of Notre-Dame. They who had not ladders had knotted ropes; and they who had not ropes climbed up by means of the projections of the sculpture. They hung at one another's tattered habiliments. There was no means of resisting this rising tide of frightful visages. Fury seemed to writhe in those ferocious countenances; their dirty foreheads were streaming with perspiration; their eyes flashed; and all those varieties of grimace and ugliness were besetting Quasimodo. It seemed as if some other church

had sent her gorgons, her dogs, her spectres, her demons, all her most fantastic sculptures, to assail Notre-Dame. It was a coat of living monsters covering the stone monsters of the façade.

Meanwhile a thousand torches had kindled in the Place. This disorderly scene, buried until then in thick obscurity, was wrapped in a sudden blaze of light. The Parvis was resplendent, and cast a radiance on the sky, while the pile that had been lighted on the high platform of the church still burned and illumined the city far around. The vast outline of the two towers, projected afar upon the roofs of Paris, threw amid that light a huge mass of shade. The whole town seemed now to be roused from its slumber. Distant tocsins were mournfully sounding; the Truands were howling, panting, swearing, climbing; and Quasimodo, powerless against so many enemies, trembling for the gypsy girl, seeing all those furious faces approaching nearer and nearer to his gallery, was imploring a miracle from heaven, and writhing his arms in despair.

CHAPTER V

THE RETREAT IN WHICH MONSIEUR LOUIS OF FRANCE SAYS HIS PRAYERS

THE reader has probably not forgotten that Quasimodo, a moment or two before he perceived the nocturnal band of the Truands in motion, while looking over Paris from the top of his steeple, saw but one single remaining light, twinkling at a window in the topmost story of a lofty and gloomy building, close by the Porte St. Antoine. That building was the Bastile; and that twinkling light was Louis XI.'s candle.

Louis XI. had, in fact, been at Paris for the last two days. He was to set out again the next day but one for his citadel of Montilz-les-Tours. He seldom made his appearance in his good city of Paris, and when he did appear, it was during very short intervals, as he did not there feel himself surrounded by a sufficient abundance of pitfalls, gibbets, and Scots archers.

He had come that day to sleep at the Bastile. His grand chamber at the Louvre, five fathom square, with its grand chimney-piece loaded with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and his great bed, eleven feet by twelve, were little to his taste. He felt himself lost amidst all those grandeurs. This good citizen king preferred the Bastile with a chamber and a bed of humbler dimensions; and, besides, the Bastile was stronger than the Louvre.

The *chambrette* which Louis XI. reserved to himself in the famous state prison, was still sufficiently spacious, occupying the upper story of a tower adhering to the donjon. It was a circular apartment, hung with matting of shining straw; ceiled with wooden beams decorated with raised fleurs-de-lys of gilt metal, with colored spaces between them, and wainscoted with rich carvings interspersed with rosettes of

LOUIS XI. AT THE BASTILE.

white metal, and painted of a fine light green made of orpiment and fine indigo.

There was but one window, a long pointed one, latticed with iron bars and brass wire, and still further darkened with fine glass painted with the arms of the king and queen, each pane of which had cost two-and-twenty sols.

There was but one entrance, a modern doorway under an overhanging circular arch, furnished inside with a piece of tapestry, and outside with one of those porches of Irish wood, frail structures of curious cabinet-work, which were still to be seen abounding in old mansions a hundred and fifty years ago. "Although they disfigure and encumber the places," says Sauval in despair, "yet our old gentlemen will not put them out of the way, but keep them in spite of everybody."

No description of ordinary furniture was to be seen in this chamber; neither benches, nor trestles, nor forms, nor common box stools, nor fine stools supported by pillars and counter pillars, at four sols a-piece; there was only one easy arm-chair, a very magnificent one; the wood of it was painted with roses upon a red ground, and its seat was of red morocco, decorated with long silken fringe and with abundance of gold-headed nails. The loneliness of this chair testified that one person alone was entitled to be seated in the chamber. By the chair, and close to the window, there was a table, the cover of which was figured with birds. On the table were an inkstand, spotted with ink, some scrolls of parchment, some pens, and a hanap of silver chased. A little further on were a chafing-dish, and a prie-Dieu set off with golden bosses. And behind was a plain bed of yellow and pink damask, without any sort of tinsel decoration, having only an ordinary fringe. It was this same bed, famous for having borne the sleep or the sleeplessness of Louis XI., that was still to be beheld two hundred years back, at the house of a councilor of state, where it was seen by the aged Madame Pilou, celebrated in the great romance of "Cyrus" under the name of *Arricidie* and that of *La Morale Vivante.*

Such was the chamber which was then popularly styled "the closet where Louis of France says his prayers."

And the moment at which we have introduced the reader into it, this closet was very dark. The curfew had rung an hour ago; it was dark night; and there was but one wavering wax candle set upon the table to light five different persons variously grouped in the chamber.

The first upon whom the light fell was a noble splendidly attired in a doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a cloak with shoulder pieces, of cloth of gold with black figures. This splendid costume, as the light played upon it, glittered flamingly at every fold. The man who

wore it had upon his breast his arms embroidered in brilliant colors—a chevron, in base a stag passant. The escutcheon was supported on the right by an olive branch, and on the left by a stag's horn. This man wore in his girdle a rich dagger, the hilt of which, of silver gilt, was chased in the form of a helmet top, and surmounted by a count's coronet. His air was unprepossessing, his look haughty and stiff. At the first glance you saw arrogance in his face; at the second, cunning.

He was standing bareheaded, with a long written scroll in his hand, behind the easy-chair, upon which was seated, with his body ungracefully bent double, his knees thrown one across the other, and his elbow resting on the table, a person in very indifferent habiliments. Imagine, indeed, upon the rich morocco seat, a pair of crooked shins, a pair of lean thighs poorly wrapped in a web of black worsted, a trunk wrapped in a loose coat of linsey-woolsey, the fur trimming of which had much more leather left than hair, and, to crown the whole, an old greasy hat of the meanest black cloth, garnished all round with a band of small leaden figures. Such, together with a dirty skull-cap beneath which hardly a single hair was visible, was all that could be distinguished of the sitting personage. He kept his head so much bent down over his chest that nothing was visible of his face thus thrown into shadow, except only the extremity of his nose, upon which a ray of light fell, and which, it was evident, must be a long one. The thinness of his wrinkled hand showed it to be an old man. It was Louis XI.

At some distance behind them there were talking in a low voice two men habited after the Flemish fashion, who were not so completely lost in the darkness but that any one who had attended the performance of Gringoire's mystery could recognize in them two of the principal Flemish envoys, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two men were concerned in the secret politics of Louis XI.

And quite behind all the rest, near the door, there was standing in the dark, motionless as a statue, a stout, brawny, thick-set man, in military accoutrements, with an emblazoned casaque, whose square face, with its prominent eyes, its immense cleft of a mouth, its ears concealed each under a great mat of hair, and with scarcely any forehead, seemed a sort of compound of the dog and the tiger.

All were uncovered except the king.

The noble standing by him was reading over to him a sort of long official paper, to which his majesty seemed to be attentively listening, while the two Flemings were whispering to each other behind.

"Croix-Dieu!" muttered Coppenole, "I'm tired of standing. Is there never a chair here?"

Rym answered by a negative gesture, accompanied with a circumspect smile.

"Croix-Dieu!" resumed Coppenole, quite wretched at being obliged thus to lower his voice, "I feel a mighty itching to sit myself down on the floor, with my legs across, hosier-like, as I do in my own shop."

"You had better beware of doing so, Master Jacques," was the reply.

"Hey-day! Master Guillaume—so, then, here a man can be nohow but on his feet?"

"Or on his knees," said Rym.

At that moment the king raised his voice, and they ceased talking.

"Fifty sols for the gowns of our valets, and twelve livres for the mantles of the clerks of our crown! That's the way! Pour out gold by tons? Are you mad, Olivier?"

So saying, the old man had raised his head. The golden shells of the collar of St. Michael were now seen to glitter about his neck. The candle shone full upon his meagre and morose profile. He snatched the paper from the hands of the other.

"You're ruining us," cried he, casting his hollow eyes over the schedule. "What's all this? What need have we of so prodigious a household? Two chaplains at the rate of ten livres a month each, and a chapel clerk at a hundred sols! A valet-de-chambre at ninety livres a year! Four squires of the kitchen at a hundred and twenty livres a year each! A roaster, a soup cook, a sauce cook, a chief cook, an armory-keeper, two sumpter-men, at the rate of ten livres a month each! Two turnspits at eight livres! A groom and his two helpers at four-and-twenty livres a month! A porter, a pastry-cook, a baker, two carters, each sixty livres a year! And the farrier, a hundred and twenty livres! And the master of our privy purse, twelve hundred livres! And the comptroller five hundred! And God knows what besides! Why, it's absolutely monstrous! The wages of our domestics are laying France under pillage! All the treasure in the Louvre will melt away in such a blaze of expense! We shall have to sell our plate! And next year, if God and Our Lady" (here he raised his hat from his head) "grant us life, we shall drink our ptisans out of a pewter pot!"

So saying, he cast his eye upon the silver goblet that was glittering on the table. He coughed, and continued:

"Master Olivier! princes who reign over great dominions, as kings and emperors, ought not to let sumptuousness be engendered in their households, for 'tis a fire that will spread from thence into their provinces. And so, Master Olivier, set this down for certain, that the

thing displeases us. What! Pasque-Dieu! until the year '79, it never exceeded thirty-six thousand livres; in '80, it rose to forty-three thousand six hundred and nineteen livres—I've the figures in my head; in '81, it came to sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty; and this year, by the faith of my body, it will amount to eighty thousand livres! Doubled in four years! Monstrous!"

He stopped quite out of breath, then resumed with vehemence:

"I see none about me but people fattening upon my leanness. You suck money from me at every pore!"

All kept silence. It was one of those fits of passion which must be allowed to run its course. He continued:

"It's just like that Latin memorial from the body of the French lords, requesting us to re-establish what they call the great offices of the crown. Ha! messieurs, you tell us that we are no king to reign *dapifero nullo, buticulario nullo.* But we'll show you, Pasque-Dieu! whether we're a king or not."

Here he smiled in the consciousness of his power; his ill-humor was allayed by it, and he turned round to the Flemings:

"Look you, Gossip Guillaume, the grand baker, the grand butler, the grand chamberlain, the grand seneschal, are not so useful as the meanest valet. Bear this in mind, Gossip Coppenole—they're of no service whatever. Keeping themselves thus useless about the king, they put me in mind of the four evangelists that surround the face of the great clock of the Palais, and that Philippe Brille has just now been renovating. They're gilt indeed, but they don't mark the hour, and the hand of the clock can do very well without them."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, and then added, shaking his aged head:

"Ho, ho! by Our Lady, but I'm not Philippe Brille, and I'm not going to re-gild the great vassals. Proceed, Olivier."

The person whom he designated by that name again took the sheet in his hands, and went on reading aloud:

"To Adam Tenon, keeper of the seals of the provostry of Paris, for "the silver, workmanship, and engraving of the said seals, which have "been made new, because the former ones, by reason of their being old "and worn out, could no longer be used—twelve livres parisis.

"To Guillaume, his brother, the sum of four livres four sols parisis, "for his trouble and cost in having fed and nourished the pigeons of "the two pigeon-houses at the Hôtel des Tournelles, during the months "of January, February, and March of this year, for the which he has "furnished seven sextiers of barley.

"To a cordelier, for confessing a criminal, four sols parisis."

The king listened in silence. From time to time he coughed; then he lifted the goblet to his lips, and swallowed a draft of its contents, at which he made a wry face.

"In this year have been made," continued the reader, "by judicial "order, by sound of trumpet, through the streets of Paris, fifty-six "several hues and cries. Account not made up.

"For search made in divers places, in Paris and elsewhere, after "treasure said to have been concealed in the said places, but nothing "has been found, forty-five livres parisis——"

"Burying an écu to dig up a sou!" said the king.

"For putting in, at the Hôtel des Tournelles, six panes of white "glass, at the place where the iron cage is, thirteen sols. For making "and delivering, by the king's command, on the day of the musters, "four escutcheons, bearing the arms of our said lord, and wreathed all "round with chaplets of roses, six livres. For two new sleeves to the "king's old doublet, twenty sols. For a box of grease to grease the "king's boots, fifteen deniers. A new sty for keeping the king's black "swine, thirty livres parisis. Divers partitions, planks, and trap-doors, "for the safe keeping of the lions at the Hôtel St. Pol, twenty-two "livres."

"Dear beasts, those!" said Louis XI. "But no matter; it's a fair piece of royal magnificence. There's a great red lion that I love for his pretty behavior. Have you seen him, Master Guillaume? Princes must have those wondrous animals. For dogs we kings should have lions, and for cats, tigers. The great befits a crown. In the time of the pagans of Jupiter, when the people offered up at the churches a hundred oxen and a hundred sheep, the emperors gave a hundred lions and a hundred eagles. That was very fierce and noble. The Kings of France have always those roarings about their throne. Nevertheless, this justice will be done me, to admit that I spend less money in that way than my predecessors, and that I have a more moderate stock of lions, bears, elephants, and leopards. Go on, Master Olivier. We just had a mind to say so much to our Flemish friends."

Guillaume Rym made a low bow, while Coppenole, with his gruff countenance, looked much like one of the bears of whom his majesty spoke. The king did not observe it; he had just then put the goblet to his lips, and was spitting out what remained in his mouth of the unsavory beverage, saying:

"Foh! the nauseous ptisan!" His reader continued:

"For the food of a rogue and vagabond, kept for the last six "months in the lock-up house of the Ecorcherie, until it should be "known what was to be done with him, six livres four sols."

"What's that?" interrupted the king, sharply. "Feeding what ought to be hanged? Pasque-Dieu! I'll not give a single sol toward such feeding. Olivier, you'll arrange that matter with Monsieur d'Estouteville, and this very night you'll make preparations for uniting this gentleman in holy matrimony to a gallows. Now go on with your reading."

Olivier made a mark with his thumb-nail at the rogue and vagabond article, and went on:

"To Henriet Cousin, executioner-in-chief at the justice of Paris, "the sum of sixty sols parisis, to him adjudged by my lord the provost "of Paris, for having bought, by order of my said lord the provost, a "large broad-bladed sword, to be used in executing and beheading "persons judicially condemned for their delinquencies, and had it fur- "nished with a scabbard and all other appurtenances, as also for repair- "ing and putting in order the old sword which had been splintered and "jagged by executing justice upon Messire Louis of Luxemburg, as can "be more fully made appear——"

Here the king interrupted him.

"Enough," said he; "I shall give the order for that payment with all my heart. Those are expenses I make no account of. I have never grudged that money. Proceed."

"For making a great new cage——"

"Ha!" said the king, laying each hand upon an arm of his chair, "I knew I was come to this Bastile for something or other. Stop, Master Olivier—I will see that cage myself. You shall read over to me the cost of it while I examine it. Messieurs the Flemings, you must come and see that; it's curious."

Then he rose, leaned upon the arm of his interlocutor, made a sign to the sort of mute who kept standing before the doorway to go before him, made another to the two Flemings to follow him, and went out of the chamber.

The royal train was recruited at the door by men-at-arms ponderous with steel, and slender pages carrying flambeaux. It proceeded for some time in the interior of the gloomy donjon, perforated by staircases and corridors even into the thickness of the walls. The captain of the Bastile walked at its head, and directed the opening of the successive narrow doors, before the old sickly and stooping king, who coughed as he walked along.

At each doorway, every one was obliged to stoop in order to pass, except only the old man bent with age. "Hum!" said he, between his gums, for he had no teeth left—"We're quite ready for the door of the sepulchre. A low door needs a stooping passenger."

At length, after making their way through the last door of all, so loaded with complicated locks that it took a quarter of an hour to open it, they entered a spacious and lofty chamber, of Gothic vaulting, in the centre of which was discernible, by the light of the torches, a great cubical mass of masonry, iron, and wood-work. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for state prisoners which were called familiarly *les fillettes du roi.* In its walls there were two or three small windows, so thickly latticed with massive iron bars as to leave no glass visible. The door consisted of a single large flat stone, like that of a tomb—one of those doors that serve for entrance only. The difference was, that here the tenant was alive.

The king went and paced slowly round this small edifice examining it carefully, while Master Olivier, following him, read out his paper of expenses aloud:

"For making a great wooden cage, of heavy beams, joists, and "rafters, measuring inside nine feet long by eight broad, and seven feet "high between the planks; mortised and bolted with great iron bolts; "which has been fixed in a certain chamber of one of the towers of the "Bastile St. Antoine; in which said cage is put and kept, by command "of our lord the king, a prisoner, that before inhabited an old, decayed, "and worn-out cage. Used, in making the said new cage, ninety-six "horizontal beams and fifty-two perpendicular; ten joists, each three "toises long. Employed, in squaring, planing and fitting all the said "wood-work, in the yard of the Bastile—nineteen carpenters for twenty "days——"

"Very fine heart of oak," said the king, rapping his knuckles against the timbers.

"Used in this cage," continued the other, "two hundred and twenty "great iron bolts, nine feet and a half long—the rest of a medium length "—together with the plates and nuts for fastening the said bolts—the "said irons weighing altogether three thousand seven hundred and "thirty-five pounds; besides eight heavy iron equières for fixing the "said cage in its place; with the cramp-irons and nails; weighing alto- "gether two hundred and eighteen pounds; without reckoning the iron "for the trellis-work of the windows of the chamber in which the said "cage has been placed, the iron bars of the door of the chamber, and "other articles——"

"Here's a deal of iron," observed the king, "to restrain the levity of a spirit."

"The whole amounts to three hundred and seventeen livres, five "sols, seven deniers."

"Pasque-Dieu!" cried the king.

At this oath, which was the favorite one of Louis XI., some one seemed to be aroused in the interior of the cage. There was a noise of chains clanking on its floor; and a feeble voice was heard, which seemed to issue from the tomb, exclaiming—"Sire, sire! mercy, mercy!" It could not be seen who uttered this exclamation.

"Three hundred and seventeen livres, five sols, seven deniers!" repeated Louis XI.

The voice of lamentation which had issued from the cage chilled the blood of all present, even that of Master Olivier. The king alone looked as if he had not heard it. At his command, Master Olivier resumed his reading; and his majesty coolly continued his inspection of the cage.

"Besides the above, there has been paid to a mason for making the "holes to fix the window-grates and the floor of the chamber con- "taining the cage, because the other floor would not have been strong "enough to support such cage, by reason of its weight—twenty-seven "livres, fourteen sols parisis——"

Again the voice began to complain:

"Mercy, sire! I assure you that it was Monsieur the Cardinal of Angers that committed the treason, and not I!"

"The mason is a rough hand," said the king. "Proceed, Olivier."

Olivier continued—"To a joiner for window-frames, bedstead, close- "stool, and other matters, twenty livres two sols parisis——"

The voice still continued:

"Alas, sire! will you not listen to me? I protest it was not I that wrote that matter to Monseigneur of Guyenne—it was Monsieur the Cardinal Balue."

"The joiner charges high," observed the king. "Is that all?"

"No, sire—To a glazier for the window glass of the said chamber, "forty-six sols eight deniers parisis."

"Have mercy, sire!" cried the voice again. "Is it not enough that all my property has been given to my judges, my plate to Monsieur de Torcy, my library to Master Pierre Doriolle—and my tapestry to the governor of Roussillon? I am innocent. It is now fourteen years that I have been shivering in an iron cage! Have mercy, sire! and you will find it in heaven!"

"Master Olivier," said the king, "what is the sum total?"

"Three hundred and sixty-seven livres eight sols three deniers parisis."

"Our Lady!" exclaimed the king. "Here's a cage out of all reason!"

He snatched the account from the hands of Master Olivier, and

THE OAKEN CAGE.

began to reckon it up himself upon his fingers, examining, by turns, the paper and the cage. Meanwhile, the prisoner was heard sobbing within. The effect, in the darkness, was dismal in the extreme, and the faces of the bystanders turned pale and looked at one another.

"Fourteen years, sire! It is fourteen years since April, 1469. In the name of the holy mother of God, sire, hearken to me. All that time you have been enjoying the warmth of the sun, and shall I, wretched that I am! never again see the light? Mercy, sire!—be merciful! Clemency is a noble virtue in a king, that turns aside the stream of wrath. Does your majesty think that at the hour of death it is a great satisfaction for a king to have left no offense unpunished? Besides, sire, it was not I that betrayed your majesty, it was Monsieur of Angers. And I have a very heavy chain to my foot, with a huge ball of iron at the end of it, much heavier than is needful. Oh, sire, do have pity on me!"

"Olivier," said the king, shaking his head, "I observe that they put me down the bushel of plaster at twenty sols, though it's only worth twelve. You'll draw out this account afresh."

He turned his back on the cage and began to move toward the door of the chamber. The wretched prisoner judged by the withdrawing of the torchlight and the noise, that the king was going away.

"Sire! sire!" cried he in despair. The door closed again, and he no longer distinguished anything but the hoarse voice of the turnkey humming in his ears a popular song of the day:

Maître Jehan Balue
Has lost out of view
His good bishoprics all:
Monsieur de Verdun
Can not now boast of one;
They are gone, large and small.

The king reascended in silence to his closet, followed by the persons of his train horror-struck at the last groanings of the condemned. All at once his majesty turned round to the Governor of the Bastile.

"By-the-by," said he, "was there not some one in that cage?"

"Par-Dieu, yes, sire!" answered the governor, astounded at the question.

"And who, pray?"

"Monsieur the Bishop of Verdun."

The king knew that better than any one else, but this was a mania of his.

"Ha!" said he, with an air of simplicity, as if he was thinking of it

for the first time—"Guillaume de Harancourt, the friend of Monsieur the Cardinal Balue. A good fellow of a bishop."

A few moments after, the door of the closet had re-opened and then closed again upon the five persons whom the reader had found there at the beginning of this chapter, and who had severally resumed their places, their postures, and their whispering conversation.

During the king's absence, some dispatches had been laid upon the table, of which he himself broke the seal. Then he began to read them over diligently one after another; motioned to Master Olivier, who seemed to act as his minister, to take up a pen; and, without communicating to him the contents of the dispatches, he began, in a low voice, to dictate to him the answers, which the latter wrote, very uncomfortably to himself, on his knees before the table.

Guillaume Rym was on the watch.

The king spoke so low that the Flemings could hear nothing at all of what he was dictating, except here and there a few isolated and scarcely intelligible fragments, as thus:

"To maintain the fertile places by commerce, the sterile ones by manufactures—To show the English lords our four bombards, the Londres, the Brabant, the Bourg-en-Bresse, the St. Omer—It is owing to artillery that war is now more judiciously carried on—To our friend Monsieur de Bressuire—The armies can not be kept on foot without contributions—" etc.

Once he spoke aloud: "Pasque-Dieu! Monsieur the King of Sicily seals his letters with yellow wax like a King of France! Perhaps we do wrong to permit him. My fair cousin of Burgundy gave no arms on a field gules. The greatness of a house is secured by maintaining the integrity of its prerogatives. Note that down, Gossip Olivier."

At another moment:

"Oh, oh," said he, "the impudent message! What is our friend the emperor demanding of us?" Then casting his eyes over the missive, interrupting his perusal here and there with brief interjections: "Certes, the Germans are so great and powerful that it's hardly credible! But we don't forget the old proverb. The finest country is Flanders; the finest duchy, Milan; the finest kingdom, France! Is it not so, messieurs the Flemings?"

This time, Coppenole bowed as well as Guillaume Rym. The hosier's patriotism was tickled.

The last dispatch of all made Louis XI. knit his brows.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "Complaints and petitions against our garrisons in Picardy! Olivier, write with all speed to Monsieur the Marshal de Rouault:—That discipline is relaxed. That the gendarmes

of the ordonnance, the nobles, the free archers, the Swiss, do infinite mischief to the inhabitants. That the military, not content with what they find in the houses of the husbandmen, compel them, with heavy blows of staves or bills, to go and fetch from the town, wine, fish, groceries, and other unreasonable articles. That the king knows all that. That we mean to protect our people from annoyance, theft and pillage. That such is our will, by Our Lady! That furthermore, it does not please us, that any musician, barber, or servant-at-arms should go clad like a prince, in velvet, silk, and gold rings. That such vanities are hateful to God! That we, who are a gentleman, content ourselves with a doublet made of cloth at sixteen sols the Paris ell. That messieurs the serving-men of the army may very well come down to that price likewise. Order and command. To our friend, Monsieur de Rouault. Good."

He dictated this letter aloud, in a firm tone, and in short abrupt sentences. At the moment of his finishing it, the door opened, and admitted a fresh person, who rushed all aghast into the chamber, crying:

"Sire! sire! there's a sedition of the populace in Paris!"

The grave countenance of Louis XI. was contracted for a moment; but all that was visible in his emotion passed away like a flash. He contained himself, and said with a tone and look of quiet severity: "Gossip Jacques, you enter very abruptly."

"Sire, sire, there's a revolt!" resumed Gossip Jacques, quite out of breath.

The king, who had risen from his seat, seized him roughly by the arm, and said in his ear, so as to be heard by no one else, with an expression of internal anger, and an oblique glance at the Flemings:

"Hold your tongue—or speak low!"

The new-comer understood, and set himself to make to the king a very terrified narration, to which the latter listened calmly, while Guillaume Rym was calling Coppenole's attention to the face and dress of the news-bearer—his furred hood (*caputia fourrata*)—his short épitoge (*epitogia curta*) and his black velvet gown, which bespoke a President of the Court of Accompts.

No sooner had this person given the king some explanations, than Louis XI. exclaimed with a burst of laughter:

"Nay, in sooth, speak aloud, Gossip Coictier. What occasion have you to whisper so? Our Lady knows we have no secrets with our good Flemish friends."

"But, sire——"

"Speak up!" said the king.

Coictier remained mute with surprise.

"Come, come," resumed the king; "speak out, sir. There's a commotion of the people in our good city of Paris?"

"Yes, sire."

"And which is directed, you say, against Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais de Justice?"

"So it appears," said the gossip, who still stammered out his words, quite confounded at the sudden and inexplicable change which had taken place in the mind of the king.

Louis XI. resumed: "Whereabouts did the watch meet with the mob?"

"Coming along from the great Truandry toward the Pont-aux-Changeurs, sire. I met it myself as I was coming hither in obedience to your majesty's orders. I heard some of them crying, 'Down with the bailiff of the Palais!'"

"And what grievances have they against the bailiff?"

"Ah," said Gossip Jacques, "that he is their lord."

"Is it really so?"

"Yes, sire. They are rascals from the Court of Miracles. They have long been complaining of the bailiff, whose vassals they are. They will not acknowledge him either as justiciary or as keeper of the highways."

"So, so," said the king, with a smile of satisfaction, which he strove in vain to disguise.

"In all their petitions to the parliament," continued Gossip Jacques, "they pretend that they have only two masters—your majesty, and their God, whom I believe to be the Devil."

"Oh, oh," said the king.

He rubbed his hands; laughed with that internal laugh which irradiates the countenance; and was quite unable to dissemble his joy, though he now and then strove to compose himself. None of those present could at all understand his hilarity—not even Master Olivier. At length his majesty remained silent for a moment, with a thoughtful but satisfied air.

All at once he asked, "Are they in force?"

"Yes, sire; that they certainly are," answered Gossip Jacques.

"How many?"

"At least six thousand."

The king could not help saying, "Good!"

He went on: "Are they armed?"

"Yes, sire, with scythes, pikes, hackbuts, pickaxes, all sort of most violent weapons."

The king seemed to be not at all disturbed by this awful detail. Gossip Jacques thought proper to add:

"Unless your majesty sends speedy succor to the bailiff, he is lost!"

"We will send," said the king, with affected seriousness. "Good! certainly we will send. Monsieur the bailiff is our friend. Six thousand! They're determined rogues! Their boldness is marvelous, and deeply are we wroth at it. But we have few men about us to-night. It will be time enough to-morrow morning."

Gossip Jacques could not help exclaiming: "Directly, sire. They'll have time to sack the bailiff's house twenty times over, and hang the bailiff himself. For God's sake, sire, send before to-morrow morning."

The king looked him full in the face. "I have told you to-morrow morning."

It was one of those looks to which there is no reply.

After a pause, Louis XI. again raised his voice.

"My Gossip Jacques, you should know that. What was . . . . ." (he corrected himself). "What is the bailiff's feudal jurisdiction?"

"Sire, the Bailiff of the Palais has from the Rue de la Calandre, as far as the Rue de l'Herberie; the Place St. Michel, and the places commonly called Les Mureaux, situated near the church of Notre-Dame-des-Champs" (here the king lifted the brim of his hat), "which mansions amount to thirteen; besides the Court of Miracles, and the lazaretto called the Banlieue; and all the highway beginning at the lazaretto and ending at the Porte St. Jacques. Of those several places he is keeper of the ways—justiciary—full and entire lord."

"So ho!" said the king, scratching his left ear with his right hand, "that makes a good slice of my town! So, monsieur the bailiff was king of all that, eh?"

This time he did not correct himself. He continued ruminating and as if talking to himself.

'Softly, monsieur the bailiff, you had a very pretty slice of our Paris in your clutches, truly."

All at once he broke forth: "Pasque-Dieu! what are all these people that pretend to be highway-keepers, justiciaries, lords, and masters along with us, that have their toll-gate at the corner of every field, their gallows and their hangman at every cross-way among our people? so that, as the Greek thought he had as many gods as he had springs of water, and the Persian as many as he saw stars, so the Frenchman reckons up as many kings as he sees gibbets. Par-Dieu! this thing is evil, and the confusion of it displeases me. I should like to be told, now, if it be God's pleasure that there should be at Paris any highway-keepers but

the king—any justiciary but our parliament, any emperor but ourself in this empire. By the faith of my soul, but the day must come when there shall be in France but one king, one lord, one judge, one headsman, as there is but one God in heaven."

Here he lifted his cap again, and continued, still ruminating, and with the look and accent of a huntsman cheering on his pack.

"Good, my people! Well done! Shatter those false seigneurs! Do your work! On, on! Pillage, hang, sack them! So you want to be kings, my lords? On, my people, on!"

Here he suddenly stopped himself; bit his lip, as if to recall his half-wandering thoughts; fixed his piercing eye in turn upon each of the five persons around him; and then, all at once taking his hat between both hands, and looking steadfastly at it, he said, "Oh, I would burn thee, if thou didst know what I have in my head!"

Then once more casting around him the cautious anxious look of a fox stealing back into his hole:

"No matter," said he; "we will send succor to monsieur the bailiff. Unluckily, we have very few troops here at this moment, against such a number of the populace. We must wait till to-morrow. Order then shall be restored in the city; and all who are taken shall be hanged up forthwith."

"Apropos, sire," said Gossip Coictier; "I had forgotten that in my first perturbation. The watch have seized two stragglers belonging to the gang. If it be your majesty's pleasure to see the men, they are here."

"If it be my pleasure!" exclaimed the king. "What, Pasque-Dieu! Canst thou forget such a thing as that? Run quick! Olivier, go and fetch them in."

Master Olivier went out, and returned in a minute with the two prisoners surrounded by archers of the ordonnance. The first of the two had a great idiotic drunken, and wonder-struck visage. He was clothed in tatters, and walked with one knee bent and the foot dragging along; the other had a pale, half-smiling countenance, with which the reader is already acquainted.

The king scrutinized them a moment, without saying a word; then suddenly addressing the first of the two prisoners, "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Gieffroy Pincebourde."

"Thy trade?"

"A Truand."

"What wast thou going to do in that damnable sedition?"

The Truand looked at the king, swinging his arms the while with

an air of sottish stupidity. His was one of those heads of awkward conformation, in which the intellect is about as much at its ease as a light under an extinguisher.

"I don't know," said he. "They were going—and so I went."

"Were you not going outrageously to attack and plunder your lord the bailiff of the Palais?"

"I know they were going to take something at somebody's—and that's all."

Here a soldier showed the king a pruning-hook, which had been found upon the Truand.

"Dost thou know that weapon?" asked the king.

"Yes—it's my pruning-hook. I'm a vine-dresser."

"And dost thou know that man for thy comrade?" asked Louis XI., pointing to the other prisoner.

"No, I don't know him."

"Enough," said the king; and motioning with his finger to the silent person standing motionless by the door, whom we have already pointed out to the reader, "Gossip Tristan," said he, "there's a man for you."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed to his majesty, and then whispered an order to a couple of archers, who thereupon carried away the poor Truand.

Meanwhile, the king had addressed the second prisoner, who was perspiring profusely, "Thy name?"

"Sire, it is Pierre Gringoire."

"Thy trade?"

"A philosopher, sire."

"How comes it, fellow, that thou hast the audacity to go and beset our friend Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais? and what hast thou to say about this popular commotion?"

"Sire, I was not in it."

"Come, come, mountebank, wast thou not apprehended by the watch in that company?"

"No, sire—there's a mistake. It's a fatality. I write tragedies, sire. I implore your majesty to hear me. I am a poet. It's the hard lot of men of my profession to be going about the streets at night. By mere chance I happened to be going by there this evening. They took me up without reason. I am quite innocent of this civil storm. Your majesty saw that the Truand did not recognize me. I entreat your majesty——"

"Hold your tongue," said the king, between two draughts of his ptisan—"you split our head!"

Tristan l'Hermite stepped forward, and said, pointing to Gringoire:

"Sire, may we hang that one too?" This was the first word he had uttered.

"Oh, why," answered the king, carelessly, "I don't see any objections."

"But I see many," said Gringoire.

At this moment, our philosopher's countenance was horribly livid. He saw, by the cool and indifferent manner of the king, that he had no resource but in something excessively pathetic; and he threw himself at the feet of Louis XI. with gestures of despair:

"Sire, your majesty will vouchsafe to hear me. Sire, burst not in thunder upon so poor a thing as I am. God's great thunderbolts strike not the lowly plant. Sire, you are an august and most puissant monarch—have pity on a poor honest man, as incapable of fanning the flame of revolt as an icicle of striking a spark. Most gracious sire, mildness is the virtue of a lion and of a king. Alas! severity does but exasperate; the fierce blasts of the north wind make not the traveler lay aside his cloak; but the sun darting his rays by little and little, warms him so that at length he will gladly strip himself. Sire, you are the sun. I protest to you, my sovereign lord and master, that I am not a companion of Truands, thievish and disorderly. Rebellion and pillage go not in the train of Apollo. I am no man to go and rush into those clouds which burst in seditious clamor. I am a faithful vassal of your majesty. The same jealousy which the husband has for the honor of his wife, the affection with which the son should requite his father's love, a good vassal should feel for the glory of his king. He should wear himself out for the upholding of his house and the promoting of his service. Any other passion that should possess him would be mere frenzy. Such, sire, are my maxims of state; do not, then, judge me to be seditious and plundering because my garment is out at the elbows. If you show me mercy, sire, I will wear it out at the knees in praying for you morning and night. Alas! I am not extremely rich, it is true, indeed

GRINGOIRE AND THE KING.

I am rather poor; but I am not wicked for all that. It is no fault of mine. Everybody knows that great wealth is not to be acquired by the belles-lettres; and that the most accomplished writers have not always a great fire in winter time. The gentlemen of the law take all the wheat to themselves, and leave nothing but the chaff for the other learned professions. There are forty most excellent proverbs about the philosopher's threadbare cloak. Oh, sire, clemency is the only light that can enlighten the interior of a great soul. Clemency carries the torch before all the other virtues. Without her they are but blind, and seek God in the dark. Mercy, which is the same thing as clemency, produces loving subjects, who are the most powerful body-guard of the prince. What can it signify to your majesty, by whom all faces are dazzled, that there should be one poor man more upon the earth? a poor innocent philosopher, creeping about in the darkness of calamity, with his empty fob lying flat upon his empty stomach. Besides, sire, I am a man of letters. Great kings add a jewel to their crown by patronizing letters. Hercules did not disdain the title of Musagetes. Matthias Corvinus showed favor to Jean de Monroyal, the ornament of mathematics. Now, 'tis an ill way of patronizing letters, to hang up the lettered. What a stain to Alexander if he had had Aristoteles hanged! The act would not have been a small patch upon the face of his reputation to embellish it, but a virulent ulcer to disfigure it. Sire, I wrote a very appropriate epithalamium for Mademoiselle of Flanders and Monseigneur the most august Dauphin. That was not like a firebrand of rebellion. Your majesty sees that I am no dunce, that I have studied excellently, and that I have much natural eloquence. Grant me mercy, sire. So doing, you will do an act grateful to Our Lady; and I assure you, sire, that I am very much frightened at the idea of being hanged!"

So saying, the desolate Gringoire kissed the king's slippers; while Guillaume Rym whispered to Coppenole: "He does well to crawl upon the floor; kings are like the Jupiter of Crete, they hear only through their feet." And, quite inattentive to the Cretan Jupiter, the hosier answered, with a heavy smile, and his eyes fixed upon Gringoire, "Ah, that's good! I could fancy I heard the Chancellor Hugonet asking me for mercy."

When Gringoire stopped at length quite out of breath, he raised his eyes, trembling, toward the king, who was scratching with his finger-nail a spot which he saw upon his breeches' knee, after which his majesty took another draught from the goblet. But he uttered not a syllable—and this silence kept Gringoire in torture. At last the king looked at him.

"Here's a terrible prater," said he. Then, turning to Tristan l'Hermite: "Pshaw! let him go."

Gringoire fell backward upon his posteriors, quite thunderstruck with joy.

"Let him go!" grumbled Tristan. "Is it not your majesty's pleasure that he should be caged for a little while?"

"Gossip," returned Louis XI., "dost thou think it is for birds like this that we have cages made at three hundred and sixty-seven livres eight sols three deniers apiece? Let him go directly, the *paillard* (Louis XI. was fond of this word which with *Pasque-Dieu* was a sign of joviality); and send him out with a drubbing."

"Oh," exclaimed Gringoire, in ecstasy, "this is indeed a great king."

Then, for fear of a countermand, he rushed toward the door, which Tristan opened for him with a very ill grace. The soldiers went out with him, driving him before them with hard blows of their fists, which Gringoire endured like a true stoic philosopher.

The good humor of the king, since the revolt against the bailiff had been announced to him, manifested itself in everything. This unusual clemency of his was no small sign of it. Tristan l'Hermite, in his corner, was looking as surly as a mastiff dog balked of his meal.

Meanwhile the king was gayly beating with his fingers upon his chair arm, the Pont-Audemer march. Though a dissembling prince, he was much better able to conceal his sorrow than his rejoicing. These his external manifestations of joy on the receipt of any good news, sometimes carried him great lengths; as, for instance, at the death of Charles the Rash of Burgundy, to that of vowing balustrades of silver to St. Martin of Tours; and, on his accession to the throne, to that of forgetting to give orders for his father's funeral.

"Ha, sire!" suddenly exclaimed Jacques Coictier, "what is become of the sharp pains on account of which your majesty sent for me?"

"Oh!" said the king, "truly, my gossip, I am suffering greatly. I've a singing in my ears, and teeth of fire raking my breast."

Coictier took the king's hand, and began to feel his pulse with a knowing look.

"Look there, Coppenole," whispered Rym. "There you see him between Coictier and Tristan. That's his whole court—a physician for himself, and a hangman for other people."

While feeling the king's pulse, Coictier was assuming a look of greater and greater alarm. Louis XI. looked at him with some anxiety; while the physician's countenance grew more and more dismal. The

king's bad health was the only estate the good man had to cultivate, and accordingly he made the most of it.

"Oh! oh!" muttered he at last, "this is serious, indeed!"

"Is it not?" said the king, uneasy.

"*Pulsus creber, anhelans, crepitans, irregularis,*" continued the physician.

"Pasque-Dieu!" exclaimed his majesty.

"This might carry a man off in less than three days!"

"Our Lady!" cried the king. "And the remedy, gossip?"

"I'm thinking of it, sire."

He made the king put out his tongue; shook his head; made a wry face; and in the midst of this grimacing, "Par-Dieu, sire," said he, all on a sudden, "I must inform you that there is a receivership of episcopal revenues vacant, and that I have a nephew."

"I give the receivership to thy nephew, Gossip Jacques," answered the king; "but take this fire out of my breast!"

"Since your majesty is so gracious," resumed the physician, "I am sure you will not refuse to assist me a little in the building of my house in the Rue St. André-des-Arcs."

"Heu!" said the king.

"I'm at the end of my cash," said the doctor; "and it would really be a pity that the house should be left without a roof—not for the sake of the house itself, which is quite plain and homely; but for the sake of the paintings by Jehan Fourbault, that adorn its wainscoting. There's a Diana flying in the air—so excellently done, so tender, so delicate, of an action so artless, her head so well dressed, and crowned with a crescent, her flesh so white, that she leads into temptation those who examine her too curiously. Then, there's a Ceres, and she, too, is a very beautiful divinity. She's sitting upon corn sheaves, and crowned with a goodly wreath of ears of corn intertwined with purple goat's-beard and other flowers. Never were seen more amorous eyes, rounder legs, a nobler air, or a more gracefully flowing skirt. She's one of the most innocent and most perfect beauties ever produced by the pencil."

"Hangman!" grumbled Louis XI., "what art thou driving at?"

"I want a roof over these paintings, sire; and, although it is but a trifle, I have no money left."

"What will thy roof cost?"

"Oh.....why.....a roof of copper, figured and gilt.....not above two thousand livres."

"Ha! the assassin!" cried the king. "He never draws me a tooth but he makes a diamond of it."

"Am I to have my roof?" said Coictier.

"Yes—the devil take you! but cure me."

"Jacques Coictier made a low bow and said: "Sire, it is a repellent that will save you. We shall apply to your loins the grand defensive, composed of cerate, bole armoniac, white of eggs, oil, and vinegar. You will continue your ptisan — and we will answer for your majesty's safety."

A lighted candle never attracts one gnat only. Master Olivier, seeing the king in a liberal mood, and deeming the moment propitious, approached in his turn:—"Sire!"

"What next?" said Louis XI.

"Sire, your majesty is aware that Master Simon Radin is dead."

"Well?"

"He was king's councilor for the jurisdiction of the treasury."

"Well?"

"Sire, his place is vacant."

While thus speaking, Master Olivier's haughty countenance had exchanged the arrogant for the fawning expression—the only alternation that ever takes place in the countenance of the courtier. The king looked him full in the face, and said, dryly, "I understand."

His majesty resumed: "Master Olivier, Marshal de Boucicault used to say, 'There's no good gift but from a king; there's no good fishing but in the sea.' I see that you are of the marshal's opinion. Now, hear this. We have a good memory. In the year '68, we made you groom of our chamber; in '69 castellan of the bridge of St. Cloud, with a salary of a hundred livres tournois—you wanted them parisis. In November, '73, by letters given at Gergeaule, we appointed you keeper of the Bois de Vincennes, in lieu of Gilbert Acle, esquire; in '75, warden of the forest of Rouvray-les-Saint-Cloud, in the place of Jacques Le Maire; in '78, we graciously settled upon you, by letters-patent sealed on extra label with green wax, an annuity of ten livres parisis, to you and your wife, upon the Place-aux-Marchands, situated at the Ecole St. Germain. In '79, we made you warden of the forest of Senart, in room of that poor Jehan Daiz; then captain of the castle of Loches; then governor of St. Quentin; then captain of the bridge of Meulan, of which you call yourself count. Out of the fine of five sols paid by every barber that shaves on a holiday, you get three, and we get what you leave. We were pleased to change your name of Le Mauvais, which was too much like your countenance. In '74, we granted you, to the great displeasure of our nobility, armorial bearings of a thousand colors, that make you a breast like a peacock. Pasque-Dieu! have you not your fill? Is not the draught of fishes fine and miraculous enough? And are you not afraid lest a single salmon more should be enough to

sink your boat? Pride will ruin you, my gossip. Pride is ever followed close behind by ruin and shame. Think of that, and be silent."

These words, uttered in a low tone of severity, brought back the chagrined physiognomy of Master Olivier to its former insolent expression.

"Good!" muttered he, almost aloud. "It's plain enough that the king's ill to-day, for he gives all to the physician."

Louis XI., far from taking offense at this piece of presumption, resumed, with some mildness:

"Stay—I forgot to add that I made you ambassador to Madame Marie at Ghent. Yes, gentlemen," added the king, turning to the Flemings; "this man has been an ambassador. There, my gossip," continued he, again addressing Master Olivier, "let us not fall out—we're old friends. It's getting very late. We've got through our work. Shave me."

Our readers have doubtless already recognized in Master Olivier that terrible Figaro whom Providence, the great dramatist of all, so artfully mixed up in the long and sanguinary play of Louis XI.'s reign. We shall not here undertake to develop, at full length, that singular character. This barber to the king had three names. At court he was called politely Olivier-le-Daim, from the daim, or stag, upon his escutcheon; and among the people Olivier-le-Diable, or the Devil. But, by his right name, he was called Olivier-le-Mauvais, or the Bad.

Olivier-le-Mauvais then stood motionless, looking sulkily at the king, and enviously at Jacques Coictier. "Yes, yes—the physician!" muttered he.

"Well, yes—the physician!" resumed Louis XI. with singular good humor; "the physician has yet more influence than thyself. It's a matter of course. He has got our whole body in his hands; and thou dost but hold us by the chin. Come, come, my poor barber, there's nothing amiss. What wouldst thou say, and what would become of thy office, if I were a king like King Chilperic, whose way it was to hold his beard with one hand. Come, my gossip, perform thy office, and shave me—go and fetch thy tools."

Olivier, seeing that the king had resolved to take the matter in jest, and that there was no means even of provoking him, went out, grumbling, to execute his commands. The king rose from his seat, went to the window, and suddenly opening it in extraordinary agitation—

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands; "there's a glare in the sky over the city. It's the bailiff burning; it can not be anything else. Ha! my good people, so you help me, then, at last, to pull down the seigneuries!"

Then turning to the Flemings:

"Gentlemen," said he, "come and see. Is not that a fire that glares so red?"

The two Gantois came forward to look.

"It's a great fire," said Guillaume Rym.

"Oh," added Coppenole, whose eyes all at once began to sparkle, "that reminds me of the burning of the house of the Lord d'Hymbercourt. There must be a stout revolt there."

"You think so, Master Coppenole?" said the king; and he looked almost as much pleased as the hosier himself. "Don't you think it will be difficult to resist it?" he added.

"Croix-Dieu! sire, it may cost your majesty many a company of good soldiers."

"Ha! cost me! that's quite another thing," returned the king. "If I chose——"

The hosier rejoined boldly: "If that revolt be what I suppose, you would choose in vain, sire."

"Gossip," said Louis XI., "two companies of my ordonnance, and the discharge of a serpentine, are quite sufficient to rout a mob of the common people."

The hosier, in spite of the signs that Guillaume Rym was making to him, seemed determined to contest the matter with the king.

"Sire," said he, "the Swiss were common people, too. Monsieur the Duke of Burgundy was a great gentleman, and made no account of that canaille. At the battle of Grandson, sire, he called out, 'Cannoneers, fire upon those villains!' and he swore by St. George. But the avoyer, Scharnactal, rushed upon the fine duke with his club and his people; and at the shock of the peasants, with their bull-hides, the shining Burgundian army was shattered like a pane of glass by a flint-stone. Many a knight was killed there by those base churls; and Monsieur de Château-Guyon, the greatest lord in Burgundy, was found dead, with his great gray horse in a little boggy field!"

"Friend," returned the king, "you're talking of a battle; but here it's only a riot, and I can put an end to it with a single frown, when I please."

The other replied, unconcernedly, "That may be, sire. In that case the people's hour is not yet come."

Guillaume Rym thought he must now interfere. "Master Coppenole," said he, "you are talking to a mighty king."

"I know it," answered the hosier, gravely.

"Let him go on, Monsieur Rym, my friend," said the king; "I like this plain speaking. My father, Charles VII., used to say that truth

was sick! for my part I thought she was dead, and had found no confessor; but Master Coppenole shows me I was mistaken."

Then clapping his hand familiarly upon Coppenole's shoulder, "You were saying then, Master Jacques——"

"I say, sire, that perhaps you are right—that the people's hour is not yet come with you."

Louis XI. looked at him with his penetrating eye: "And when will that hour come, master?"

"You will hear it strike."

"By what clock, pray?"

Coppenole, with his quiet and homely self-possession, motioned to the king to approach the window.

"Hark you, sire," said he; "here there are a donjon, an alarm-bell, cannon, townspeople, soldiers. When the alarm-bell shall sound, when the cannon shall roar, when, with great clamor the donjon walls shall be shattered, when townspeople and soldiers shall shout and kill each other, then the hour will strike."

The countenance of Louis XI. became gloomy and thoughtful. He remained silent for a moment; then tapping gently with his hand against the massive wall of the donjon, as if patting the crupper of a war-horse:

"Ah, no, no!" said he, "thou wilt not so easily be shattered, wilt thou, my good Bastile?"

Then, turning abruptly round to the bold Fleming, he said: "Have you ever seen a revolt, Master Jacques?"

"I have made one," said the hosier.

"What do you do," said the king, "to make a revolt?"

"Oh!" answered Coppenole, "it's not very hard to do. There are a hundred ways. First of all, there must be dissatisfaction in the town. That's nothing uncommon. And then, one must consider the character of the inhabitants. Those of Ghent are prone to revolt. They always like the son of the prince, but never the prince himself. Well, now, one morning, we'll suppose, somebody comes into my shop, and says, Father Coppenole, it's so and so—as that the Lady of Flanders wants to save her ministers—that the high bailiff is doubling the toll on vegetables—or what not—anything you like. Then I throw by my work, go out into the street, and cry—*A sac!* There's always some empty cask or other in the way. I get upon it, and say with a loud voice, the first words that come into my head, what's uppermost in my heart, and when one belongs to the people, sire, one has always something upon one's heart. Then a crowd gets together, they shout, they ring the tocsin, the people get arms by disarming the soldiers, the market people

join the rest, and then they go to work; and it will always be so, so long as there are lords in the lordships, townspeople in the towns, and country-people in the country."

"And against whom did you rebel thus?" asked the king. "Against your bailiffs; against your lords?"

"Sometimes. That's as it may happen. Against the duke, too, sometimes."

Louis XI. returned to his seat, and said, with a smile:

"Ah! but here they have not yet got farther than the bailiffs."

At that moment Olivier-le-Daim re-entered, followed by two pages carrying the apparatus for dressing his majesty; but what struck Louis XI. was to see him also accompanied by the provost of Paris and the knight of the watch, who seemed both in consternation. There was consternation, too, in the look of the mortified barber; but there was satisfaction lurking under it. It was he that spoke first.

"Sire, I beg pardon of your majesty for the calamitous news I bring you."

The king, turning sharply round, grazed the mat upon the floor with the feet of his chair.

"What's it about?" said he.

"Sire," returned Olivier, with the malicious look of a man rejoicing that he has to deal a violent blow, "it is not against the bailiff of the Palais that this popular sedition is driving."

"Against whom, then?"

"Against you, sire."

The aged king rose upon his feet, and erect, like a young man.

"Explain, Olivier, explain—and look well to thy head, my gossip—for I swear to thee, by the cross of St. Lô, that if thou speakest false in this matter, the sword that cut Monsieur of Luxemburg's throat is not so dinted but it shall saw thine, too."

The oath was formidable. Louis XI. had never but twice in his life sworn by the cross of St. Lô. Olivier opened his lips to reply.

"Sire——"

"Down on your knees!" interrupted the king, with violence. "Tristan, keep your eye upon this man."

Olivier fell upon his knees, and said composedly:

"Sire, a witch has been condemned to death by your court of parliament. She has taken refuge in Notre-Dame. The people want to take her from thence by main force. Monsieur the provost and monsieur the knight of the watch who are come straight from the spot, are here to contradict me if I speak not the truth. It is Notre-Dame that the people are besieging."

EXTERIOR OF THE BASTILE.

"Ah, ah," said the king, in an undertone, all pale and trembling with passion; "Notre-Dame! They are besieging Our Lady, my good mistress, in her own cathedral! Rise, Olivier. Thou art right; I give thee Simon Radin's office. Thou art right; it is me they're attacking. The witch is under the safeguard of the church; the church is under my safeguard, and I, who thought all the while that it was only the bailiff, 'tis against myself!"

Then, invigorated by passion, he began to pace hurriedly to and fro. He laughed no longer; he was terrible. The fox was changed into a hyena. He seemed to be choking with rage; his lips moved without utterance, and his withered hands were clenched. All at once he raised his head; his hollow eye seemed full of light, and his voice burst forth like a clarion:

"Upon them, Tristan! Fall upon the knaves! Go, Tristan, my friend! Kill! kill!"

When this paroxysm was over, he went once more to his seat, and said, with a cool and concentrated passion:

"Here, Tristan! We have with us in this Bastile the fifty lances of the Viscount de Gif, making three hundred horse; you'll take them. There's also Monsieur de Chateaupers's company of the archers of our ordonnance; you'll take them. You are provost-marshal, and have the men of your provostry; you'll take them. At the Hôtel St. Pol, you'll find forty archers of Monsieur the Dauphin's new guard; you'll take them. And, with the whole, you'll make all speed to Notre-Dame. Ha! messieurs the commons of Paris—so you presume to fly in the face of the crown of France, the sanctity of Our Lady, and the peace of this commonwealth. Exterminate, Tristan! exterminate! and let not one escape except for Montfaucon!"

Tristan bowed.

"'Tis well, sire."

He added after a pause: "And what shall I do with the witch?"

This question set the king ruminating.

"Ha," said he, "the witch! Monsieur d'Estouteville, what did the people want to do with her?"

"Sire," answered the provost of Paris, "I imagine that, as the people are come to drag her away from her sanctuary of Notre-Dame, it is her impunity that offends them, and they want to hang her."

The king seemed to reflect deeply; then, addressing himself to Tristan l'Hermite, he said: "Well, gossip, exterminate the people and hang the witch."

"Just so," whispered Rym to Coppenole. "Punish the people for wishing, and do what they wish."

"Enough, sire," answered Tristan. "If the witch be still in Notre-Dame, must we take her away in spite of the sanctuary?"

"Pasque-Dieu! the sanctuary!" said the king, scratching his ear; "and yet that woman must be hanged."

Here, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he knelt down before his chair, took off his hat, placed it upon the seat, and looking devoutly at one of the leaden figures with which it was loaded:

"Oh," said he, clasping his hands, "Our Lady of Paris, my gracious patroness, pardon me. I will only do it this once. That criminal must be punished. I assure you, O Lady Virgin, my good mistress, that she is a witch, unworthy of your kind protection. You know, Lady, that many very pious princes have trespassed upon the privileges of churches, for the glory of God and the necessity of the state. Saint Hugh, an English bishop, permitted King Edward to seize a magician in his church. My master, St. Louis of France, transgressed for the like purpose in the church of Monsieur St. Paul, as did also Monsieur Alphonse, son of the King of Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Pardon me, then, for this once, Our Lady of Paris. I will never do so again; and I will give you a fine statue of silver like that which I gave last year to Our Lady of Ecouys. So be it."

He crossed himself, rose from his knees, put on his hat, and said to Tristan: "Make all speed, my gossip. Take Monsieur de Chateaupers with you. You'll have the tocsin rung. You'll crush the populace. You'll hang the witch. That's settled. You yourself will defray all charges of the execution, and bring me in an account of them. Come, Olivier, I shall not lie down to-night. Shave me."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed and departed. Then the king, motioning to Rym and Coppenole to retire:

"God keep you, messieurs, my good Flemish friends!" said he. "Go and take a little rest. The night is fast wearing away; we are nearer the morning than the evening."

They both withdrew, and on reaching their apartments, to which they were conducted by the captain of the Bastile, Coppenole said to Guillaume Rym:

"Humph! I've had enough of this coughing king. I've seen Charles of Burgundy drunk, but he was not so mischievous as Louis XI. sick."

"Master Jacques," answered Rym, "that is because a king finds less cruelty in his wine than in his barley-water."

CHAPTER VI

THE PASSWORD

ON quitting the Bastile, Gringoire ran down the Rue St. Antoine with the speed of a runaway horse. When he had reached the Porte Baudoyer, he walked straight up to the stone cross standing in the middle of the open space there, as if he could have discerned in the dark the figure of a man clothed and hooded in black, sitting upon the steps of the cross.

"Is it you, master?" said Gringoire.

The person in black rose.

"Death and passion! you drive me mad, Gringoire!" said he. "The man upon St. Gervais's tower has just been calling half-past one in the morning!"

"Oh," returned Gringoire, "it's no fault of mine, but of the watch, and of the king. I've had a narrow escape. Yet I always just miss being hanged—it's my predestination."

"You just miss everything," said the other. "But come along quick. Have you the password?"

"Only think, master. I've seen the king. I've just left him. He wears worsted breeches. It's an adventure, I can tell you."

"Oh, thou spinner of words! What's thy adventure to me? Hast thou got the password of the Truands?"

"I've got it. Make yourself easy. It's *Petite flambe en baguenaud.*"

"Very well. Otherwise we should not have been able to make our way to the church. The Truands block up the streets. Fortunately, it seems, they've met with resistance. Perhaps we shall still get there in time."

"Yes, master; but how shall we get into Notre-Dame?"

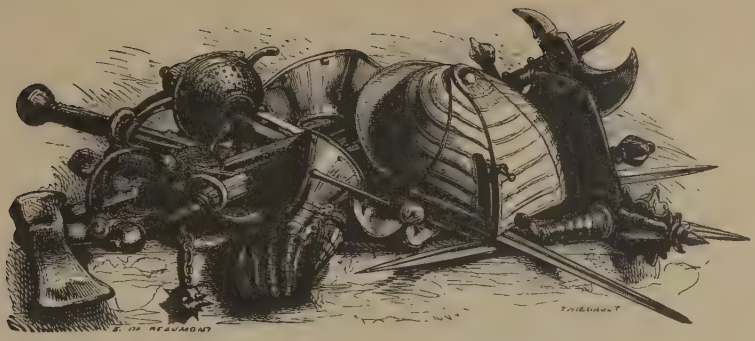
"I have the key of the towers."

"And how shall we get out again?"

"There's a small door, behind the cloister, which leads to the Terrain, and so to the water-side. I have taken possession of the key, and I moored a boat there this morning."

"I've had a nice miss of being hanged," repeated Gringoire.

"Ah—well—come along quick," said the other; and they both walked off at a great rate toward the City.



CHAPTER VII

CHATEAUPERS TO THE RESCUE

THE reader probably bears in his recollection the critical situation in which we left Quasimodo. The brave ringer, assailed on all sides, had lost, though not all courage, at least all hope of saving—not himself—he thought not of himself—but the gypsy girl. He ran wildly to and fro along the gallery. Notre-Dame was on the point of being carried by the Truands, when all at once a great galloping of horses filled the neighboring streets, and, with a long file of torches, and a dense column of horsemen, lances and bridles lowered, these furious sounds came rushing into the Place like a hurricane:

"France! France! Cut down the knaves! Chateaupers to the rescue! Provostry! provostry!"

The Truands in terror faced about.

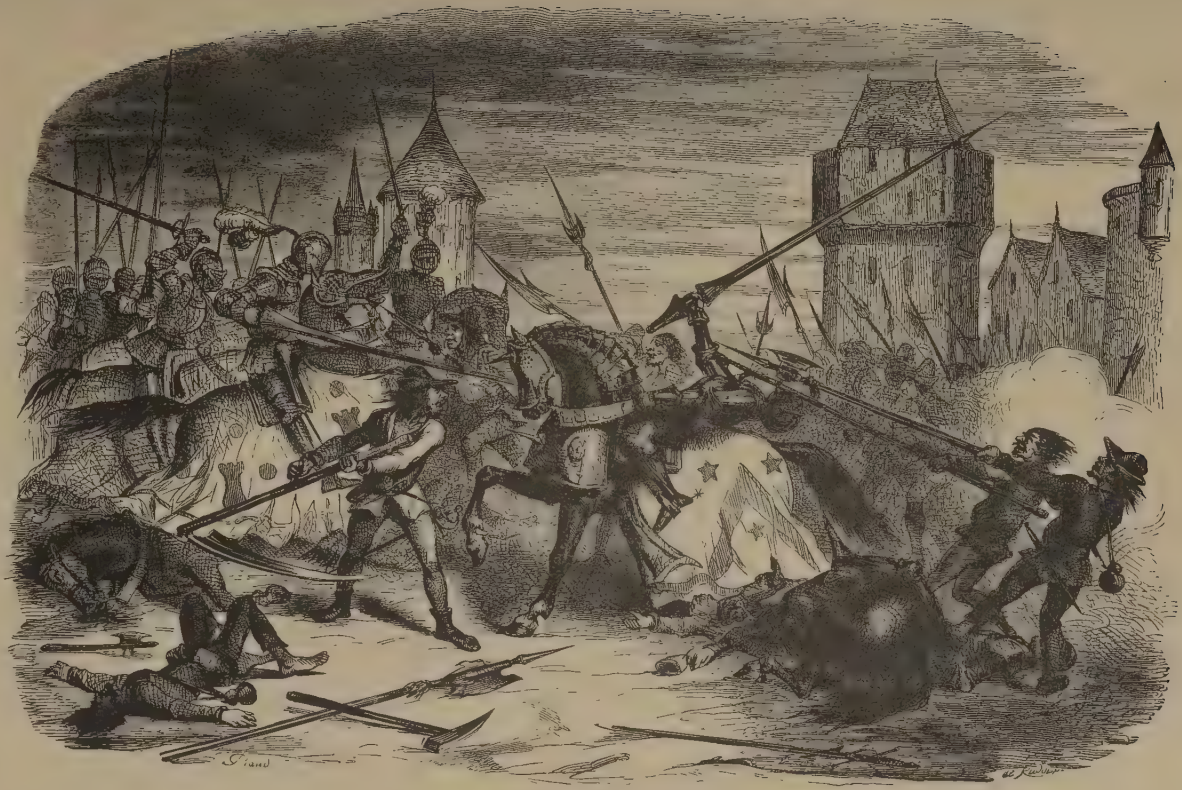
Quasimodo, though he heard nothing, saw the drawn swords, the flambeaux, the spear-heads—all that cavalry, at the head of which he recognized Captain Phœbus; he saw the confusion of the Truands, the terror of some of them, the perturbation of the stoutest-hearted among them, and this unexpected succor so much revived his own energies, that he hurled back from the church the most forward of the assailants, who were already striding over into the gallery.

It was in fact the king's troops that had just arrived.

The Truands bore themselves bravely, and defended themselves desperately. Attacked in flank from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs, and in rear from the Rue du Parvis—pressed against Notre-Dame, which they were still assailing, and which Quasimodo was defending—at once

besieging and besieged—they were in the singular situation which, subsequently, at the famous siege of Turin, in 1640, was that of Count Henri d'Harcourt, between Prince Thomas of Savoy, whom he was besieging, and the Marquis of Leganez, who was blockading him—*Taurinum obsessor idem et obsessus*, as his epitaph expresses it.

The mêlée was frightful. Wolves' flesh calls for dog's teeth, as Father Matthieu phrases it. The king's horsemen, amid whom Phœbus de Chateaupers bore himself valiantly, gave no quarter, and they who escaped the thrust of the lance fell by the edge of the sword. The Truands, ill-armed, foamed and bit with rage and despair. Men, women, and children threw themselves upon the cruppers and chests of



CLOPIN TROUILLEFOU MOWING.

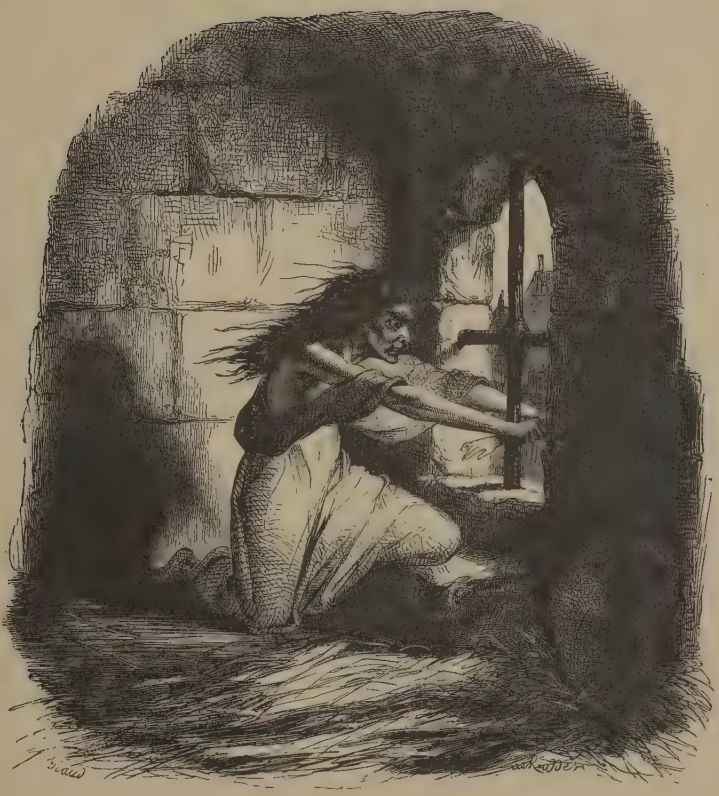
the horses, and clung to them like cats with their teeth and claws; others struck the archers in the face with their torches; and others, again, aimed their bill-hooks at the necks of the horsemen, striving to pull them down, and cut to pieces such as fell. One of them was seen with a large glittering scythe, with which, for a long time, he mowed the legs of the horses. He was terrific; he went on, singing a song with a nasal intonation, taking long and sweeping strokes with his scythe. At each stroke he described around him a great circle of severed limbs. He advanced in this manner into the thickest of the cavalry, with the quiet slowness, the regular motion of the head and drawing of the breath, of a harvest-man putting the scythe into a field of corn. This was Clopin Trouillefou. He fell by the shot of an arquebus.

Meantime, the windows had opened again. The neighbors, hearing the war-shots of the king's men, had taken part in the affair, and from every story bullets were showered upon the Truands. The Parvis was filled with a thick smoke, which the flashing of the musketry streaked with fire. Through it were confusedly discernible the front of Notre-Dame, and the decrepit Hôtel-Dieu, with a few pale-faced invalids looking from the top of its roof checkered with skylights.

At last the Truands gave away. Exhaustion, want of good weapons, the terror struck into them by this surprise, the discharges of musketry from the windows, and the spirited charge of the king's troops, all combined to overpower them. They broke through the line of their assailants, and fled in all directions, leaving the Parvis covered with their dead.

When Quasimodo, who had not for a moment ceased fighting, beheld this rout, he fell upon his knees, and lifted his hands to heaven. Then, intoxicated with joy, he mounted with the quickness of a bird up to that cell the approaches of which he had so intrepidly defended. He had now but one thought—it was, to go and fall upon his knees before her whom he had saved for the second time.

When he entered the cell, however, he found it empty.



BOOK XI

CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE SHOE

AT the moment when the Truands had assailed the church, Esmeralda was asleep.

But soon, the constantly increasing clamor about the edifice, and the plaintive bleating of her goat, which was awakened before herself, had chased away her slumber. She had then sat up in bed, listened, and looked around her; and then, frightened at the light and the noise, she had hurried out of the cell and gone to see what was the matter. The aspect of the Place; the strange vision that was moving in it; the disorder of that nocturnal assault; that hideous crowd leaping about like a cloud of frogs, half distinguishable in the darkness; the croaking of that hoarse multitude; the few red torches running backward and forward, passing and re-passing one another in the dark, like those meteors of the night that play over the misty surface of a marsh; all together seemed to her like some mysterious battle commenced between the phantoms of a witches' sabbath and the

stone monsters of the church. Imbued from her infancy with the superstitions which at that day possessed the minds of many of her tribe, the notion that first suggested itself to her was, that she had come unawares upon the magic revels of the beings proper to the night. Then she ran back in terror to cower in her cell, and ask of her humble couch some less horrible nightmare.

By degrees, however, the first fumes of her terror had dispersed from her brain; and by the constantly increasing noise, together with other signs of reality, she discovered that she was beset, not by spectres, but by human beings. Then her fear, though it had not increased, had changed its nature. She had thought of the possibility of a popular rising to drag her from her asylum. The idea of once more losing life, hope, Phœbus, who still was ever present to her hopes; her extreme helplessness; all flight barred; her abandonment; her solitariness; these and a thousand other cruel thoughts had quite overwhelmed her. She had fallen upon her knees, with her head upon her couch, and her hands clasped upon her head, full of anxiety and trepidation; and gypsy, idolatress, and heathen as she was, she had begun, sobbing, to ask mercy of the God of the Christians, and to pray to Our Lady her hostess. For, whether one believes anything or nothing, there are moments in life when one is always of the religion of the temple nearest at hand.

She remained thus prostrate for a considerable time; trembling, indeed, yet more than she prayed; her blood running cold as the breath of that furious multitude approached nearer and nearer; ignorant of the nature of this popular storm, of what was in agitation, of what was doing, of what was intended; but feeling a presentiment of some dreadful result.

In the very midst of all this anguish, she heard footsteps approaching her. She turned her head. Two men, one of whom carried a lantern, had just entered her cell. She uttered a feeble cry.

"Don't be afraid," said a voice to which she was not a stranger. "It is I."

"It is who?" asked she.

"Pierre Gringoire."

This name encouraged her. She raised her eyes, and saw that it was indeed the poet. But close by him there was a dark figure, veiled from head to foot, the sight of which struck her dumb.

"Ah!" resumed Gringoire in a reproachful tone, "Djali had recognized me before you did."

The little goat, in fact, had not waited for Gringoire to announce himself. No sooner had he entered than she had begun to rub herself

affectionately against his knees, covering the poet with caresses and with white hairs, for she was changing her coat. Gringoire returned her caresses with the greatest cordiality.

"Who is that with you?" whispered the gypsy girl.

"Make yourself easy," answered Gringore; "it's a friend of mine."

Then the philosopher, setting his lantern on the floor, squatted down upon the stones, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, clasping Djali in his arms:

"Oh! it's a charming animal!—more remarkable, to be sure, for beauty and cleanliness than for size; but clever, cunning, and lettered as a grammarian! Let us see, now, my Djali, if thou rememberest all thy pretty tricks. How does Master Jacques Charmolue go——"

The man in black did not let Gringoire finish. He came up to him, and pushed him forcibly by the shoulder. Gringoire got up again.

"True," said he; "I'd forgotten that we're in haste. However, master, that's no reason for using folks so roughly. My pretty dear," said he, addressing the gypsy girl, "your life's in danger, and Djali's too. They want to hang you again. We're your friends and have come to save you. Follow us."

"Is that true?" exclaimed she, quite overcome.

"Yes—quite true. Come, quick."

"I will," faltered she; "but why does not that friend of yours speak?"

"Ha!" said Gringoire; "that's because his father and mother were whimsical people, and made him of a silent disposition."

She was obliged to content herself with this explanation. Gringoire took her by the hand. His companion took up the lantern from the floor, and walked first. Fear made the young girl quite passive; she let them lead her along. The goat skipped after them, so delighted to see Gringoire again that she made him stumble at almost every step, with thrusting her horns against his legs.

"Such is life," said the philosopher, once that he was very near being laid prostrate; "it is often our best friends that occasion our fall."

They rapidly descended the staircase of the towers, crossed the interior of the church, which was all dark and solitary, but resounded from the uproar without, thus offering a frightful contrast; and went out by the Red Door into the court of the cloisters. The cloisters themselves were deserted, the canons having taken refuge in the bishop's house, there to offer up their prayers in common; only some terrified serving-men were skulking in the darkest corners. They proceeded toward the small door leading from that court to the Terrain. The man

in black opened it with a key which he had about him. Our readers are aware that the Terrain was a slip of ground enclosed with walls on the side next the City, and belonging to the chapter of Notre-Dame, which terminated the island eastward, behind the church. They found this enclosure perfectly solitary. Here, too, they found the tumult in the air sensibly diminished. The noise of the assault by the Truands reached their ears more confusedly and less clamorously. The cool breeze which follows the current of the river, stirred the leaves of the only tree planted at the point of the Terrain, with a noise which was now perceptible to them. Nevertheless, they were still very near the danger. The buildings nearest to them were the bishop's palace and the church. There was evidently great confusion within the residence of the bishop. Its dark mass was tracked in all directions by lights hurrying from one window to another; just as, after burning a piece of paper, there remains a dark structure of ashes, over which bright sparks are running in a thousand fantastic courses. And close by it, the huge towers of Notre-Dame, seen thus from behind, with the long nave over which they rear themselves, showing black upon the vast red light which glowed above the Parvis, looked like the gigantic uprights of some Cyclopean fire-grate.

What was visible of Paris seemed wavering on all sides in a sort of shadow mingled with light, resembling some of Rembrandt's backgrounds.

The man with the lantern walked straight to the projecting point of the Terrain; where, at the extreme verge of the water, were the decayed remains of a fence of stakes with laths nailed across, upon which a low vine spread out its few meagre branches like the fingers of an open hand. Behind this sort of lattice-work, in the shade which it cast, a small boat lay hidden. The man motioned to Gringoire and the young woman to enter it; and the goat jumped in after them. The man himself got in last of all. Then he cut the rope; pushed off from the shore with a long boat-hook; and laying hold of a pair of oars, he seated himself in front, and rowed with all his might across the stream. The Seine is very rapid at that place, and he found considerable difficulty in clearing the point of the island.

Gringoire's first care, on entering the boat, was to place the goat upon his lap. He placed himself in the hinder part of the boat; and the young girl, whom the sight of the stranger filled with indescribable uneasiness, went and seated herself as close as possible to the poet. When our philosopher felt the boat in motion, he clapped his hands and kissed Djali upon the forehead.

"Oh!" cried he, "now we are all four saved!"

THE FIRE-DOGS OF NOTRE-DAME.

He added, with a look of a profound thinker, "We are indebted sometimes to fortune, sometimes to contrivance, for the happy issue of a great undertaking."

The boat was making its way slowly toward the right bank. The young girl watched the movement of the unknown with a secret terror. He had carefully turned off again the light of his dark lantern; and he was now discernible, like a spectre, at the head of the boat. His hood, which was constantly down, was a sort of mask over his face; and every time that, in rowing, he half opened his arms, upon which he had large black hanging sleeves, they looked like a pair of enormous bat's wings. But he had not yet breathed a single syllable. There was a perfect stillness in the boat, excepting only the periodical splash of the oars, and the rippling of the water against the side of the skiff.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Gringoire, all at once, "Here we go, as gay and as merry as owlets! We're as silent as so many Pythagoreans, or so many fish. Pasque-Dieu! my friends—I should like somebody to talk to me. The human voice is music to the human ear. That's not a saying of mine, but of Didymus of Alexandria—and a capital sentence it is. Certes, Didymus of Alexandria is no mean philosopher. One word, my pretty dear—do just say one word to me, I beg. By-the-by, you used to have a curious odd little mow of your own—do you make it still? You must know, my dear, that the parliament has full jurisdiction over all places of sanctuary, and that you were in great peril in that little box of yours at Notre-Dame. Alas! the little bird, the trochylus, maketh its nest in the crocodile's mouth. Master, here's the moon coming out again. So that they don't discover us! We're doing a laudable act in saving mademoiselle. And yet they'd hang us up in the king's name if they were to catch us. Alas! every human action has two handles. One man gets praised for what another gets blamed for. One man admires Cæsar, and reproaches Catiline. Is it not so, master? What say you to this philosophy? I possess the philosophy of instinct, of nature, *ut apes geometriam.* So, nobody answers me. What a plaguey humor you're both in! I'm obliged to talk all by myself. That's what we call, in tragedy, a monologue. Pasque-Dieu! I'd have you to know that I've just now seen King Louis XI., and that it's from him I've caught that oath. Pasque-Dieu! then, they're still making a glorious howl in the City. He's a vile mischievous old king. He's all wrapped about with furs. He still owes me the money for my epithalamium; and he has all but hanged me to-night, which would have been very awkward for me indeed. He's niggardly to men of merit. He should e'en read Salvien of Cologne's four books *adversus Avaritiam.* In sooth, he's a king very paltry in his dealings with men of letters—

and that commits very barbarous cruelties. He's a sponge sucking up the money that's raised from the people. His savings are as the spleen, that grows big upon the pining of the other members. And so the complaints of the hardness of the times turn to murmurs against the prince. Under this mild and pious lord of ours the gibbets are overloaded with carcasses, the blocks stream with gore, the prisons are crammed to bursting. This king strips with one hand and hangs with the other. He's grand caterer to Dame Gabelle and Monseigneur Gibet. The high are stripped of their dignities, and the low are everlastingly loaded with fresh burdens. It's an exorbitant prince. I don't like this monarch. What say you, master?"

The man in black let the loquacious poet run on. He was still struggling against the strong compressed current which separates the prow of the City from the stern of the Ile Notre-Dame, now called, l'Ile Saint-Louis.

"By-the-by, master," resumed Gringoire suddenly, "just as we reached the Parvis through the enraged Truands, did your reverence observe that poor little devil, whose brains that deaf man of yours seemed in a fair way to knock out upon the balustrade of the gallery of the royal statues? I'm short-sighted, and could not distinguish his features. Who might it be, think you?"

The unknown answered not a word. But he suddenly left off rowing; his arms dropped as if they had been broken; his head fell upon his breast; and Esmeralda could hear him sighing convulsively. She started—she had heard sounds like those before.

The boat, left to itself, followed for some moments the impulse of the stream. But at length the man in black recovered himself; seized the oars again, and again set himself to row against the current. He doubled the point of the Ile Notre-Dame, and made for the landing-place at the Port-au-Foin or Hay-wharf.

"Ha!" said Gringoire, "over there is the Logis Barbeau. There, master, look, that group of black roofs, that make such odd angles—there, just underneath that heap of low, dirty, ragged clouds, where the moon is all crushed and spread about like the yolk of an egg when the shell's broken. It's a fine mansion. There's a chapel with a little vaulted roof, lined with enrichments excellently cut. You may discern the bull-turret above it, very delicately perforated. There's also a pleasant garden, consisting of a pond, an aviary, an echo, a mall, a labyrinth, a wild-beast house, and plenty of thick-shaded walks very agreeable to Venus. And then there's a rogue of a tree which they call *le luxurieux*, because it once favored the pleasures of a famous princess and a certain constable of France, a man of wit and gallantry. Alas!

we poor philosophers are to a constable of France, as a cabbage-plot or a radish-bed is to a grove of laurels. After all, what does it signify? Human life is a mixture of good and evil for the great as well as for us. Sorrow ever attends upon joy—the spondee upon the dactyl. Master, I must tell you that story about the Logis Barbeau. It ends tragically. It was in 1319, in the reign of Philip the Fifth, the longest reign of all the French kings. The moral of the story is, that the temptations of the flesh are pernicious and malign. Let us not look too steadfastly upon our neighbor's wife, how much soever our senses may be taken with her beauty. Fornication is a very libertine thought. Adultery is a prying into another man's pleasure. Eh! what! the noise grows louder there!"

The tumult was in fact increasing around Notre-Dame. They listened, and could very distinctly hear shouts of victory. All at once, a hundred flambeaux, the light of which glittered upon the helmets of men-at-arms, spread themselves over the church at all elevations, on the towers, on the galleries, under the buttresses. Those torches seemed to be carried in search of something; and soon those distant clamors reached distinctly the ears of the fugitives: "The gypsy!" they cried: "the witch! death to the gypsy!"

The head of the unfortunate girl dropped upon her hands, and the unknown began to row with violence toward the bank. Meanwhile our philosopher was reflecting. He pressed the goat in his arms, and sidled away very gently from the gypsy girl, who kept pressing closer and closer to him, as to her only remaining protection.

It is certain that Gringoire was in a cruel perplexity. He reflected that the goat too, *according to existing law*, would be hanged if she were retaken—that it would be a great pity, poor Djali! that two condemned females thus clinging to him would be too much for him, and that his companion would be most happy to take charge of the gypsy girl. Yet a violent struggle was taking place in his mind; wherein, like the Jupiter of the Iliad, he placed in the balance alternately the gypsy girl and the goat; and he looked first at one of them, then at the other, his eyes moist with tears, and muttering between his teeth, "And yet I can not save you both!"

The striking of the boat at length apprised them that they had reached the shore. The fearful tumult was still resounding through the city. The unknown rose, came up to the gypsy girl, and offered to take her arm in order to help her out of the boat. She pushed him away from her, and laid hold of Gringoire's sleeve, when he, in turn, being fully occupied with the goat, almost repulsed her. Then she jumped ashore by herself. She was in such perturbation that she knew not

what she was doing nor whither she was going. She remained thus for a few moments, quite stupefied, watching the water as it flowed. When she recovered a little, she found herself alone upon the landing-place with the unknown. It appears that Gringoire had availed himself of the moment of their going ashore, to make off with the goat into the mass of houses of the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau.

The poor gypsy girl shuddered to find herself alone with that man. She strove to speak, to cry out, to call Gringoire; but her tongue refused its office, and no sound issued from her lips. All at once she felt the hand of the stranger placed upon her own; the hand was cold and strong. Her teeth chattered. She turned paler than the moonbeams that were shining upon her. The man said not a word. He began to walk up the river side at a rapid pace, toward the Place de Grève, holding her by the hand. At that moment she had a vague feeling of the irresistibleness of destiny. No muscular strength remained to her; she left him drag her along, running while he walked. The quay, at that place, was somewhat rising before them; and yet it seemed to her as if she was going down a declivity.

She looked on all sides, but not a passenger was to be seen; the quay was absolutely solitary. She heard no sound, she perceived no one stirring, except in the glaring and tumultuous city, from which she was separated only by an arm of the Seine, and from which her name reached her ear mingled with shouts of "Death!" The rest of Paris lay spread around her in great masses of shade.

Meanwhile the unknown was still dragging her on, in the same silence and with the same rapidity. She had no recollection of any of the places through which she was passing. As they were going by a lighted window, she made one effort, suddenly drew up, and cried out, "Help!"

The master of the house opened the windows, showed himself in his nightgown with his lamp in his hand, looked out between sleeping and waking on the quay, uttered some words which she did not hear, and closed his shutter again. It was the extinction of her last ray of hope.

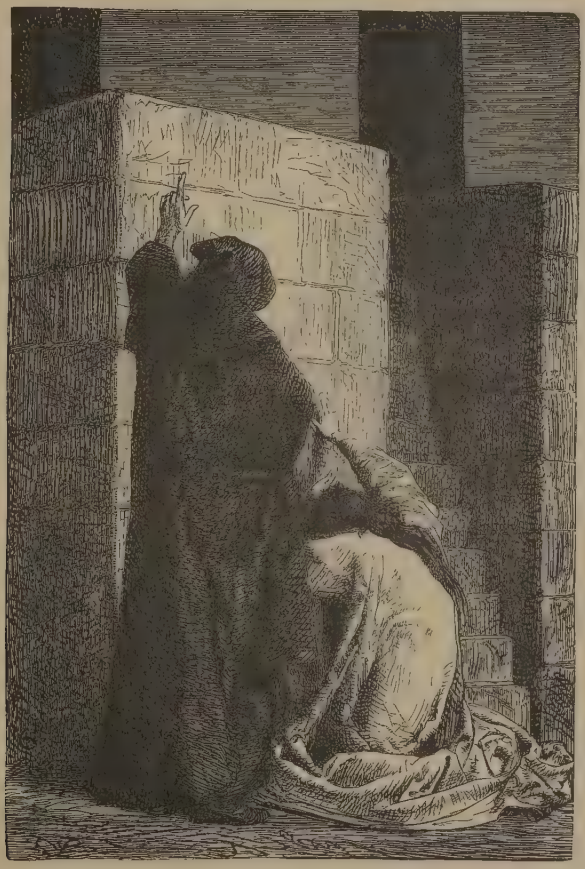
The man in black uttered not a syllable. He held her fast, and walked on yet quicker than before. She made no more resistance, but followed him like a thing utterly powerless.

Now and then, indeed, she gathered just strength enough to say, with a voice interrupted by the unevenness of the pavement and the rapidity of her motion, which had almost taken her breath, "Who are you? who are you?" But he made no answer.

In that manner, keeping constantly along the quay, they arrived at

a square of considerable size. There was then a little moonlight. It was the Grève. A sort of black cross was discernible, standing in the middle of it; that was the gibbet. She observed all this, and then she knew where she was.

The man stopped, turned toward her, and lifted his hood. "Oh!" faltered she, almost petrified, "I knew it was he again!"



It was in fact the priest. He looked like the ghost of himself. It was an effect of the moonlight—a light by which one seems to see only the spectres of objects.

"Listen," said he; and she shuddered at the sound of that ill-omened voice, which it was long since she had heard. He continued, speaking with that short and gaspy utterance which bespeaks deep

internal heavings, "listen. We are here. I have to talk to thee. This is the Grève. This is an extreme point. Fate gives up each of us to the other. I am going to dispose of thy life, thou, of my soul. Beyond this place and this night, nothing is to be seen. Listen to me, then. I'm going to tell thee. . . . . First of all, don't talk to me of thy Phœbus." So saying, he paced backward and forward, like a man incapable of standing still, dragging her after him. "Talk not of him. Mark me, if thou utter his name, I know not what I shall do, but it will be something terrible!"

Then, like a body finding its centre of gravity again, he once more became motionless; but his words betrayed no less agitation. His voice grew lower and lower.

"Don't turn thy head aside so. Hearken to me. 'Tis a serious matter. First of all, I'll tell thee what has happened. There will be no laughing about this, I assure thee. What was I saying? remind me— Ah! it is that there's a decree of the parliament, delivering thee over to execution again. I've just now taken thee out of their hands. But there they are pursuing thee. Look."

He stretched out his arm toward the City; where, indeed, the search seemed to be eagerly continued. The clamor came nearer. The tower of the lieutenant's house, situated opposite to the Grève, was full of noise and lights; and soldiers were running over the quay opposite with torches in their hands, shouting: "The gypsy woman! where is the gypsy woman? Death! Death!"

"Thou seest plainly enough," resumed the priest, "that they're pursuing thee, and that I tell no falsehood. I love thee. Open not thy lips. Rather, speak not a word, if it be to tell me that thou hatest me. I'm determined not to hear that again. I've just now saved thee. First, let me finish. I can save thee quite. I've made all things ready. Thou hast only to will it. As thou wilt, I can do."

Here he violently checked himself. "No, that is not what I had to say."

And with hurried step—making her hurry too, for he never let go her arm—he went straight up to the gibbet, and pointing to it:

"Choose between us," said he, coolly.

She tore herself from his grasp, fell at the foot of the gibbet, and clasped that dismal supporter; then she half turned her beautiful head, and looked at the priest over her shoulder. She had the air of a Madonna at the foot of the cross. The priest had remained quite still, his finger raised toward the gibbet, and his gesture unchanged like a statue.

At length the gypsy girl said to him:

"It is less horrible to me than you are."

Then he let his arm drop slowly, and cast his eyes upon the ground in deep dejection.

"If these stones could speak," muttered he—"yes, they would say, Here is, indeed, an unhappy man!"

He resumed. The young girl, kneeling before the gibbet, enveloped in her long flowing hair, let him speak without interrupting him. His accent was now mild and plaintive, contrasting mournfully with the haughty harshness of his features:

"I love you! Oh, still, 'tis very true I do! And is nothing, then, perceivable without, of that fire which consumes my heart? Alas! young girl—night and day—yes, night and day! does that deserve no pity? 'Tis a love of the night and the day, I tell you—'tis a torture! Oh, I suffer too much, my poor child—'tis a thing worthy of compassion, I do assure you. You see that I speak gently to you. I would fain have you cease to abhor me. For, after all, when a man loves a woman, 'tis not his fault. Oh, my God! What! will you never forgive me, then? will you hate me always? and is it all over? That is what makes me wicked, do you see, and horrible to myself. You don't so much as look at me. You are thinking of something else, perhaps, while I talk to you as I stand shuddering on the brink of eternity to both of us! But, of all things, don't talk to me of the officer! What! I might throw myself at your feet! What! I might kiss, not your feet, you would not permit it, but the ground under your feet! What! I might sob like a child, I might heave from my breast, not words, but my very heart, to tell you that I love you! and yet all would be in vain —all! And yet there is nothing in your soul but what is kind and tender. You are all beaming with the loveliest gentleness—all sweet, all merciful, all charming! Alas! you have no malevolence but for me alone. Oh, what a fatality!"

He hid his face in his hands. The young girl heard him weeping. It was the first time. Standing thus erect, and convulsed by sobbing, he looked even more wretched and suppliant than on his knees. For a while he continued weeping.

"But come," he continued, as soon as these first tears were over—"I find no words. And yet I had well meditated what I had to say to you. Now I tremble and shiver, I stagger at the decisive moment, I feel that something transcendent wraps us round, and my voice falters. Oh, I shall fall to the ground if you do not take pity on me, pity on yourself. Do not condemn us both. If you did but know how much I love you! What a heart is mine! Oh, what desertion of all virtue! what desperate abandonment of myself! A doctor, I mock at science;

a gentleman, I tarnish my name; a priest, I make my missal a pillow of desire, I spit in the face of my God! All that for thee, enchantress! to be more worthy of thy hell! and yet thou rejectest the reprobate! Oh, let me tell thee all, more still, something more horrible, oh, yet more horrible!"

As he uttered these last words, his look became utterly bewildered. He was silent for a moment; then resumed, as if talking to himself, and in a strong voice, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?"

He paused again; and then continued:

"What have I done with him, Lord? I have taken him to myself —nourished him, brought him up, loved him, idolized him—and killed him! Yes, Lord, just now, before my eyes, have they dashed his head upon the stones of thine house, and it was because of me, because of this woman, because of her!"

His eye was haggard—his voice was sinking—he repeated, several times over, mechanically, at considerable intervals, like the last stroke of a clock prolonging its vibration, "Because of her—because of her."

Then his tongue articulated no perceptible sound, though his lips continued to move. All at once, he sank down, like something falling to pieces, and remained upon the ground with his head between his knees.

A slight movement of the young girl, drawing away her foot from under him, brought him to himself. He passed his hand slowly over his hollow cheeks, and looked for some moments, in stupor, at his fingers, which were wet. "What," murmured he, "have I been weeping!"

And turning suddenly to the gypsy girl, with inexpressible anguish:

"Alas! you have beheld me weep, unmoved! Child, dost thou know that those tears are tears of fire? And is it, then, so true, that from the man we hate nothing can move us? Thou wouldst see me die, and thou wouldst laugh the while. Oh, I wish not to see thee die! One word—one single word of forgiveness! Tell me not that thou lovest me, tell me only that thou art willing, that will suffice, and I will save thee. If not—— Oh, the time flies! I entreat thee, by all that is sacred, wait not until I am become of stone again, like this gibbet which claims thee too! Think, that I hold both our destinies in my hand, that I am maddened, 'tis terrible, that I may let all go, and that there is beneath us, unhappy girl, a bottomless abyss, wherein my fall will pursue thine for all eternity! One word of kindness, say one word, but one word!"

She opened her lips to answer him. He threw himself on his knees before her, to receive with adoration the word, perhaps of relenting, which was about to fall from those lips. She said to him, "You are an assassin!"

The priest took her in his arms with fury, and laughed an abominable laugh.

"Well—yes—an assassin," said he—"and I will have thee. Thou wilt not have me for thy slave, thou shalt have me for thy master. I will have thee! I have a den, whither I will drag thee. Thou shalt follow me, thou must follow me, or I deliver thee over! You must die, my fair one, or be mine, the priest's, the apostate's, the assassin's; this

very night—dost thou hear? Come, joy! Come! kiss me, silly girl! The grave! or my couch!"

His eyes were sparkling with rage and licentiousness; and his lascivious lips were covering the young girl's neck with scarlet. She struggled in his arms, and he kept loading her with furious kisses.

"Don't bite me, monster!" she cried. "Oh, the hateful poisonous monk! Leave me! I'll pull off thy vile gray hair, and throw it by handfuls in thy face!"

He turned red, then pale, then left hold of her, and gazed upon her with a dismal look. She now thought herself victorious, and continued:

"I tell thee, I belong to my Phœbus; that it is Phœbus I love; that 'tis Phœbus who is handsome! Thou priest, art old! thou art ugly! Get thee gone!"

He uttered a violent cry, like some wretch under a branding-iron. "Die, then!" said he, grinding his teeth. She saw his frightful look, and offered to fly. But he seized her again, shook her, threw her upon the ground, and walked rapidly toward the angle of the Tour-Roland, dragging her after him by her beautiful hands.

When he had reached that corner of the square, he turned round to her and said:

"Once for all, wilt thou be mine?"

She answered him with emphasis:

"No!"

Then he called out in a loud voice:

"Gudule! Gudule! here's the gypsy woman; take thy revenge!"

The young girl felt herself seized suddenly by the arm. She looked; it was a fleshless arm extended through a window-place in the wall, and grasping her with a hand of iron.

"Hold fast!" said the priest; "it's the gypsy woman escaped. Don't let her go. I'm going to fetch the sergeants. Thou shalt see her hanged."

A guttural laugh from the interior of the wall made answer to these deadly words—"Hah! hah! hah!" The gypsy girl saw the priest hurry away toward the Pont Notre-Dame, in which direction a trampling of horses was heard.

The young girl had recognized the malicious recluse. Panting with terror, she strove to disengage herself. She twisted herself about, made several bounds in agony and despair, but the other held her with incredible strength. The lean bony fingers that pinched her were clenched and met round her flesh; it seemed as if that hand was riveted to her

arm. It was more than a chain—more than an iron ring; it was a pair of pincers, with life and understanding, issuing from a wall.

Quite exhausted, she fell back against the wall, and then the fear of death came over her. She thought of all the charms of life, of youth, of the sight of the heavens, of the aspect of nature, of love, of Phœbus, of all that was flying from her; and then, of all that was approaching, of the priest betraying her, of the executioner that was coming, of the gibbet that was there. Then she felt terror mounting even to the roots of her hair, and she heard the dismal laugh of the recluse, saying low to her:

"Ha! ha! thou'rt going to be hanged!"

She turned with a dying look toward the window of her cell, and she saw the wild countenance of the Sachette through the bars.

"What have I done to you?" said she, almost inanimate.

The recluse made no answer, but began to mutter, in a singing, irritated, and mocking tone, "Daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt!"

The unfortunate Esmeralda let her head drop under her long flowing hair, understanding that it was no human being she had here to deal with.

All at once the recluse exclaimed, as if the gypsy's question had taken all that time to reach her apprehension:

"What hast thou done to me, dost thou say? Ha! what hast thou done to me, gypsy woman? Well, hark thee! I had a child—dost thou see—I had a child—a child, I tell thee—a pretty little girl—my Agnès!" she continued wildly, kissing something in the dark. "Well, dost thou see, daughter of Egypt, they took my child from me—they stole my child—they ate my child! That is what thou hast done to me!"

The young girl answered, like the lamb in the fable:

"Alas! perhaps I was not then born!"

"Oh, yes," rejoined the recluse; "thou must have been born then. Thou wast one of them—she would have been of thy age. For fifteen years have I been here—fifteen years have I been suffering—fifteen years have I been knocking my head against these four walls. I tell thee they were gypsy women that stole her from me—dost thou hear that? and that ate her with their teeth. Hast thou a heart? Only think what it is to see one's own child playing, sucking, sleeping; it's so innocent! Well, that's what they've taken from me—what they've killed. God Almighty knows it well. Now, it's my turn; I'm going to eat some gypsy woman's flesh. Oh, how I would bite thee, if the bars didn't hinder me—my head's too big. Poor little thing—while she was asleep! And if they woke her with taking her away, in vain might she

cry—I was not there! Ha! you gypsy mothers—you ate my child—now come and look at yours!"

Then she laughed, or ground her teeth—for the two things were alike in that frantic countenance. The day was beginning to dawn, dimly spreading over this scene an ashy tint, and the gibbet was growing more and more distinctly visible in the centre of the Place. On the other side, toward the Pont Notre-Dame, the poor condemned girl thought she heard the noise of the horsemen approaching.

"Madame!" she cried, clasping her hands and falling upon her knees, disheveled, wild, distracted with extremity of dread, "madame, have pity! They're coming. I've done nothing to you. Can you wish me to die in that horrible manner before your eyes? You pity me, I am sure. 'Tis too dreadful! Let me fly for my life—let me go, for mercy's sake! I wish not to die so!"

"Give me back my child!" said the recluse.

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Give me back my child!"

"Let me go, in heaven's name!"

"Give me back my child!"

And now, again, the young girl sank exhausted, powerless, having already the glazy eye of one in the grave. "Alas!" faltered she, "you seek your child, I seek my parents!"

"Give me back my little Agnès!" continued Gudule. "Knowest thou not where she is? Then, die! I'll tell thee! I was once a girl of pleasure; I had a child; they took my child from me—it was the gypsy women. Thou seest plain enough that thou must die. When the gypsy mother comes to ask for thee, I shall say to her, 'Mother, look at that gibbet.' Else, give me back my child! Dost thou know where she is, little girl? Here, let me show thee, here's her shoe, all that's left me of her. Dost thou know where the fellow to it is? If thou dost, tell me; and if it's only at the other end of the earth, I'll go thither on my knees to fetch it!"

So saying, with her other arm extended through the window-place, she showed the gypsy girl the little embroidered shoe. There was already daylight enough to distinguish its shape and its colors.

The gypsy girl, starting, said:

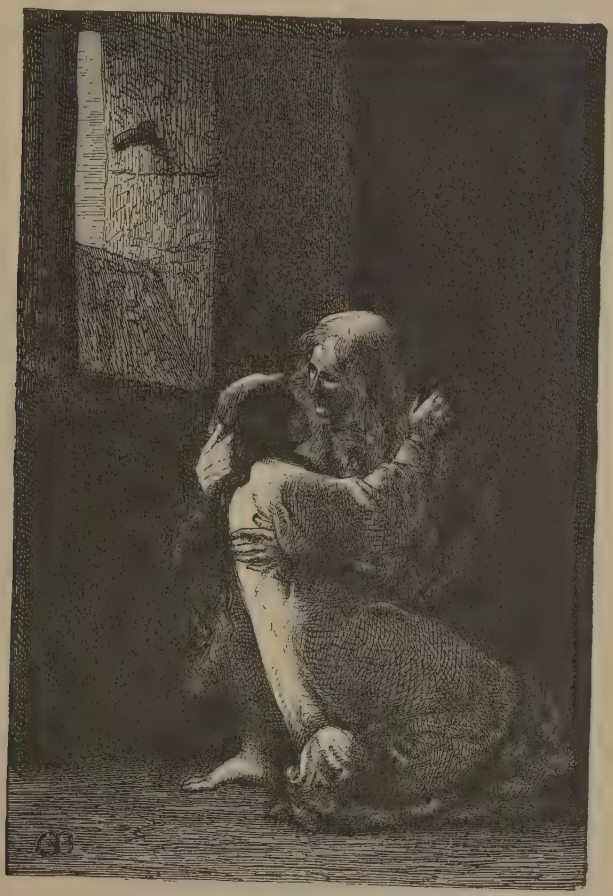
"Let me see that shoe. Oh, heavens!"

And at the same time, with the hand she had at liberty, she eagerly opened the little bag with green glass ornaments which she wore about her neck.

"Ha, there!" muttered Gudule, "rummage thy amulet of the foul fiend——"

She suddenly stopped short, her whole frame trembled, and she cried in a voice that came from her inmost heart, "My daughter!"

The gypsy girl had just taken out of the bag a little shoe exactly matching the other. To the little shoe was attached a slip of parchment, upon which was written this rude couplet:



"When thou the like to this shalt see,
Thy mother'll stretch her arms to thee."

With lightning quickness the recluse had compared the two shoes, read the inscription on the parchment, and then put close to the window bars her face all beaming with a celestial joy, exclaiming:

"My daughter! my daughter!"

"My mother!" answered the gypsy girl.

Here all description fails us.

The wall and the iron bars were between them. "Oh, the wall!" cried the recluse. "To see her and not embrace her! Thy hand! thy hand!"

The young girl passed her arm through one of the openings. The recluse threw herself upon that hand, pressed her lips to it, and there she remained, absorbed in that kiss, giving no sign of animation but a sob which heaved her sides from time to time. Meanwhile she was weeping in torrents, in the silence and the darkness, like rain falling in the night. The poor mother was pouring out in floods upon that adored hand that deep dark well of sorrow into which all her grief had filtered, drop by drop, for fifteen years.

All at once she rose up, threw her long gray hair from off her forehead, and without saying a word, strove with both hands, and with the fury of a lioness, to shake the bars of her window hole. But the bars were not so to be shaken. She then went and fetched from one corner of her cell a large paving-stone, which served her for a pillow, and hurled it against them with such violence that one of the bars broke, casting numberless sparks. A second stroke completed the bursting out of the old iron cross that barricaded the window-place. Then, exerting both hands, she managed to loosen and remove the rusty stumps of the bars. There are moments when the hands of a woman are possessed of superhuman strength.

The passage being thus cleared—and it was all done in less than a minute—she took her daughter by the middle, and drew her through into the cell. "Come," murmured she, "let me drag thee out of the abyss!"

As soon as she had her daughter within the cell, she set her gently on the ground, then took her up again, and, carrying her in her arms as if she were still only her little Agnès, she passed to and fro in her narrow lodge intoxicated, frantic with joy, shouting, singing, kissing her daughter, talking to her, laughing aloud, melting into tears—all at once and all vehemently.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said she, "I have my daughter! Here she is! God Almighty has given her back to me! Ha! you—come all of you—is there anybody there to see that I've got my daughter? Lord Jesus, how beautiful she is! You have made me wait fifteen years, O my God, but it was that you might give her back to me so beautiful. So the gypsy women had not eaten her! Who said that they had? My little girl! my little girl! kiss me! Those good gypsy women! I love the gypsy women! So, 'tis thou indeed. So it was

THE RECLUSE HIDING HER DAUGHTER.

that that made my heart leap every time thou didst go by. And I took that for hatred! Forgive me, my Agnès—forgive me! Thou thoughtest me very malicious, didst thou not? I love thee. Hast thou that little mark on thy neck yet? Let me see. She has it yet. Oh, thou art so handsome! It was I that gave you those large eyes, mademoiselle. Kiss me. I love thee. What matters it to me that other mothers have children? I can laugh at them now! They have only to come and look. Here is mine. Look at her neck, her eyes, her hair, her hand. Find me anything so handsome as that? Oh, I'll answer for it, she'll have plenty of lovers. I've wept for fifteen years. All my beauty has gone away, and is come again in her—Kiss me."

She said a thousand other extravagant things to her, of which the accent in which they were uttered made all the beauty; disordered the poor girl's apparel, even till she made her blush; smoothed out her silken tresses with her hand; kissed her foot, her knee, her forehead, her eyelids; was enraptured with everything. The young girl was quite passive the while, only repeating at intervals, very low and with infinite sweetness, "My mother!"

"Look you, my little girl," resumed the recluse, constantly interrupting her words with kisses, "look you—I shall love you so dearly. We will go away from here. We shall be so happy. I've inherited something at Reims, in our country. You know Reims. Oh, no, you don't know that—you were too little. If you did but know how pretty you were at four months old. Such little feet, that people came to see all the way from Epernay, which is five leagues off. We shall have a field and a house. Thou shalt sleep in my own bed. Oh, my God! who would believe it? I have my daughter again!"

"Oh, my mother!" said the young girl, gathering strength at last to speak in her emotion, "the gypsy woman had told me so. There was a good gypsy among our people that died last year, and that had always taken care of me like a foster-mother. It was she that had put this little bag on my neck. She used always to say to me: 'Little girl, take care of this trinket—it's a treasure—it will make thee find thy mother again. Thou wearest thy mother about thy neck.' She foretold it—the gypsy woman."

Again the Sachette clasped her daughter in her arms.

"Come," said she, "let me kiss thee. Thou sayest that so prettily! When we get into the country, we'll put the little shoes on the feet of an infant Jesus in a church. We owe as much to the good Holy Virgin. Mon Dieu! what a pretty voice thou hast. When thou wast talking to me just now, it was like music. Ah, my Lord God! so I have found

my child again! But is it to be believed now—all that story? Surely nothing will kill one—or I should have died of joy."

And then she clapped her hands again, laughing, and exclaiming, "We shall be so happy."

At that moment the cell resounded with a clattering of arms and galloping of horses, which seemed to be issuing from the Pont Notre-Dame, and approaching nearer and nearer along the quay. The gypsy girl threw herself in agony into the arms of the Sachette.

"Save me! save me! my mother—they are coming!"

The recluse turned pale again.

"Oh, Heaven! what dost thou say? I'd forgotten: They're pursuing thee. Why, what hast thou done?"

"I don't know," answered the unfortunate girl, "but I'm condemned to die."

"To die!" exclaimed Gudule, tottering as if struck by a thunderbolt. "To die!" she repeated slowly, looking upon her daughter with her fixed eye.

"Yes, my mother," repeated the young girl, with wild despair, "they want to kill me. They're coming to hang me. That gallows is for me. Save me, save me! They're here. Save me!"

The recluse remained for a few moments in petrified silence, then shook her head doubtingly, then, suddenly falling into a burst of laughter, but of that former frightful laughter which had now returned to her:

"Oh, oh, no!" said she, "it's a dream thou art telling me of. Ah! what! that I should have lost her; that should have lasted fifteen years; and that then I should find her again, and that should last only a minute. That they should take her from me again, now that she's handsome, that she's grown up, that she talks to me, that she loves me; that now they should come and devour her before my own eyes, who am her mother. Oh, no! such things cannot be; God Almighty permits nothing like that."

Now the cavalcade seemed to stop, and a voice at a distance was heard saying:

"This way, Messire Tristan. The priest says we shall find her at the Trou-aux-Rats." The trampling of horses was then heard to recommence.

The recluse started up with a cry of despair:

"Fly, fly, my child. I remember it well. Thou art right. 'Tis thy death! Oh, horror! malediction! fly!"

She put her head to the loophole, and drew it back again hastily.

"Stay," said she, in an accent low, brief, and dismal, pressing con-

vulsively the hand of the gypsy girl, who was already more dead than alive. "Stay, don't breathe. There are soldiers all about. You can't go out. There's too much daylight."

Her eyes were dry and burning. For a few moments she said nothing, only pacing hurriedly to and fro in the cell, and stopping now and then plucking her gray hairs in frenzy from her head.

All at once she said: "They're coming near. I'll speak to them. Hide thee in that corner. They'll not see thee. I'll tell them that thou art run away, that I let thee go, i'faith."

She set down her daughter (for she had constantly been carrying her in her arms) in an angle of the cell which was not visible from without. She made her squat down; arranged all carefully, so that neither foot nor hand should project from out the shade; unbound her black hair, and spread it over her white gown, to mask it from view; and set before her her pitcher and her paving-stone—the only articles of furniture she had—imagining that that pitcher and that stone would conceal her. And when all was finished, finding herself more calm, she knelt down and prayed. As the dawn was only just breaking, there was still great darkness in the Trou-aux-Rats.

At that instant, the voice of the priest, that infernal voice, passed very near the cell, crying:

"This way, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name, from that voice, Esmeralda, squatted in her corner, made a movement."

"Don't stir," said Gudule.

Scarcely had she said this, before a tumultuous crowd of men, swords, and horses, stopped around the cell. The mother, rising quick from her knees, went and posted herself before her loophole, to cover the aperture. She beheld a strong body of armed men, horse and foot, drawn up on the Grève. Their commander dismounted and walked up to her.

"Old woman," said this man, whose features had an atrocious expression, "we're seeking a witch, to hang her. We've been told that you had got her."

The poor mother, assuming as indifferent an air as she was able, replied:

"I don't very well understand what you mean."

The other resumed: "Tête-Dieu! Then what sort of a tale was that wild, staring archdeacon telling us? Where is he?"

"Monseigneur," said a soldier, "he's disappeared."

"Come, come, old mad woman," resumed the commander, "don't tell

me any lies. There was a witch given you to keep. What have you done with her?"

The recluse would not give a flat denial, for fear of awakening suspicion, but answered, in a downright and surly tone:

"If you're talking of a tall young girl that was given to me to hold just now, I can tell you that she bit me, and I let her go. That's all. Leave me at rest."

The commander made a grimace of disappointment.

"Let me have no lying, old spectre," he resumed once more. "My name's Tristan l'Hermite, and I am the king's gossip. Tristan l'Hermite! Dost thou hear?" he added, casting his eyes around the Place de Grève. "It's a name that has echoes here."

"If you were Satan l'Hermite," rejoined Gudule, gathering hope, "I should have nothing else to tell you; nor should I be afraid of you."

"Tête-Dieu," said Tristan, "here's a commère. Ha! so the witch-girl has got away. And which way has she gone?"

Gudule answered in a tone of unconcern, "By the Rue du Mouton, I believe."

Tristan turned his head, and motioned to his men to make ready for resuming their march. The recluse took breath.

"Monseigneur," said an archer all at once, "just ask the old elf how it is that her window-bars are broken out so?"

This question plunged the heart of the wretched mother in anguish again. Still she did not lose all presence of mind.

"They were always so," stammered she.

"Pshaw!" returned the archer; "no longer ago than yesterday they made a fine black cross that it made one devout to look at."

Tristan cast an oblique glance at the recluse.

"I think the commère's perplexed," said he.

The unfortunate woman felt that all depended upon keeping her self-possession; and so, though death was in her soul, she began to jeer at them. Mothers are equal to efforts like this.

"Bah!" said she, "that man's drunk. It's above a year since the back of a cart laden with stones ran against my window-place, and burst out the bars. I well remember how I scolded the driver."

"It's true," said another archer; "I was by when it happened."

There are always to be found, in all places, people who have seen everything. This unlooked-for testimony of the archer's revived the spirits of the recluse, who, in undergoing this interrogatory, was crossing an abyss upon the edge of a knife.

But she was doomed to a perpetual alternation of hope and alarm.

"If a cart had done that," resumed the first soldier, "the stumps of

the bars must have been driven inward, but you see that they've been forced outward."

"Ha, ha!" said Tristan to the soldier, "thou hast the nose of an inquisitor at the Châtelet. Answer what he says, old woman."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed she, reduced to the last extremity, and bursting into tears in spite of herself, "I assure you, monseigneur, that it was a cart that broke those bars. You hear, that man saw it. And besides, what has that to do with the gypsy girl you talk of?"

"Hum!" growled Tristan.

"Diable!" continued the soldier, flattered by the provost's commendation, "the iron looks quite fresh broken!"

Tristan shook his head. She turned pale. "How long is it, do you say, since this cart affair?" he asked.

"A month—perhaps a fortnight, monseigneur. I don't recollect."

"At first she said above a year," observed the soldier.

"That looks queer!" said the provost.

"Monseigneur," cried she, still standing up close to the loophole, and trembling lest suspicion should prompt them to put their heads through and look round the cell—"monseigneur, I do assure you, it was a cart that broke this grating; I swear it to you by all the angels in paradise. If it was not done by a cart, I wish I may go to everlasting perdition, and I deny my God!"

"Thou art very hot in that oath of thine," said Tristan, with his inquisitorial glance.

The poor woman felt her assurance deserting her more and more. She was already making blunders, and had a terrible consciousness that she was saying what she should not have said.

And now another soldier came up, crying:

"Monseigneur, the old elf lies. The witch has not run away by the Rue du Mouton; the chain of that street has been stretched across all night, and the chain-keeper has seen nobody go by."

Tristan, the expression of whose countenance was every moment growing more sinister, again interrogated the recluse:

"What hast thou to say to that?"

Still she strove to bear up against this fresh incident.

"That I don't know, monseigneur," she replied, "that I may have been mistaken. In fact, I think she went across the water."

"That's on the opposite side," said the provost. "And yet it's not very likely that she should have wanted to go into the City again, where they were making search for her. You lie, old woman."

"And besides," added the first soldier, "there's no boat, neither on this side the water nor on the other."

"She might swim across," replied the recluse, defending her ground inch by inch.

"Do women swim?" said the soldier.

"Tête-Dieu! old woman! you lie! you lie!" replied Tristan angrily; "I've a good mind to leave the witch and take thee. A quarter of an hour's questioning will perhaps get the truth out of thy throat. Come —thou shalt go along with us."

She caught eagerly at these words.

"Just as you please, monseigneur. Do as you say. The question, the question. I'm quite willing. Carry me with you. Quick, quick!— let us go directly." In the meantime, thought she, my daughter will make her escape.

"Mort-Dieu!" said the provost, "what an appetite for the rack. This mad woman's quite past my comprehension."

An old gray-headed sergeant of the watch now stepped out of the ranks, and, addressing the provost, said:

"Mad, in truth, monseigneur! If she let the gypsy go, it's not her fault, for she's no liking for gypsy women. For fifteen years have I been on this duty, and every night I hear her cursing against those Bohemian dames with execrations without end. If the one we are seeking be, as I believe she is, the little dancing-girl with the goat, she detests her above all the rest."

Gudule made an effort, and repeated:

"Her above all the rest."

The unanimous testimony of the men of the watch confirmed to the provost what the old sergeant had said. Tristan l'Hermite, despairing of getting anything out of the recluse, turned his back upon her; and she, with inexpressible anxiety, watched him pace slowly back toward his horse.

"Come," said he, grumblingly, "forward! we must continue the search. I will not sleep until the gypsy woman be hanged."

Still he hesitated for a while before mounting his horse. Gudule was palpitating between life and death while she beheld him throwing around the Place that restless look of a hound that feels himself to be near the lair of the game and is reluctant to go away. At last he shook his head, and sprang into his saddle.

Gudule's heart, which had been so horribly compressed, now dilated; and she said in a whisper, casting a glance upon her daughter, at whom she had not yet ventured to look since the arrival of her pursuers, "Saved!"

The poor girl had remained all this time in her corner, without breathing or stirring; with the image of death staring her in the face.

No particular of the scene between Gudule and Tristan had escaped her, and each pang of her mother's had vibrated in her own heart. She had heard, as it were, each successive cracking of the thread which had held her suspended over the abyss; oftentimes had she thought she perceived it breaking asunder; and it was only now that she was beginning to take breath and to feel the ground steady under her feet. At that moment she heard a man saying to the provost:

"Cor-bœuf! monsieur the provost, it's not my business, who am a man-at-arms, to hang witches. The rabble rout of the populace is put down. I leave you to do your own work by yourself. You'll allow me to go back to my company, who are waiting for their captain."

The voice, as the reader will probably have divined, was that of Phœbus de Chateaupers. What passed in the breast of the gypsy girl, it is not easy to describe. So he was there, her friend, her protector, her support, her shelter, her Phœbus! She started up; and before her mother could prevent her, she had sprung to the loophole, crying out:

"Phœbus! hither! my Phœbus!"

Phœbus was no longer there. He had just galloped round the corner of the Rue de la Coutellerie. But Tristan was not yet gone away.

The recluse rushed upon her daughter with a roar of agony, and drew her violently back, her nails entering the flesh of the poor girl's neck; but the grasp of a tigress mother cannot be nicely cautious. It was too late, however; Tristan had observed.

"Ha, ha," he cried, with a laugh that showed all his teeth, and made his face resemble the muzzle of a wolf, "two mice in the trap."

"I suspected as much," said the soldier.

Tristan slapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Thou art a good cat! Come," he added, "where is Henriet Cousin?"

A man who had neither the dress nor the mien of a soldier, now stepped out of their ranks. He wore a suit half gray, half brown, his hair combed out flat, leathern sleeves, and a bundle of ropes in his large hand. This man constantly attended upon Tristan, who constantly attended upon Louis XI.

"Friend," said Tristan l'Hermite, "I presume that this is the witch we were seeking. Thou wilt hang me that one. Hast thou thy ladder with thee?"

"There's one under the shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers," answered the man. "Is it at that justice there that we're to do the job?" continued he, pointing to the stone gibbet.

"Yes."

"So ho!" said the man, with a loud laugh, more brutal still than that of the provost, "we shall not have far to go!"

"Make haste," said Tristan, "and do thy laughing after."

Meanwhile, since the time that Tristan had observed her daughter, and all hope was lost, the recluse had not yet uttered a word. She had thrown the poor gypsy girl, half dead, into the corner of the cell, and resumed her post at the loophole, her two hands resting upon the bottom of the stone window-case, like the clutches of some animal. In that attitude she was seen throwing intrepidly over all those soldiers her look, which was become wild and frantic again. At the moment that Henriet Cousin approached the place, she looked at him so savagely that he shrank back.

"Monseigneur," said he, turning back to the provost, "which must I take?"

"The young one."

"So much the better, for the old one seems none so easy to take."

"Poor little dancing-girl with the goat!" said the old sergeant of the watch.

Henriet Cousin again approached the window-place. The mother's eye made his own droop. He said very timidly:

"Madame——"

She interrupted him in a voice very low but furious:

"What do you want?"

"Not you," said he, "but the other."

"What other?"

"The young one."

She began to shake her head, crying:

"There's nobody! there's nobody! there's nobody!"

"Yes, there is somebody, you know it well enough," returned the hangman. "Let me take the young one; I don't want to do you any harm."

She answered, with a strange sneering expression:

"Ha! you don't want to do me any harm!"

"Let me have the other, madame," said the man. "It's the will of monsieur the provost."

She replied, with a look of insanity:

"There's nobody!"

"I tell you there is," rejoined the hangman. "We've all seen that there were two of you."

"You'd better look!" said the recluse, with her strange sneer. "Thrust your head through the window."

The man observed the threatening nails of the mother, and did not venture.

"Make haste!" cried Tristan, who had just drawn up his troops in a circle about the Trou-aux-Rats, and had stationed himself on horseback near the gibbet.

Henriet once more went back to the provost, quite perplexed. He had laid his ropes upon the ground, and, with a sheepish look, was turning about his hat in his hands.

"Monseigneur," he asked, "how must I get in?"

"Through the door."

"There is none."

"Through the window, then."

"It's not wide enough."

"Widen it then," said Tristan, angrily. "Hast thou no picks with thee?"

The mother, from the interior of the cave, was still steadfastly watching them. She had ceased to hope, she no longer knew what she wanted, except that she wanted them not to take from her her daughter.

Henriet Cousin went and fetched the box of tools *des basses-œuvres* (that is, the implements for the use of the sub-executioners) from under the hangar or long shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers. He also brought out from the same place the double ladder, which he immediately set up against the gibbet. Five or six of the provost's men provided themselves with pickaxes and crowbars, and Tristan went up with them to the window of the cell.

"Old woman," said the provost, in a tone of severity, "give us up the girl quietly."

She looked at him like one who does not understand.

"Tête-Dieu!" resumed Tristan; "what good can it do thee to hinder that witch from being hanged as it pleases the king?"

The wretched woman fell a-laughing with her wild laugh.

"What good can it do me? She's my daughter!"

The tone in which this word was uttered produced a shudder in Henriet Cousin himself.

"I'm sorry for it," returned the provost; "but it's the king's pleasure."

She cried, laughing her terrific laugh with redoubled loudness.

"What's thy king to me? I tell thee it's my daughter!"

"Make a way through the wall," said Tristan.

To make an opening sufficiently large, it was only necessary to loosen one course of stone underneath the window-place. When the mother heard the picks and the levers sapping her fortress, she uttered a dreadful cry. Then she began to go with frightful quickness round and round her cell—a habit of a wild beast, which her long residence in that cage had given her. She no longer said anything, her eyes were flaming. The soldiers felt their blood chilled to the very heart.

All at once she took up her paving-stone, laughed, and threw it with both hands at the workmen. The stone, ill-thrown (for her hands were trembling), touched no one, but fell quite harmless at the feet of Tristan's horse. She gnashed her teeth.

Meanwhile, although the sun was not yet risen, it was become broad daylight, and a fine roseate tint beautified the old decayed chim-

neys of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It was the hour when the windows of the earliest risers in the great city opened cheerfully upon the roofs. A few rustics, a few fruit-sellers, going to the Halles upon their asses, were beginning to cross the Grève, stopped for a moment before that group of soldiers gathered about the Trou-aux-Rats, gazed at it with looks of astonishment, and passed on.

The recluse had gone and seated herself close to her daughter, covering her with her own figure—her eyes fixed—listening to the poor girl, who stirred not, but was murmuring low her only word—"Phœbus! Phœbus!" In proportion as the work of the demolishers seemed to be advancing, the mother mechanically shrunk away, pressing the young girl closer and closer against the wall. All at once, the recluse saw the course of stone (for she was on the watch, and had her eye constantly fixed upon it) beginning to give way, and she heard the voice of Tristan encouraging the workmen. Then starting out of the sort of prostration into which her spirit had sunk for some minutes, she cried out—and, as she spoke, her voice now tore the ear like a saw, now faltered as if every species of malediction had crowded to her lips to burst forth at one and the same time:

"Ho, ho, ho! but it is horrible! You are robbers! Are you really going to take my daughter from me? I tell you she is my daughter! Oh, the cowards! oh, the hangman lackeys! the miserable murdering suttlers! Help! help! fire! And will they take my child from me so? Who is it, then, that they call the good God of heaven?"

Then, addressing herself to Tristan, with foaming mouth and haggard eyes, on all fours, and bristling like a panther:

"You'd better come and take my daughter. Dost thou not understand that this woman tells thee it is her daughter? Dost thou know what it is to have a child, eh? thou he-wolf! Hast thou never laid with thy mate? Hast thou never had a cub by her? And if thou hast little ones, when they howl is there nothing stirs within thee?"

"Down with the stones!" said Tristan; "they're quite loose now."

The crowbars now heaved up the heavy course of stone. It was, as we have said, the mother's last bulwark. She threw herself upon it—she would fain have held it in its place—she scratched the stones with her nails; but the heavy mass, put in motion by half a dozen men, escaped her grasp, and fell gently down to the ground along the iron levers.

The mother, seeing the breach effected, threw herself on the floor across the opening, barricading it with her body, writhing her arms,

beating her head against the flag-stones, and crying in a loud voice, hoarse, and nearly inarticulate with exhaustion:

"Help! help!—fire! fire!"

"Now, take the girl," said Tristan, still imperturbable.

The mother looked at the soldiers in so formidable a manner, that they had more disposition to retreat than to advance.

"Now for it!" resumed the provost. "You, Henriet Cousin."

Nobody advanced a step.

The provost swore:

"Tête-Christ! my fighting men! Afraid of a woman!"

"Monseigneur," said Henriet, "do you call that a woman?"

"She has a lion's mane," said another.

"Come!" continued the provost; "the gap's large enough. Enter three abreast, as at the breach of Pontoise. Let's get done with it, mort-Mahom! The first man that gives back, I'll cleave him in two."

Placed thus between the provost and the mother, the soldiers hesitated a moment; then made up their minds, and went up to the Trou-aux-Rats.

When the recluse saw this, she suddenly reared herself upon her knees, threw aside her hair from her face, then dropped her lean, grazed hands upon her hips. Then big tears issued one by one from her eyes, coursing each other down her furrowed cheeks, like a stream down the bed that it has worn itself. At the same time she began to speak, but in a voice so suppliant, so gentle, so submissive, so heart-piercing, that more than one old hardened argousin among those who surrounded Tristan wiped his eyes.

"Messeigneurs," said she, "messieurs the sergeants! one word! There's a thing I must tell you. It's my daughter, do you see—my dear little daughter, that I had lost. Listen; it's quite a history. Consider that I'm very well acquainted with messieurs the sergeants. They were always good to me in those times when the little boys used to throw stones at me because I was a girl of pleasure. So you see, you'll leave me my child when you know all! I was a poor woman of the town. It was the gypsy women that stole her away from me—by the same token that I've kept her shoe these fifteen years. Look! here it is. She'd a foot like that. At Reims, La Chantefleurie, Rue Folle-Peine. Perhaps you know all that. It was I. In your youth, in those days, it was a merry time, and there were merry doings. You'll have pity on me, won't you, messeigneurs? The gypsy women stole her from me. They hid her from me for fifteen years. I thought she was dead! Only think, my good friends; I thought she was dead! I've passed fifteen years here, in this cave, without fire in the winter. It's hard, that! The

poor dear little shoe! I cried so much that at last God Almighty heard me. This night he has given me back my daughter. It's a miracle of God Almighty's. She was not dead. You'll not take her from me—I'm sure you won't. If it were myself, now, I can't say—but to take her, a child of sixteen! Let her have time to see the sun. What has she done to you? Nothing at all. Nor I neither. If you did but know, now, that I have but her—that I am old—that it's a blessing the holy Virgin sends me! And then, you're all of you so good! You didn't know it was my daughter—but you know now. Oh, I love her so. Monsieur the grand-provost, I would rather have a stab in my side than a scratch upon her finger! It's you that look like a good seigneur! What I tell you now, explains the thing to you, doesn't it? Oh, if you have had a mother, monseigneur! You are the commander, leave me my child. Only consider that I am praying to you on my knees, as they pray to a Christ Jesus! I ask nothing of anybody. I am of Reims, messeigneurs, I've a little field there that was Mahiet Pradon's. I am not a beggar. I want nothing, but I want to keep my child. God Almighty, who is master of all, has not given her back to me for nothing. The king—you say, the king. It can't be any great pleasure to him that they should kill my little girl. Besides, it's my daughter, it's my daughter, mine, she's not the king's, she's not yours! I want to go away from here—we both want to go; and when two women are going along, mother and daughter, you let them go quietly. Let us go quietly. We belong to Reims. Oh, you're so good, messieurs the sergeants—I love you all. You'll not take my dear little one away from me—it's impossible! Is it not, now, quite impossible? My child! my child!"

We shall not attempt to give an idea of her gesture, her accent—the tears which she drank in while speaking—the clasping and the writhing of her hands, the agonizing smiles, the swimming looks, the sighs, the moans, the miserable and piercing cries which she mingled with these disordered, wild, and incoherent words. When she ceased, Tristan l'Hermite knit his brows, but it was to conceal a tear that was standing in his tiger's eye. However, he overcame this weakness, and said, with brief utterance:

"The king wills it."

Then he whispered in the ear of Henriet Cousin:

"Get done quickly." It might be that the redoubtable provost felt his own heart failing him—even his.

The executioner and the sergeants entered the cell. The mother made no resistance; she only crept up to her daughter, and threw herself madly upon her.

When the gypsy girl saw the soldiers approaching, the horror of death gave her strength again.

"My mother," cried she, in a tone of indescribable distress; "oh, my mother! they are coming; defend me!"

"Yes, my love, I am defending you!" answered the mother, in a faint voice; and clasping her closely in her arms, she covered her with kisses. To see them both thus upon the ground, the mother upon the daughter, was truly piteous.

Henriet Cousin took hold of the gypsy girl just below her beautiful shoulders. When she felt his hands touching her, she cried, "Heuh!" and fainted. The executioner, from whose eye big tears were falling upon her drop by drop, offered to carry her away in his arms. He strove to unclasp the embrace of the mother, who had, as it were, drawn her hands in a knot about her daughter's waist; but the grasp which thus bound her to the person of her child was so powerful that he found it impossible to unloose it. Henriet Cousin then dragged the young girl out of the cell, and her mother after her. The eyes of the mother were closed as well as those of the daughter.

The sun was rising at that moment; and already there was a considerable collection of people upon the Place, looking from a distance to see what they were thus dragging along the ground toward the gibbet. For this was a way of the Provost Tristan's at executions—he had a passion for preventing the curious from coming near.

There was nobody at the windows. Only there were to be seen at a distance, on the top of that one of the towers of Notre-Dame which looks upon the Grève, two men, whose figures stood darkly out against the clear morning sky, and who seemed to be looking on.

Henriet Cousin stopped with what he was dragging along, at the foot of the fatal ladder; and, with troubled breath, such a pity did he think it, he passed the rope round the young girl's lovely neck. The unfortunate girl felt the horrible contact of the hempen cord. She raised her eyelids, and beheld the skeleton arm of the stone gibbet extended over her head. Then she shook herself, and cried, in a loud and agonizing voice, "No! no! I won't! I won't!" The mother, whose head was quite buried under her daughter's attire, said not a word; but a long shudder was seen to run through her whole frame, and she was heard multiplying her kisses upon the form of her child. The executioner seized that moment to unclasp, by a strong and sudden effort, the arms with which she held fast the condemned; and, whether from exhaustion or despair, they yielded. Then he took the young girl upon his shoulder, from whence her charming figure fell gracefully bending

over his large head. And then he set his foot upon the ladder in order to ascend.

At that moment, the mother, who had sunk upon the ground, quite opened her eyes. Without uttering any cry, she started up with a terrific expression of countenance; then, like a beast rushing upon its prey, she threw herself upon the executioner's hand, and set her teeth in it. This was done with the quickness of lightning. The executioner howled with pain. They came to his relief, and with difficulty liberated his bleeding hand from the bite of the mother. She kept a profound silence. They pushed her away with brutal violence, and it was remarked that her head fell back heavily upon the ground. They raised her up—she fell back again. She was dead.

The executioner, who had kept his hold of the young girl, began again to ascend the ladder.

CHAPTER II

LA CREATURA BELLA, BIANCO VESTITA

(DANTE)

WHEN Quasimodo saw that the cell was empty—that the gypsy girl was gone—that she had been carried off while he had been defending her—he grasped his hair with both hands, and stamped with surprise and grief; then he went running over the whole church, seeking his young Bohemian—bawling strange cries at every corner—strewing his red hair upon the pavement. It was just the moment when the king's archers were entering victorious into Notre-Dame, likewise in search of the gypsy girl. The poor deaf ringer assisted their search without in the least suspecting their fatal intentions; he thought that the enemies of the gypsy girl were the Truands. He himself showed Tristan l'Hermite the way into every possible nook of concealment; opened him the secret doors, the false backs of the altars, the inner sacristies. Had the unfortunate girl been still there, it would have been he himself that would have put her in their hands.

When the irksomeness of seeking in vain had tired out Tristan, who was not to be tired out easily, Quasimodo continued the search by himself. Twenty times, a hundred times over, did he make the circuit of the church, from one end to the other, and from top to bottom—ascending, descending, running, calling, shouting, peeping, rummaging, ferreting, putting his head into every hole, thrusting a torch under every vault, desperate, mad, haggard, and moaning as a beast that had lost his mate.

At length, when he had made himself sure, quite sure, that she was gone—that all was over—that they had stolen her from him—he slowly reascended the tower staircase—that staircase which he had mounted so

nimbly and triumphantly on the day that he had saved her. He now passed by the same spots, with drooping head, voiceless, tearless, and hardly drawing breath. The church had become solitary and silent again. The archers had quitted it to pursue the sorceress into the City. Quasimodo, left alone in that vast Notre-Dame, the moment before so besieged and so tumultuous, took his way once more toward the cell in which the gypsy girl had slept for so many weeks under his protection.

As he approached it, he could not help fancying to himself that perhaps, on arriving, he should find her there again. On reaching that bend of the gallery which looks upon the roof of the side aisle, he could see the narrow receptacle, with its little window and its little door, lying close under one of the great buttresses, like a bird's nest under a bough. The poor fellow's heart failed him, and he leaned against a pillar to keep himself from falling. He figured to himself that perhaps she might have come back thither—that some good genius had no doubt brought her back—that that little nest was too quiet, too safe, and too charming for her not to be there, and he dared not advance a step farther, for fear of dispelling the illusion. "Yes," said he to himself, "she's sleeping, perhaps, or praying, I mustn't disturb her."

At last he summoned up courage, approached on tip-toe, looked, entered. Empty! the cell was still empty! The unhappy man moved slowly round it, lifted up her couch, and looked underneath it, as if she could have been hidden between the mattress and the stones; then he shook his head, and stood stupefied. All at once he furiously stamped out his torchlight, and without uttering a word or breathing a sigh, he rushed with all his force head-foremost against the wall, and fell senseless upon the floor.

When his senses returned, he threw himself upon the bed, rolling about, and frantically kissing the yet warm place where the young girl had slept! then he remained for some minutes motionless, as if he was expiring there; then he arose again, streaming with perspiration, panting, frenzied; and fell to beating the walls with his head, with the frightful regularity of the stroke of a clock, and the resolution of a man determined to fracture his skull. At length he sank exhausted a second time. Then he crawled on his knees to the outside of the cell, and remained crouching in an attitude of astonishment in front of the door.

So he remained for a full hour, with his eye fixed upon the solitary dwelling-place—more gloomy and pensive than a mother seated between the cradle and the coffin of her departed child. He uttered not a word; only at intervals, a violent sob agitated his whole frame; but it was a sobbing devoid of tears, like those summer lightnings that cause no thunder.

It seems to have been that, striving to divine, amidst his desolate ruminations, who could have been the unexpected ravisher of the gypsy girl, he thought of the archdeacon. He recollected that Dom Claude alone had a key of the staircase leading to the cell. He remembered his nocturnal attempts upon Esmeralda, the first of which he, Quasimodo, had aided, the second of which he had prevented. He called to mind a thousand various particulars; and soon he felt quite convinced that it was the archdeacon that had taken the gypsy girl from him. Yet such was his reverence for the priest; his gratitude, his devotedness, his love for that man were so deeply rooted in his heart; that they resisted, even at this dire moment, the fangs of jealousy and despair.

He reflected that the archdeacon had done it; and that sanguinary, deadly resentment which he would have felt for it against any other individual, was turned in the poor ringer's breast, the moment that Claude Frollo was concerned, simply into an increase of sorrow.

At the moment that his thoughts were thus fixing themselves upon the priest, while the buttresses were whitening in the daybreak, he beheld, on the upper story of Notre-Dame, at the angle formed by the external balustrade which runs round the top of the chancel, a figure walking. The figure was coming toward him. He recognized it, it was that of the archdeacon.

Claude was pacing along gravely and slowly. He did not look before him as he advanced, directing his steps toward the northern tower; his face was turned aside toward the right bank of the Seine; and he carried his head erect, as if striving to obtain a view of something over the roofs. The owl has often that oblique attitude, flying in one direction, and looking in another. In this manner the priest passed above Quasimodo without seeing him.

The deaf spectator, whom this sudden apparition had confounded, saw the figure disappear through the door of the staircase of the northern tower, which, as the reader is aware, is the one commanding a view of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Quasimodo rose up and followed the archdeacon.

Quasimodo ascended the tower staircase to learn why the priest was ascending it, but the poor ringer knew not what he himself was going to do, what he was going to say, what he wanted. He was full of rage and full of dread. The archdeacon and the gypsy girl clashed together in his heart.

When he had reached the top of the tower, before issuing from the shade of the staircase upon the open platform, he cautiously observed whereabouts the priest was. The priest had his back toward him. An open balustrade surrounds the platform of the steeple. The priest, whose eyes were bent upon the town, was leaning his breast upon that

one of the four sides of the balustrade which looks upon the Pont Notre-Dame.

Quasimodo stole up behind him to see what he was looking at so.

The priest's attention was so completely absorbed elsewhere that he heard not the step of his deaf servant near him.

It is a magnificent and captivating spectacle, and at that day it was yet more so, to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. The day in question might be one of the early ones in July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions, and eastward there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of making his appearance. Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, pure light showed vividly to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented on the east, while the giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the great city to the other. Already voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell, there that of a hammer, and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already the smoke from some of the chimneys was escaping scatteredly over all that surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of some vast sulphur-work. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapors, through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half-awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills.

In the Parvis some good women, with their milk-pots in their hands, were pointing out to one another, in astonishment, the singularly shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two congealed streams of lead all down the crevices of the front. It was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had cleared the ground of the Place, and had the dead thrown into the Seine. Kings like Louis XI. take care to clean the pavements quick after a massacre.

Outside the balustrade of the tower, exactly underneath the point where the priest had stopped, was one of those fantastically carved stone spouts which diversify the exterior of Gothic buildings; and in a crevice of the gutter, two pretty wallflowers in full bloom, shaken and vivified as it were by the breath of the morning, made sportive saluta-

tion to each other, while over the towers, far above in the sky, were heard the cheerful voices of early birds.

But the priest neither saw nor heard anything of all that. He was one of those men to whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers. In all that immense horizon, spread around him with such diversity of aspect, his contemplation was concentrated upon one single point.

Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gypsy girl, but the archdeacon seemed at that moment to be rapt out of the world. He was evidently in one of those violent passages of existence when the earth itself might fall to ruin without our perceiving it.

With his eyes invariably fixed upon a certain spot, he remained motionless and silent; and in that silence and immobility there was something so formidable that the savage ringer shuddered at the contemplation, and dared not intrude upon them. All that he did—and it was one way of interrogating the archdeacon—was to follow the direction of his vision, which thus guided the view of the unfortunate hunchback to the Place de Grève.

In this manner he discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was erected against the permanent gibbet. There were some people in the Place, and a number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet.

Here something took place which Quasimodo could not very distinctly see, not that his only eye had not preserved its long reach, but there was a body of soldiers in the way, which prevented him from distinguishing all. Moreover, at that instant the sun appeared, and such a flood of light burst over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point of Paris, spires, chimneys, and gables, were taking fire at once.

Meantime, the man began to ascend the ladder. Then Quasimodo saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a female figure upon his shoulder, a young girl clad in white. There was a noose round the young girl's neck. Quasimodo recognized her.

It was she!

The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. And now the priest, to have a better view, set himself on his knees upon the balustrade.

All at once the man pushed away the ladder with his heel; and Quasimodo, who for some moments had not drawn his breath, saw wavering at the end of the cord, about two toises above the ground, the form of the unfortunate girl with that of the man squatted upon her shoulders. The cord made several turns upon itself, and Quasimodo

beheld horrible convulsions agitating the frame of the gypsy girl. On the other hand, the priest, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, was contemplating that frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

At the moment when it looked the most horrible, a demoniacal

laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not hear that laugh, but he saw it.

The ringer made a few steps backward from behind the archdeacon, and then rushing furiously upon him, thrusting both his large hands

against his back, he pushed Dom Claude over into the abyss toward which he had been leaning.

The priest cried out, "Damnation!" and fell.

The spout over which he had been leaning arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate gripe; but, at the moment that he was opening his lips to cry out again, he saw passing along the verge of the balustrade above him the formidable and avenging countenance of Quasimodo.

Then he was silent.

Beneath him was the abyss, a fall of full two hundred feet, and the pavement.

In this dreadful situation the archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. Only he writhed upon the spout, making incredible efforts to re-ascend; but his hands had no hold of the granite, his feet constantly slid away upon the blackened wall. They who have ascended to the top of the towers of Notre-Dame know that the stone-work swells out immediately below the balustrade. It was on the re-entering angle of this ridge that the miserable archdeacon was exhausting his efforts. It was not with a wall merely perpendicular that he was striving, but with a wall that sloped away from under him.

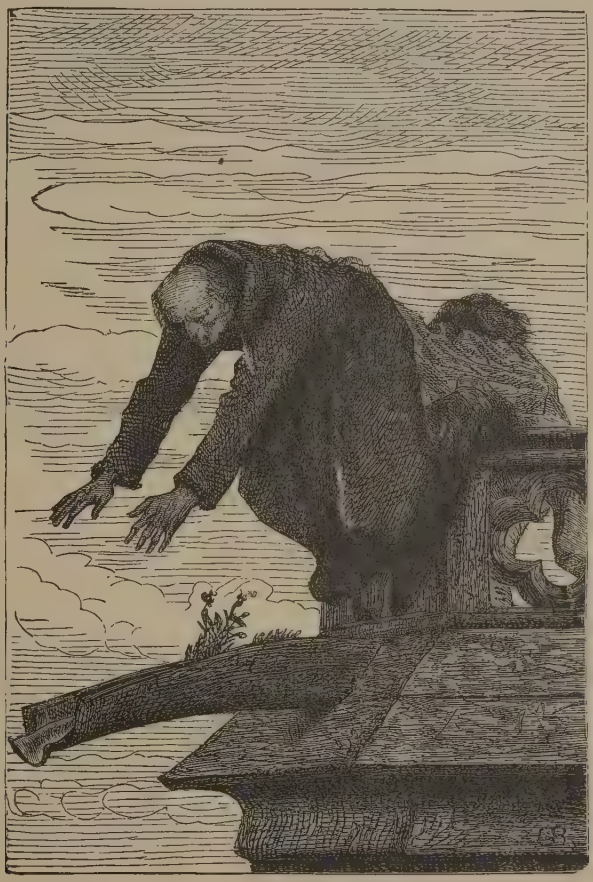
Quasimodo would only have had to stretch out his hand to him to draw him from the gulf, but he did not so much as look at him. He was looking on the Grève—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gypsy girl.

The poor deaf creature had leaned his elbows on the balustrade in the very place where the archdeacon had been the moment before, and there, keeping his eye fixed upon the only object of which at that moment he was conscious, he was mute and motionless as one struck by the thunderbolt—except that a long stream of tears was flowing from that eye which until then had never shed but one.

Meanwhile the archdeacon was panting; his bald forehead was streaming with perspiration; his nails were bleeding against the stones; he was grazing his knees against the wall.

He could hear his cassock, which had caught hold of the gutter, tearing more and more at each jerk that he gave it; and to complete his misfortune, the gargoyle itself terminated in a leaden pipe, which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body. The wretched man was saying to himself, that when his hands should be worn out with fatigue—when his cassock should be rent asunder—when that lead should be completely bent—he must of necessity fall—and terror froze his vitals. Now and then he looked down bewilderedly upon a sort of small table formed some ten feet lower by projections of sculpture; and

he implored heaven from the bottom of his agonizing soul, that he might be permitted to spend the remainder of his life upon that narrow space of two feet square, though it were to last a hundred years. Once he ventured to look down into the Place below him, but when he turned his head upward again, it was with closing eyes and hair erect.



There was something frightful in the silence of these two men. While the archdeacon was agonizing in that horrible manner but a few feet from him, Quasimodo was weeping and looking upon the Grève.

The archdeacon, finding that all his efforts to raise himself served only to warp the one feeble point of support that remained to him, had at length resolved to remain quite still. There he was—clasping the

gutter—scarce drawing his breath—stirring not at all—without any other motion than that mechanical convulsion of the viscera which is felt in a dream when we fancy we are falling. His fixed eyes were wide open with a stare of pain and astonishment. Meanwhile he felt himself going by degrees; his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending piece of lead that supported him inclined more and more downward.

He saw beneath him, frightful to look upon, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-de-Rond, small as a card bent double. He looked, one after another, at the imperturbable sculptures of the tower—like him suspended over the precipice—but without terror for themselves or pity for him. All around him was of stone—before his eyes, the gaping monsters; in the Place below, the pavement; over his head, Quasimodo weeping.

Down in the Parvis there were some groups of worthy starers, quietly striving to guess what madman it could be that was amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying —for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—"Why, he'll surely break his neck."

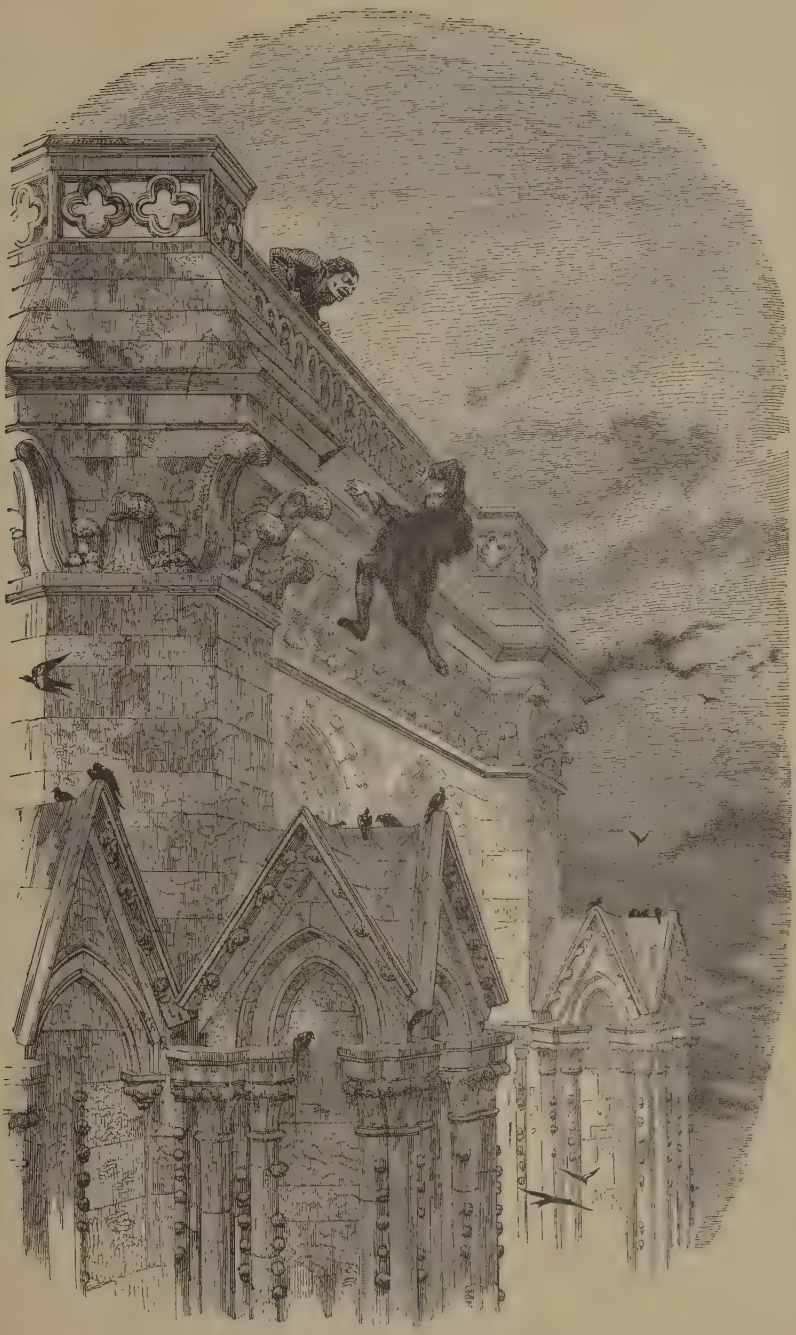
Quasimodo was weeping.

At length the archdeacon, foaming with rage and dread, felt that all was unvailing. However, he gathered what strength he had remaining for one last effort. He drew himself up on the gutter, sprung from against the wall with both his knees, hung his hands in a cleft of the stone-work, and succeeded, perhaps, in climbing up with one foot; but the force which he was obliged to use gave a sudden bend to the leaden beak that supported him; and the same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything under him give way—having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything—the unhappy man closed his eyes, left hold of the gutter, and fell.

Quasimodo looked at him falling.

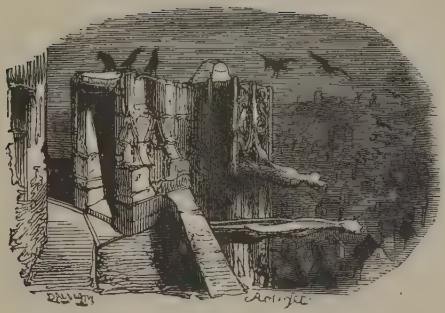
A fall from such a height is seldom perpendicular. The archdeacon, launched through the void, fell at first with his head downward and his arms extended—then he turned round several times. The wind carried him against the top of one of the houses, upon which the miserable man was first dashed. However, he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands, but the slope was too quick, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof, like a loosened tile, then dashed upon the pavement, and there he lay quite still.

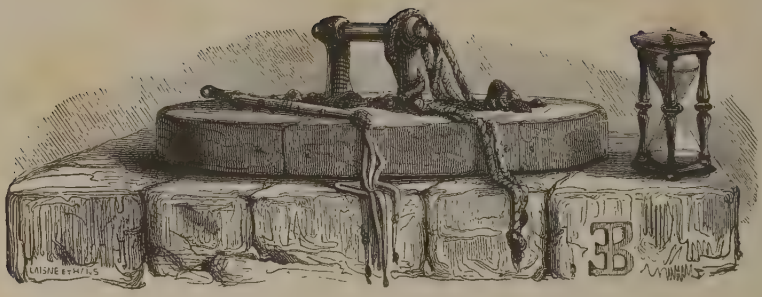
Quasimodo then lifted his eye to look upon the gypsy girl, whose



CLAUDE FROLLO FALLS.

body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld quivering afar, under its white robe, in the last struggles of death; then again he dropped it upon the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower, and he said, with a sob that heaved his deep breast to the bottom, "Oh!—all that I've ever loved!"





CHAPTER III

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN PHŒBUS

WHEN, toward the evening of that day, the judicial officers of the bishop came to remove the shattered body of the archdeacon, Quasimodo had disappeared from Notre-Dame.

This circumstance gave rise to various rumors. It was considered unquestionable that the day had at length arrived when, according to compact, Quasimodo—that is to say the Devil—was to carry off Claude Frollo, that is to say the sorcerer. It was presumed that he had broken up the body in taking the soul, as a monkey cracks the shell to get at the nut.

It was for this reason that the archdeacon was not interred in consecrated ground.

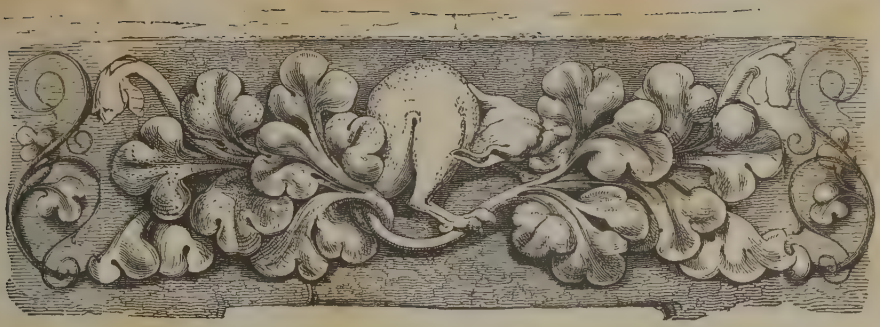
Louis XI. died the following year in August, 1483.

As for Pierre Gringoire, he not only succeeded in saving the goat, but obtained considerable success as a writer of tragedy. It appears that after dabbling in astrology, philosophy, architecture, hermetics—in short in every vanity, he came back to tragedy, which some people think the vainest pursuit of all. This he called coming to a tragical end. On the subject of his dramatic triumphs, we read in the "Ordinary's Accounts for 1483," as follows:

"To Jehan Marchand and Pierre Gringoire, carpenter and com-
"poser, for making and composing the mystery performed at the Châtelet
"of Paris on the day of the entry of Monsieur the Legate; for duly
"ordering the characters, with properties and habiliments proper for
"the said mystery, and likewise for making the wooden stages necessary
"for the same—one hundred livres."

Phœbus de Chateaupers also came to a tragical end; he married

MONTFAUCON.



CHAPTER IV

THE MARRIAGE OF QUASIMODO

WE have already said that Quasimodo disappeared from Notre-Dame on the day of the death of the gypsy girl and the archdeacon. In fact he was never seen again, nor was it known what had become of him.

In the night immediately following the execution of Esmeralda, the executioner's men had taken down her body from the gibbet, and, according to custom, had carried it away and deposited it in the great charnel vault of Montfaucon.

Montfaucon, to use the words of the antiquary Sauval, was the most ancient and the most superb gibbet in the kingdom. Between the faubourg of the Temple and St. Martin, at the distance of about one hundred and sixty toises from the walls of Paris, and a few bow-shots from the village of La Courtille, was to be seen on the summit of an almost imperceptibly rising ground, but on a spot sufficiently elevated to be visible for several leagues around, an edifice of a strange form, much resembling a Druidical cromlech, and having, like the cromlech, its human sacrifices.

Let the reader imagine a great oblong mass of stone-work, fifteen feet high, thirty feet wide, and forty long, based upon a pile of paving-stones, and having a door, an external railing, and an upper platform. Standing upon this platform are sixteen enormous pillars of unhewn stone, thirty feet high, ranged in a colonnade around three of the four sides of the huge block supporting them, and connected at the top by heavy beams, from which chains are hanging at short intervals. At all those chains are skeletons—not far off, in the plain, are a stone cross

and two secondary gibbets, rising like shoots from the great central tree, and in the sky, hovering over the whole, a perpetual flock of carrion crows. Such was Montfaucon.

At the end of the fifteenth century this formidable gibbet, which had stood since 1328, was already much dilapidated; the beams were decayed, the chains were corroded with rust, the pillars green with mould, the courses of hewn stone were all gaping at their joints, and the grass was growing upon that platform to which no foot reached. The structure showed a horrible profile against the sky—especially at night time—when the moonlight gleaming upon those whitened skulls, or when the breeze of evening, sweeping past the chains and skeletons, made them rattle in the darkness. The presence of this gibbet communicated a dismal character to the surrounding landscape.

The mass of stone-work that formed the base of the repulsive edifice was hollow. An immense cavern had been constructed within it, the entrance of which was closed with an old battered iron grating, and into which were thrown not only the human relics taken down from the chains of Montfaucon, but also the carcasses of the sufferers of all the other permanent gibbets of Paris. To that deep charnel-house, wherein so many human remains, and the memories of so many crimes, have festered and been confounded together, many a great one of the earth, and many of the innocent, at one time or other, contributed their bones —from Enguerrand de Marigni, and who was one of the just, down to the Admiral de Coligni, who was the last, and was of the just also.

As for Quasimodo's mysterious disappearance, all that we have been able to ascertain respecting it is this:

About a year and a half or two years after the events that conclude this history, when search was made in the cave of Montfaucon for the body of Olivier le Daim, who had been hanged two days before, and to whom Charles VIII. granted the favor of being interred at the church of St. Laurent in better company, there were found among all those hideous carcasses, two skeletons, the arms of one of which were thrown round the other. One of the two, that of a woman, had still about it some tattered fragments of a garment, apparently of a stuff that had once been white; and about its neck was a string of grains of adrezarach, together with a small silken bag, ornamented with green glass, which was open and empty. These articles had been of so little value, that the executioner, doubtless, had not cared to take them. The other skeleton, which held this one close in its arms, was that of a man. It was remarked in the latter, that the spine was crooked, the head compressed between the shoulder-blades, and that one leg was shorter

than the other. It was also remarkable there was no rupture of the vertebræ at the nape of the neck, whence it was evident that he had not been hanged. Hence it was inferred that the man must have come hither of himself, and died there. When they strove to detach this skeleton from the one it was embracing, it fell into dust.

THE END.